

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

4⁹⁵

A STEAL!

"I AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN. YOU'RE GONNA SHAPE UP OR ELSE, AND I'M JUST THE MAN TO DO IT. NOW, GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, BOY!"

BOUND FOR GLORY

by MASON POWER

LETTERS FROM
A SLAVEMASTER

REQUIEM
FOR A
MINESHAFT

SOMEONE IS WAITING FOR YOU IN OUR CLASSIFIEDS RIGHT NOW!

ISSUE 92

"ALRIGHT, COCKSUCKER.
YOU CAN THANK ME
FOR EACH ONE AS I
GIVE 'EM TO YOU."

"YES,
SIR.
THANK
YOU,
SIR!"

DRUMMOR

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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A different type of punishment. Watch those spikes!

Cover and opposite page: Ken Savage, Mr. Southeast Drummer, begins a new career training men who want and need it in the tradition of The Compound. Photos by Joe Altman.

GETTING OFF

Oh, hell, let's talk about Drummer for a change. At least that is a subject we know something about. Drummer 91 was a triumph, with some of the best writing by heretofore undiscovered talent that we've ever published all in one issue.

This issue has an amazing tape transcript by KEN SAVAGE with some apt photography by HENRY DRYOUAGE of a similar but other session. Both sessions are for real. Really for real!

CITYBOY of New York has furnished us with some very real models in the centerspread and MARK I. CHESTER has given us photos and words on a unique type of leather-designing technique in which you simply wrap the subject in Saran Wrap, then tape, cut it all apart and send it in for exact measurements. We can hardly wait to try it ourselves.

Bill Ward's DRUM episode arrived about an hour before press time from England with a great version of the upcoming MR. DRUMMER show. We never cease to be amazed at his creativity, along with his delicious sense of humor.

Upcoming next month is a unique spread on a fetish we have done little or nothing on all these years—"Maimed Beauty" concerning amputees and other special people that have an appeal all their own. Again by our Mark I. Chester. It'll grab you, just as it did us.

And MACH is being reactivated containing some very exclusive photography on HELLFIRE INFERNO '85 with verbal coverage by FLEDERMAUS. It also will have an anthology of great fantasy fiction, along with "Letters from A Slavemaster" and some shaving excitement. Welcome back, MACH.

The new MANHOOD RITUALS 1 has been shipped, this time covering THE COMPOUND, telling you everything you have ever wanted to know about that infamous place as well as THE QUARTERS from Folsom's Golden Age. An updated questionnaire is in the center, ready to fill out on your naked knees and send for discipline training information to a latter-day Compound.

Our video shooting has been rampant with three projects about ready to wind up: CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE, THE BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER and MASTER BARBER. We'll undoubtedly run behind-the-scenes shots of the goings-on during the shooting—one location of which was one of the most complete playrooms anywhere.

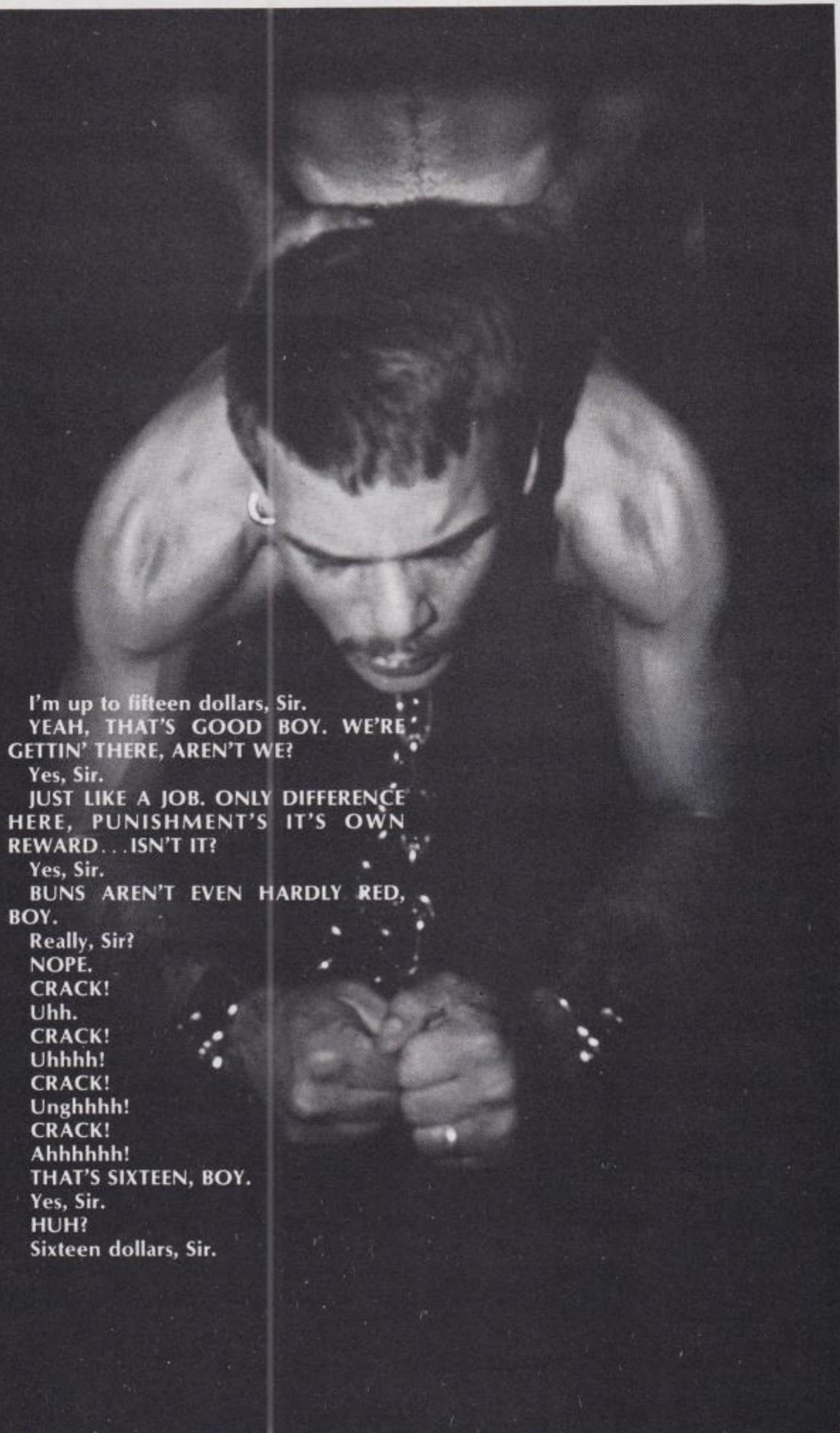
As they used to say on the black-and-white movie screens for Time magazine a long time ago... "DRUMMER MARCHES ON!"

—John H. Embry

THE TWENTY DOLLAR UNDERSTANDING

COURTESY KEN SAVAGE TAPES

PHOTOGRAPHY/HENRY DRYOUAGE



I'm up to fifteen dollars, Sir.
YEAH, THAT'S GOOD BOY. WE'RE
GETTIN' THERE, AREN'T WE?
Yes, Sir.
JUST LIKE A JOB. ONLY DIFFERENCE
HERE, PUNISHMENT'S IT'S OWN
REWARD...ISN'T IT?
Yes, Sir.
BUNS AREN'T EVEN HARDLY RED,
BOY.
Really, Sir?
NOPE.
CRACK!
Uhh.
CRACK!
Uhhhh!
CRACK!
Unghhhh!
CRACK!
Ahhhhh!
THAT'S SIXTEEN, BOY.
Yes, Sir.
HUH?
Sixteen dollars, Sir.

When Ken Savage was setting up his training center, he asked Robert Payne what was the best way to demonstrate what he had to offer in the way of hardcore discipline. Our Mr. Payne suggested a trilogy of audio tapes, remembering the blockbusters that *Brutus* had made for *The Compound*. Then he forgot about it until Ken dropped off a tape entitled "Punishment Is It's Own Reward." Days went by until we put it into the Victrola. The fucker is Instant Hard-On. DI Ken Savage went out, found a twenty-dollar hustler god-knows-where and made him earn his money a few cents at a time.

The second time we heard the tape we decided it had to be transcribed since there certainly was no script to consult. This is for real, right up to the moment Savage takes a twenty dollar bill and shoves it up the fellow's ass. We think he should have paid more for the talent. This one is a classic and it isn't even ours! That's what hurts.

The following is a somewhat edited version of the for-real session. It is easy enough to tell who is who. There were no pictures taken so our photography is from a Wings Video preliminary shooting of the forthcoming Care and Training of the Male Slave.

OPEN IT UP. THAT'S IT. YEAH. SUCK
ON IT REAL GOOD, BOY. MORE THAN
THAT, BOY. I WANT MORE OF IT IN
YOUR MOUTH. SUCK ON IT. THERE
YOU GO. THAT'S BETTER. THAT'S REAL
GOOD, BOY.

THAT'S REAL GOOD. YEAH, OPEN
YOUR MOUTH BOY, SUCK IT. SUCK ON
IT. THAT'S GOOD. YEAH. THAT'S REAL
GOOD. SUCK IT BOY. THAT'S IT...PLAY
WITH THESE TITS A LITTLE BIT.

Oh! Oh! WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY.
No, please, Sir, no more.

WHAT?

Please release me. I promise I'll leave.
NO, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE.
YOU GOT MY DICK HARD, NOW IT'S
TIME TO SUCK ON IT.

I will but please don't be rough.
PUT YOUR MOUTH UP HERE.
C'mon, is this gonna stop?
PUT YOUR MOUTH UP HERE.
Is this gonna end?
SURE IT'S GONNA END.
When?

I'M GONNA FUCK YOU BEFORE IT'S OVER.

Huh uh.

OH, YEAH, YOU TOLD ME YOU LIKED TO GET FUCKED.

No, I didn't. I said I'd get fucked for the money.

YEAH? WHAT D'YA WANT—TWENTY DOLLARS, BOY? THAT WHATYA WANT? IS IT?

Aaaah.

ANSWER ME!

Yes.

SO, ALL I GOTTA DO IS PULL MY TWENTY DOLLAR BILL OUT HERE AND I CAN HAVE WHAT I WANT?

As long as your easy.

YOU'RE GONNA EARN EVERY FUCKIN' PENNY OF IT, BOY. IT'LL BE THE HARDEST TWENTY DOLLARS YOU'LL EVER EARN.

As long as you don't tear my insides out, man. That's all I'm asking. I have to live.

THE INSIDE WE WON'T TEAR UP, BOY, BUT I GUARANTEE YOU, YOUR ASS'LL BE BLISTERED. NOW, YOU WANNA MAKE THAT TWENTY DOLLARS?

Yes, just don't squeeze...

WHAT?...LEARN TO ANSWER BOY, RIGHT NOW. YES, SIR OR NO, SIR.

Yes, Sir! Okay, damn you...

YOU OPEN YOUR EYES. DON'T EVER SAY THAT AGAIN TO ME. NOW, YOU MAKE TWENTY DOLLARS AND THEN YOU'RE GONNA CUSS AT ME, TOO? YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT YOU'RE NOT GONNA CUSS AT ME. NOW, ARE YOU A HUSTLER AND ARE YOU GONNA DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU TO FOR TWENTY DOLLARS OR AM I GONNA GET WHAT I WANT FOR FREE? I NEED AN ANSWER, NOW!

I'll do everything you tell me to do. THAT MEANS I'M GONNA PAY YOU TWENTY DOLLARS.

Yeah.

WHAT? HOW'D I TELL YOU TO ANSWER ME, BOY.

Yes, Sir.

YOU'VE ALREADY FELT ME SQUEEZIN' YOUR TITS, BOY, WHAT DO YA THINK I'M GONNA DO TO THAT ASS ON THE OUTSIDE WITH MY HAND?

YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN EVERY PENNY, BOY, ONE PENNY AT A TIME. NO SUCK ON IT REAL GOOD. DO YOU KNOW WHAT S&M IS, BOY?

Huh?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT S&M IS?

No, Sir.

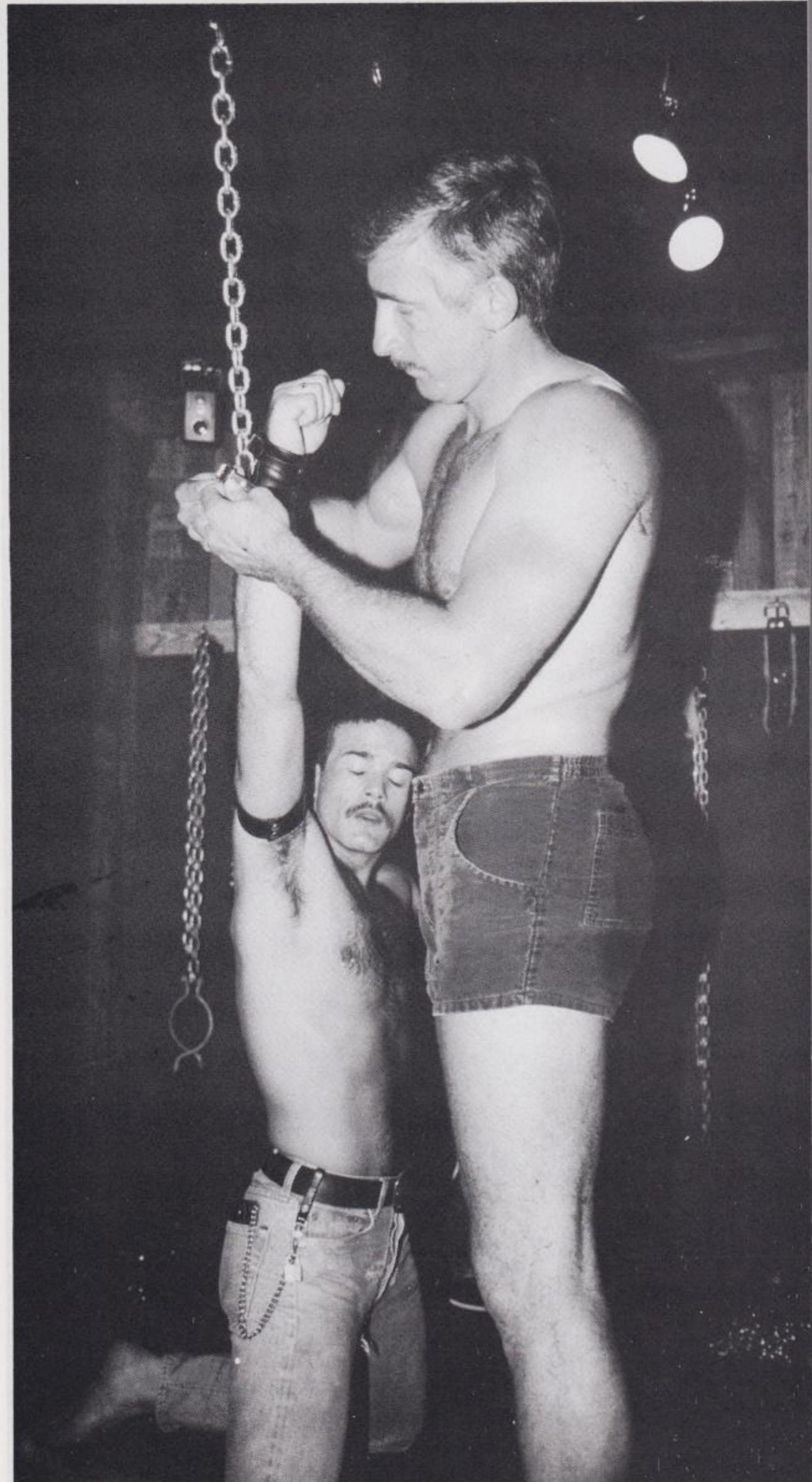
WELL THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE TONIGHT, HERE. SUCK IT REAL GOOD. THAT'S IT, BOY.

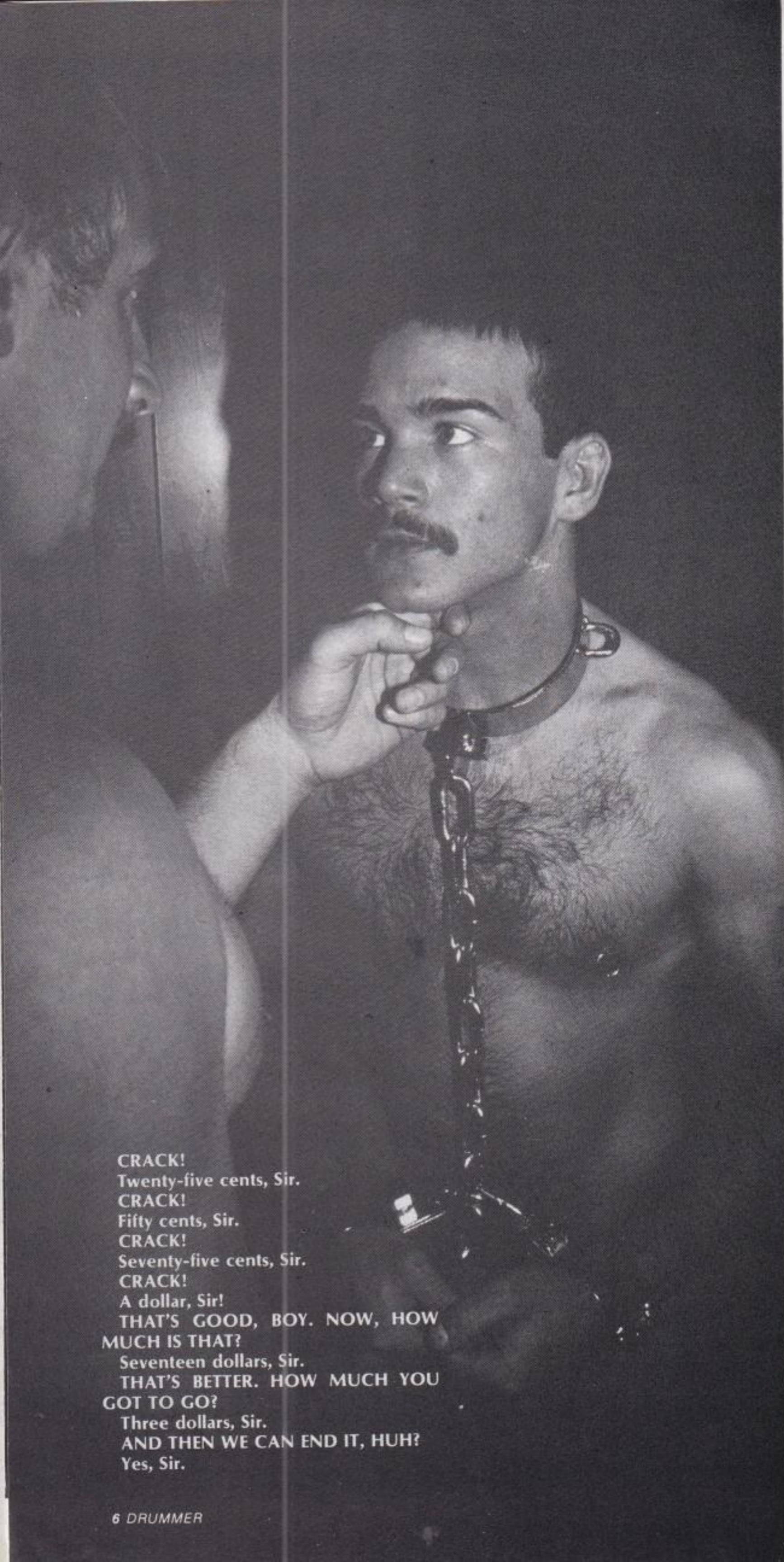
Crack!

SUCK IT. THAT'S IT. YOU DO GOOD, BOY, YOU'LL BE JUST FINE. YOU FUCK UP, AND I'LL BLISTER YOUR ASS. YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Mm hmm.

WHAT?





CRACK!
Twenty-five cents, Sir.
CRACK!
Fifty cents, Sir.
CRACK!
Seventy-five cents, Sir.
CRACK!
A dollar, Sir!
THAT'S GOOD, BOY. NOW, HOW
MUCH IS THAT?
Seventeen dollars, Sir.
THAT'S BETTER. HOW MUCH YOU
GOT TO GO?
Three dollars, Sir.
AND THEN WE CAN END IT, HUH?
Yes, Sir.

DID I TELL YOU TO SAY "SIR," BOY?
I'M GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO SAY
IT. ROLL OVER ON YOUR STOMACH,
BOY. I DON'T HEAR YOU.

Yes, Sir.

PUT YOUR HANDS UNDER YOUR
CROTCH, BOY. AND THEY BEST NOT
COME OUT OF THERE. YOU UNDER-
STAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

IF THEY DO THEN WE'RE GONNA GET
THE ROPES OUT AND JUST TIE 'EM IN
PLACE. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?

Yes, Sir.

NOW, BOY, EACH ONE OF THESE
WHACKS IS FIVE CENTS. YOU UNDER-
STAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT YOU
HAVE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS CREDITED
TO YOUR TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.
UNDERSTAND?

Yes, Sir.

NOW, TO MAKE THAT TWENTY DOL-
LARS TONIGHT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE
TO PERFORM FOR ME. YOU'RE READY
TO DO THAT, AREN'T YOU?

Yes, Sir.

OKAY, BOY, YOU COUNT 'EM AND
WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH MONEY YOU
EARN RIGHT NOW. UNDERSTAND?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

Five, Sir.

Crack!

Ten, Sir.

CENTS, SIR.

Cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifteen cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir!

OKAY, BOY, NOW YOU GOT A DOL-
LAR AND A QUARTER TO YOUR
GOOD. SEE HOW EASY IT IS? HUH?

Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir!

I ASK YOU A QUESTION, YOU BETTER
ANSWER ME, BOY.

Yes, Sir.

OR YOU'LL GET 'EM WITHOUT GET-
TIN' PAID. UNDERSTAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

NOW, YOU WANNA MAKE SOME
MORE MONEY?

Yes, Sir.

OKAY, BOY.

Crack!

Eighty cents, Sir.

NOT HARDLY, BOY. REMEMBER, IT
WAS A DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE, TOTAL.

YOU'RE AT A DOLLAR THIRTY NOW.

A dollar thirty, Sir.

OKAY, BOY, SO NOW YOU JUST KEEP THAT FIGURE, A DOLLAR THIRTY, AND START AT THE BEGINNING AGAIN. AND THEN WE'LL AD IT TOGETHER AT THE END, WON'T WE?

Start with five cents, Sir?

YES.

Crack!

Five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Ten cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifteen cents, Sir!

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

(Crying) Twenty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

THAT'S ALRIGHT, BOY, YOU CAN CRY.

Thirty-five...thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty-five...cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty—forty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Sixty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Sixty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Seventy cents, Sir.

OKAY NOW, BOY, ADD A DOLLAR THIRTY AND SEVENTY CENTS...ADD IT.

Two dollars, Sir.

OKAY, NOW HOW MUCH MORE YOU GOTTA EARN?...EIGHTEEN DOLLARS, BOY, TO GET TWENTY, DON'T YA?

Yes, Sir.

NOW WE'RE GONNA EARN EVERY FUCKIN' PENNY OF IT TONIGHT, AREN'T WE?

Yes, Sir.

I TOLD YOU THIS ASS IS GONNA BE NICE AND BLISTERED, BOY. WE'RE GONNA TEACH YOU PUNISHMENT CAN BE REWARDING.

But, Sir, I won't be able to walk tomorrow.

YES, YOU WILL, BOY. I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT. WON'T I?

Yes, Sir.

IF YOU WANNA CRY, BOY, YOU JUST LET IT ALL OUT. YOU WERE DOWN ON THAT STREET, WORKIN' THAT STREET. BUT THIS IS THE PLACE YOU'RE GONNA GET RID OF IT ALL TONIGHT, ISN'T IT.

Yes, Sir.

YOU READY TO EARN SOME MORE MONEY.

Yes, Sir.

HOW MUCH YOU GOT TO THE CREDIT, BOY?

Two dollars, Sir.

HOW MUCH YOU WANNA EARN THIS TIME AROUND?

Fifty cents.

WHAT?

Fifty cents, Sir.

OKAY, BOY, NOW I'M GONNA TELL YOU LIKE IT IS. IF YOU FORGET TO SAY "SIR" YOU GET FIVE OF 'EM AND IT DON'T COUNT AND IT DON'T COST ME NOTHIN'. YOU UNDERSTAND?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

WHEN WE FINISH TONIGHT, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT THE WORD SIR MEANS AND YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO USE IT PROPERLY, WON'T YOU?

Yes, Sir.

THAT'S BETTER. YOU LEARN QUICK, BOY. TWENTY DOLLARS

Yes, Sir.

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU EARN IT, BOY.

Crack!

THAT'S IT, THAT'S A GOOD BOY.

You've earned about fifty cents worth, already, boy.

Crack!...CRACK!

Ohhhh!

THAT'S GOOD, BOY, JUST KEEP SUCKIN' ON IT. WE'RE GONNA WARM UP THE OUTSIDE OF YOUR ASS A LITTLE BIT, THAT'S ALL. THAT'S IT. YOU SEE, PUNISHMENT IS IT'S OWN REWARD, BOY, ISN'T IT?

Yes, Sir.

YOU GET PUNISHED AND AT THE END YOU GET THE REWARD—THE TWENTY DOLLARS, BUT FIRST YOU'RE GONNA GET PUNISHED. AREN'T YA?

Yes, Sir.

YEAH. SUCK ON IT, BOY. MORE THAN THE HEAD. THAT'S BETTER. THAT'S REAL GOOD, BOY. WE'RE GONNA TEACH YOU WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT TONIGHT. I'M YOUR MASTER, AND YOU'RE MY SLAVE. PUT YOUR LEGS DOWN, BOY. WHEN I TELL YOU TO DO SOMETHING YOU SAY "YES, SIR" OR "NO, SIR." YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

LET'S PLAY WITH THESE TITS A LITTLE BIT AND GET 'EM TO STAND OUT SOME. THAT'S GOOD, BOY. WE'RE GONNA KEEP A RUNNING RECORD AND WHEN WE MAKE IT TO TWENTY DOLLARS, WE'LL QUIT. ALRIGHT?

Yes, Sir.

RIGHT NOW YOU'RE AT ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. NOW SUCK ON IT. THERE YOU GO. THAT'S IT. IF I'M GONNA BUY A HUSTLER, BOY, I'M GONNA GET IT MY WAY. RIGHT?

Yes, Sir.

YOU GONNA GIVE IT TO ME MY WAY?

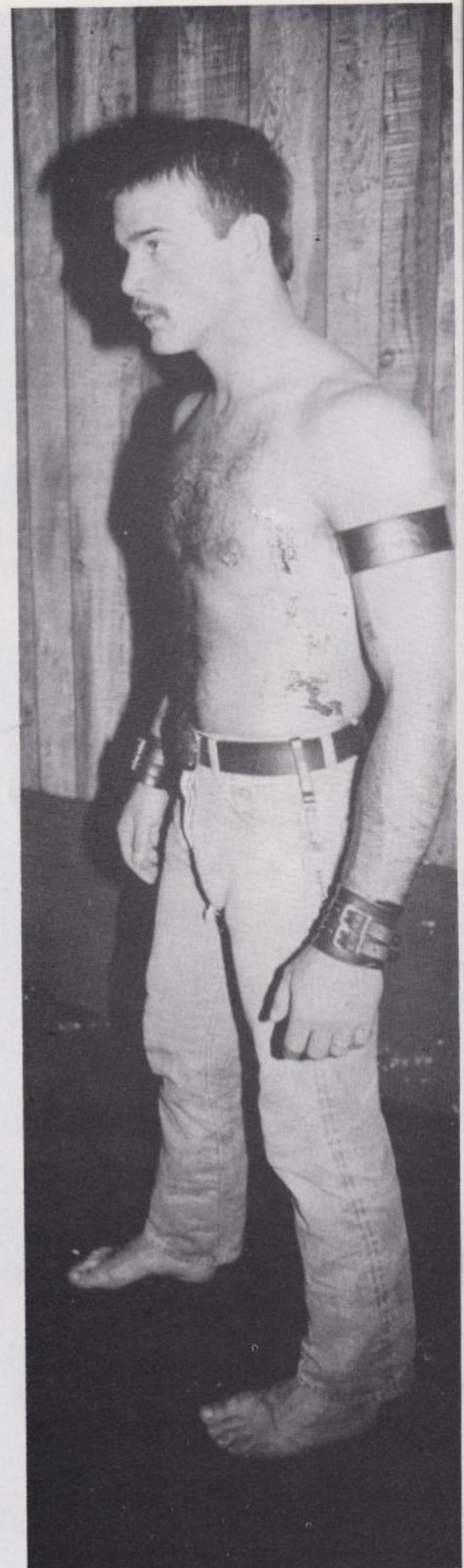
Yes, Sir.

YOU BETTER. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GET IF YOU DON'T, DON'T YOU?

Yes, Sir.

WHAT DO YOU GET, BOY?

I get the shit beat out of me.





THIRTEEN DOLLARS AND 75 CENTS
LATER

SO IF YOU FORGET TO DO SOMETHING THE WAY I TELL YOU TO DO IT:
Crack! FIVE CENTS Crack! TEN CENTS
Crack! FIFTEEN CENTS! AND YOU
MIGHT BE BROKE AGAIN, SO YOU BEST
LEARN, HUH?

Yes, Sir.

NOW, HOW MUCH YOU WANNA
EARN THIS SHOT, BOY?

Fifty cents...Sir.
THAT'S GOOD, BOY.

CRACK!

Five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Ten cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifteen cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty-five cents, Sir.

HOW ABOUT TWENTY, BOY?

Twenty cents, Sir.

NOW WE'RE BACK TO FIFTEEN. THAT
WAS A FUCK-UP. YOU UNDERSTAND?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

Fifteen cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

NOW HOW MUCH HAVE YOU
EARNED, BOY?

Two dollars and fifty cents, Sir.

READY TO GO FOR FIFTY MORE?
MAKE IT AN EVEN THREE DOLLARS FOR
NOW?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

Ugh! Two dollars and fifty-five cents,
Sir.

START FROM FIVE CENTS, BOY.

All over again, Sir?

Uh huh.

Five cents...Sir.

Crack!

Ten cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifteen cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Ahhh! Forty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

I'm sorry, Sir, but that was right on my...

NOW WE'RE RIGHT UP TO THREE DOLLARS, HUH?

I'm sorry, Sir.

WE'RE AT THREE DOLLARS NOW, BOY?

Yes, Sir, that was...

THAT'S JUST ALL I WANNA HERE FROM YOU, BOY. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO TALK. YOU UNDERSTAND?

Yes, Sir.

IF I WANT ANY MOUTH OUT OF YOU, I'LL ASK FOR IT. YOU GOT THAT?

Yes, Sir.

BRING YOUR HANDS BACK HERE, BOY. SPREAD THOSE BUNS REAL WIDE FOR ME, BOY, SO I CAN LOOK AT YOUR ASSHOLE. THAT'S IT. NOW IT'S TIME TO MAKE SOME MONEY A DIFFERENT WAY, ISN'T IT?

Yes, Sir.

AFTER WE GET ONE FINGER IN, BOY—WE'RE GONNA STICK THIS ONE FINGER IN YOUR ASS—AND WHEN IT'S ALL THE WAY IN, IT'S TEN CENTS. UNDERSTAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

I TAKE IT OUT AND PUT IT BACK IN, IT'S ANOTHER TEN CENTS. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?

Yes, Sir.

THEN YOU COUNT 'EM.

Ten cents, Sir...Twenty cents, Sir...Thirty cents, Sir. Forty cents, Sir. Fifty cents, Sir. Sixty cents, Sir. Seventy cents, Sir. Eighty cents, Sir.

SPREAD 'EM WIDE, BOY. THERE YOU GO.

Uhhh...uhhh.

THERE YOU GO, BOY.

Ughhh!

THAT'S IT, BOY. HOW MUCH ARE WE UP TO, BOY?

Eighty cents, Sir.

ADD THAT ON TO WHAT YOU ALREADY HAVE, HOW MUCH YOU GOT?

Three dollars and eighty cents, Sir.

OKAY, BOY.

Ninety cents, Sir.

Ohhh!

SPREAD 'EM WIDE FOR ME, BOY.

Uhhh! Ouch!

THAT'S IT. SPREAD 'EM WIDE.

Uhh. Uhh.

SPREAD 'EM WIDE SO I CAN GET IN THERE TO IT.

A dollar, Sir.

SO NOW HOW MUCH YOU EARN, BOY?

Four dollars and eighty cents, Sir.

NO, FOUR DOLLARS EVEN, BOY.

Four dollars even, Sir.

THAT'S BETTER. NOW AT LEAST YOU'RE LEARNIN' HOW TO COUNT. I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO TAKE YOUR HANDS UP THERE, DID I?

No, Sir.

YOU BETTER GET 'EM BACK WHERE I TOLD YOU. WHEN I WANT YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM THERE, BOY, I'LL TELL YOU. YOU GOT THAT?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

Ten cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Sixty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Seventy cents, Sir.

Crack!

Eighty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Ninety cents, Sir.

Crack!

A dollar, Sir.

NOW, BOY, YOU EARNED SEVEN DOLLARS. SEE HOW EASY THAT WAS?

Yes, Sir.

READY FOR ANOTHER DOLLAR.

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

Ten cents, Sir.

Crack!

Twenty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Thirty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Forty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Sixty cents, Sir.

THAT'S IT, BOY.

Crack!

Seventy cents, Sir.

THAT'S IT.

Crack!

Eighty cents, Sir.

THAT'S IT, BOY.

Crack!

Ninety cents, Sir.

Crack!

A dollar, Sirrr—arghhh. Ooooohhhh! YEAH, SEE. NOW YOUR UP TO EIGHT DOLLARS, HUH? THAT WASN'T SO HARD TO EARN, WAS IT? HUH?

Oh, yes, Sir!

NO, IT WASN'T, BOY. NO IT WASN'T. NO, IT WASN'T THAT HARD TO EARN, YOU EARNED EIGHT DOLLARS AND ALL YOU DID WAS LAY THERE. HUH?

Yes, Sir. Oh, ohh.

OKAY, BOY. NOW, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. WE'LL CARRY ON A LITTLE BIT MORE. AND THIS TIME EVERYTHING WE DO IS A DOLLAR. OKAY?

Yes, Sir.

BUT YOU GOTTA EARN 'EM, YA KNOW, WE'RE TALKIN', IF YOUR GOING TO LEARN WHAT PUNISHMENT

IS, BEING A REWARD YOU'RE REALLY GONNA HAVE TO EARN YOUR MONEY, HUH?

Yes, Sir.

NOW, HOW MUCH YOU WANNA EARN THIS TIME?

Five dollars, Sir.

OKAY, FIVE DOLLARS.

Yes, Sir.

HOW MUCH YOU UP TO NOW, BOY? GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU GOT ALREADY.

Ohh, let's see, thirteen dollars, Sir? No, no, eight dollars, Sir. Eight dollars, Sir.

THAT'S BETTER. SO IF WE GIVE YOU FIVE THEN YOU'LL HAVE THIRTEEN, HUH?

Right.

OKAY. AND YOU WANNA EARN FIVE DOLLARS?

Yes, Sir.

Crack!

One dollar, Sir.

Crack!

Two dollars, Sir.

Crack!

Three dollars, Sir.

THAT'S IT, BOY.

Crack!

Four dollars, Sirrrhh—uh—uhhhgh.

THAT'S GOOD, BOY, LET IT ALL OUT. YOU CAN CRY IF YOU WANT. IT DON'T MATTER TO ME IF YOU CRY, BOY, YOU'RE EARNIN' THE MONEY, I'M NOT.

Crack!

Five dollars, Sir.

NOW HOW MUCH DO YOU HAVE, BOY?

Thirteen dollars, Sir.

OKAY, YOU WANNA EARN ANOTHER DOLLAR?

Yes, Sir.

THEN YOU BETTER START LEARNING HOW TO BEG FOR MY DICK, BOY? YOU JUST BEG FOR MY DICK, BOY.

Yes, Sir.

YOU WANT THAT DICK?

Yes, Sir.

THEN BEG.

Please let me have that dick, Sir, please. I want it, please, I want it.

IF YOU DON'T BEG GOOD, BOY, I'LL BEAT YOUR ASS WITH A BELT.

I want it, Sir, please, I want it. Sir, give it to me, please.

THAT'S IT, BOY.

Please give it to me. Please give it to me. THAT'S GOOD, BOY.

Please give it to me, Sir.

THAT'S GOOD, BOY. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU. I'LL GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, BOY. YOU'RE AT THIRTEEN DOLLARS AND YOU'RE WORKIN' ON FOURTEEN.

Crack!

I DON'T HEAR YA.

Fourteen dollars, Sir.

I DON'T HEAR YOUR, BOY.

Fourteen dollars, Sir.

YOU WANNA BEG, BOY?

Please, Sir, please, please.

YOU GOTTA MAKE ME BELIEVE YOU
WANT IT, BOY.

Please, give it to me. C'mon give it to
me. Give it to me, please, please, please!

C'MON, BOY, IF YOU DON'T LEARN
HOW TO SAY "SIR" PRETTY QUICK...
CRACK!

Please, Sir. Please, Sir. Please, Sirrh, oh,
god!

CRACK!

HOW MUCH YOU EARN SO FAR,
BOY?

Thirteen dollars, Sir.

OH, NO, WE MADE IT FOURTEEN,
DIDN'T WE?

Yes, Sir.

SO HOW MUCH YOU EARNED?

Fourteen dollars, Sir.

YOU DON'T GOT BUT SIX DOLLARS
TO GO, BOY.

Yes, Sir.

Ass.

A FISTFULL OF DOLLARS LATER

GETTIN' PRETTY CLOSE, HUH?

Yes, Sir.

FROM A NICKEL TO FIFTEEN
DOLLARS?

Yes, Sir.

NO, YOU GOT SIX DOLLARS TO GO,
HEH?

Yes, Sir.

OKAY, NOW WHAT CAN WE DO FOR
YOU TO EARN ANOTHER DOLLAR,
BOY. YOU TELL ME. WE'LL SEE IF THE
PUNISHMENT IS GOOD REWARD.
WHAT YOU WANNA EARN THE DOL-
LAR WITH, BOY? WHAT YOU GOT
THAT'S WORTH A DOLLAR TO ME?

Ass.

OKAY. WHAT DO I GET TO DO WITH
IT FOR A DOLLAR, BOY?

Slap it four times, Sir.

A QUARTER A SHOT, HUH?

Yes, Sir.

OKAY, YOU COUNT 'EM.

Crack!

Twenty-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

Fifty cents, Sir.

Crack!

Seventy-five cents, Sir.

Crack!

A dollar, Sir!!

Crack!

Oh, this is killing me.

NO, IT'S NOT, BOY. WHAT IT'S DOIN'
IS EARNIN' YOU THE MONEY THAT
YOU WANNA EARN.

Yes, Sir.

HANDS UP UNDERNEATH YA, BOY.

Up under this, way?...Okay...

I DON'T HERE YOU.

Yes, Sir.

THAT'S IT, LICK 'EM JUST LIKE A DOG,
BOY. JUST LIKE YOU'RE FUCKIN' STAR-
VIN', BOY. LICK 'EM! THERE YOU GO.
THAT'S IT. LICK 'EM REAL GOOD, BOY.
YEAH, THAT'S REAL GOOD BOY. THAT'S
IT. YOU JUST KEEP LICKIN' 'EM BOY,
YOU'LL EARN A DOLLAR IN A MINUTE
OR TWO...I DIDN'T TELL YA TO STOP
LICKIN' 'EM, DID I?

No, Sir.

WELL, DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO.
OTHERWISE, I'M GONNA ROLL YOUR
ASS BACK OVER AND BLISTER IT JUST
FOR NOT DOIN' IT. THEN YOU WON'T
MAKE NO MONEY ON THAT. YOU
UNDERSTAND ME?

Yes, Sir.

NOW YOU DON'T WANNA GET BEAT
FOR FREE, DO YOU?

No, Sir.

THEN LICK 'EM JUST LIKE YOU'RE
STARVIN' FOR 'EM, BOY. THAT'S IT,
LICK 'EM. YEAH, LET ME KNOW YOU'RE
DOWN THERE, BOY.

LICK 'EM.

Yes, Sir.

THAT'S GOOD, BOY. LICK 'EM REAL
GOOD. YEAH! NOW, EAT MY ASSHOLE,
BOY. THAT'S GOOD, THAT'S IT. I DON'T
HEAR YOU DOWN THERE, BOY.

WELL, BOY, WHAT'D I TELL YOU
ABOUT COUNTIN' AND SAYIN' "YES,
SIR" OR "NO, SIR"?

Yes, Sir!

DID YOU COUNT ANY OF THOSE?

Yes, Sir, I did.

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COUNT, BOY.
ALL I HEARD YOU DO WAS "AHHHH,
AHHHHH."

Yes, Sir.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GET ON SEVEN-
TEEN, OKAY?

Yes, Sir.

Mmmmm.

YEAH, THAT'S GOOD, BOY. THAT'S EIGHTEEN DOLLARS YOU'VE EARNED SO FAR. YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Mmh, hher.

THAT'S IT, KEEP EATIN'. THAT'S REAL GOOD, BOY. THAT'S GOOD. NOW, LICK MY BALLS SOME MORE, BOY.

(Cough, cough.)

LICK MY BALLS, BOY! COUGH ON YOUR FUCKIN' TIME, I'M PAYIN' FOR THIS, REMEMBER?

Yes, Sir.

LICK 'EM. THAT'S GOOD, BOY. THAT'S GOOD, LICK 'EM REAL GOOD, BOY, JUST LIKE YOU'RE STARVIN FOR 'EM. MAKE YOU KNOW YOU WANT 'EM, BOY, MAKE ME BELIEVE IT!

Yes, Sir.

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE DIEIN' DOWN THERE, LET ME KNOW YOU ENJOY IT, BOY.

Yes, Sir, oh, God, yes, sir.

LICK 'EM!

Ohhh, yes, Sir...

THAT'S BETTER.

Ohhh, yes, yes, Sir...

YEAH, BOY, KEEP IT UP. THAT'S GOOD, YEAH!

Oh, yes, Sir...

YEAH, LICK 'EM REAL GOOD, BOY. YEAH. I WANNA KNOW THAT YOU LIKE IT, BOY. DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

Yes, Sir, I love it.

YOU LIKE IT BECAUSE I'M PAYIN' YOU FOR IT, AREN'T I?

Yes, Sir.

HUH?

Yes, Sir.

YEAH. HOW MUCH YOU UP TO, BOY?

Yes, Sir, uh...

HOW MUCH YOU UP TO, BOY?

Eighteen dollars, Sir.

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE WORKIN' ON YOUR NINETEEN, AREN'T YA?

Yes, Sir.

THEN LICK 'EM LIKE YOU WANT 'EM. YOU'RE NEVER GONNA MAKE IT TO NINETEEN IF YOU DON'T. THAT'S IT, THAT'S REAL GOOD, BOY. THAT'S IT. NOW, IT'S TIME TO EAT SOME MORE ASS, BOY.

Yes, Sir.

OHH, MAN! WHAT'S YOUR COUNT NOW, BOY?

Uh, counting to nineteen, Sir. Counting my nineteenth dollar, Sir.

OKAY, BOY, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT TO NINETEEN WITH YOUR TONGUE WAY UP MY ASS. GET IT UP THERE.

(Cough.)

WHAT'D I TELL YA ABOUT COUGHIN' ON MY TIME, BOY?

Yeess, Sir.

YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO.

Yes, Sir.

THAT'S IT, SPREAD THOSE LEGS, BOY. SPREAD 'EM, YOUR LEGS, BOY! THAT'S IT, NOW EAT THAT ASS, YEAH. WE'RE GETTIN' READY TO GO TO NINETEEN

DOLLARS HERE, BOY. THIS BIG ASSHOLE BACK HERE'S LIKE THE GRAND CANYON NOW, ISN'T IT?

Yessir.

WHO DOES THIS ASS BELONG TO, BOY?

You, Sir.

YEAH, BECAUSE I'M BUYIN', HUH?

Yessir.

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD IN JUST A MINUTE, BOY. I'M GONNA TAKE THAT TWENTY DOLLAR BILL AND GREASE IT UP AND I'M GONNA SHOVE IT RIGHT UP YOUR ASS WITH MY DICK. EAT. EAT IT! THAT'S IT, BOY. THAT'S GOOD. YEAH. YOU'RE AT NINETEEN NOW, BOY. NOW, YOU READY TO EARN THAT BIG TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, BOY?

Yes, Sir.

GOOD, BECAUSE I'M GONNA GREASE IT JUST LIKE I SAID AND SHOVE IT RIGHT UP YOUR ASS...PACK IT IN THERE. YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Yes, Sir!

HERE IT COMES BOY.

Unnghh!

BEG FOR IT, BOY!

Yes, Sir! Please...

BEG FOR IT, BEG FOR THAT TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

Please—God...please!

YEAH!

Please, I want that twenty dollar bill!

YEAH, BEG BOY!

God, I want that twenty dollar bill! I want that twenty dollar...

DID YOU GET YOUR REWARD, BOY?

Yes, Sir!

EAT MY ASS, BOY! YEAH, THAT'S IT, YEAHHH! PACK THAT TWENTY DOLLAR BILL WAY UP IN THERE, BOY. THAT'S IT. BEG BOY.

Please, Sir...

BEG THAT DICK UP YOUR ASS.

I want that dick up my ass...dick up my ass... Sir!

YOU WANT YOUR REWARD, BOY?

Yes, I want my reward, Sir.

HERE IT COMES, BOY. ALONG WITH MY CUM.

Aah, yes, Sir! Yes, Sir, yes, Sir...

YEAH, ALL THAT FUCKING CUM, BOY! YEAHHH! YEAHHH!

Aah, ahh.

LAY THERE, I DON'T WANT YOU MAKIN' A MESS ON THAT BED, BOY. YOU UNDERSTAND?

(Whimpering.) Yes, Sir. Ahh, ohh, ohhhh.

IT'S ALL OVER, NOW, BOY WHAT YOU CRYIN' ABOUT?

My nuts hurt, my fuckin' nuts hurt. Oh, God, they hurt!... □



PUNISHMENT IS ITS OWN REWARD, a 60-minute audio tape, is available by sending \$10 to KEN SAVAGE TAPES, 584 Castro Street, #364, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588. Add \$1 postage.

**ARE YOU READY FOR
COMPOUND TRAINING?**

**CHECK YOURSELF OUT IN
ROBERT PAYNE'S
NEW BOOK...**

MANHOOD RITUALS 1

THE COMPOUND

NOW PAY ATTENTION!

I made the contact through someone who had been there. I didn't think it existed. After a phone call I found out different. It all began as somebody's dream using the wet dreams of others, to make them become reality. But that wasn't the only thing I found out. The biggest discovery I made was about myself. Who I was, what I was, what I really wanted to be. It was like a stint in the army—more like the marines, probably—and the time I spent at The Compound made me into a very different man. I'll never be the same, thank God, and I sure as hell never want to be the same man who walked through that heavy iron door into the inner yard of The Compound. What an asshole I was. Enough of an asshole to think that the men who were taking their time and energy to work on me were assholes. Shit, I wasn't worthy to enter the place, but I'm glad they let me in that cold, wet, foggy night a lifetime ago...

"What's this, Sergeant?"

"A piece of shit, Sir."

"What the hell are we going to do with it?"

They looked me over. Standing in my T-shirt, Levis and Adidas, I looked like any other twenty-four-year-old clone, I guess, except my hair was a little longer than most (styled at \$25 a pop). My T-shirt was a polo shirt with a polo pony on it and the Levis weren't Levis, they were Calvin Kleins. But I had made up my mind and I stood there at attention, or my version of it, never having had any military training. My generation missed the last war and the draft consisted of having a bona fide card in your wallet.

The man who was my DI was so pissed at the shirt that he ripped it off me and threw the shreds of it on the floor.

He took a look at my Nautilus-built upper body—I hoped with appreciation. You couldn't tell. "Strip, boy," he ordered,

DRUMMER PHOTO

and I stepped out of the jeans and the shoes. The orders had been to wear no underwear and no socks. Actually it had been to wear only T-shirt, jeans and tennis shoes, which I correctly assumed to exclude underwear and socks, thank God.

I stood nude and felt the cold air on my balls along with the cold cement floor on my bare feet. My cock was yet to be stimulated by the situation, only withdrawn, due primarily to being scared to death...

"You are a piece of shit, a useless turd that we are probably wasting our time on."

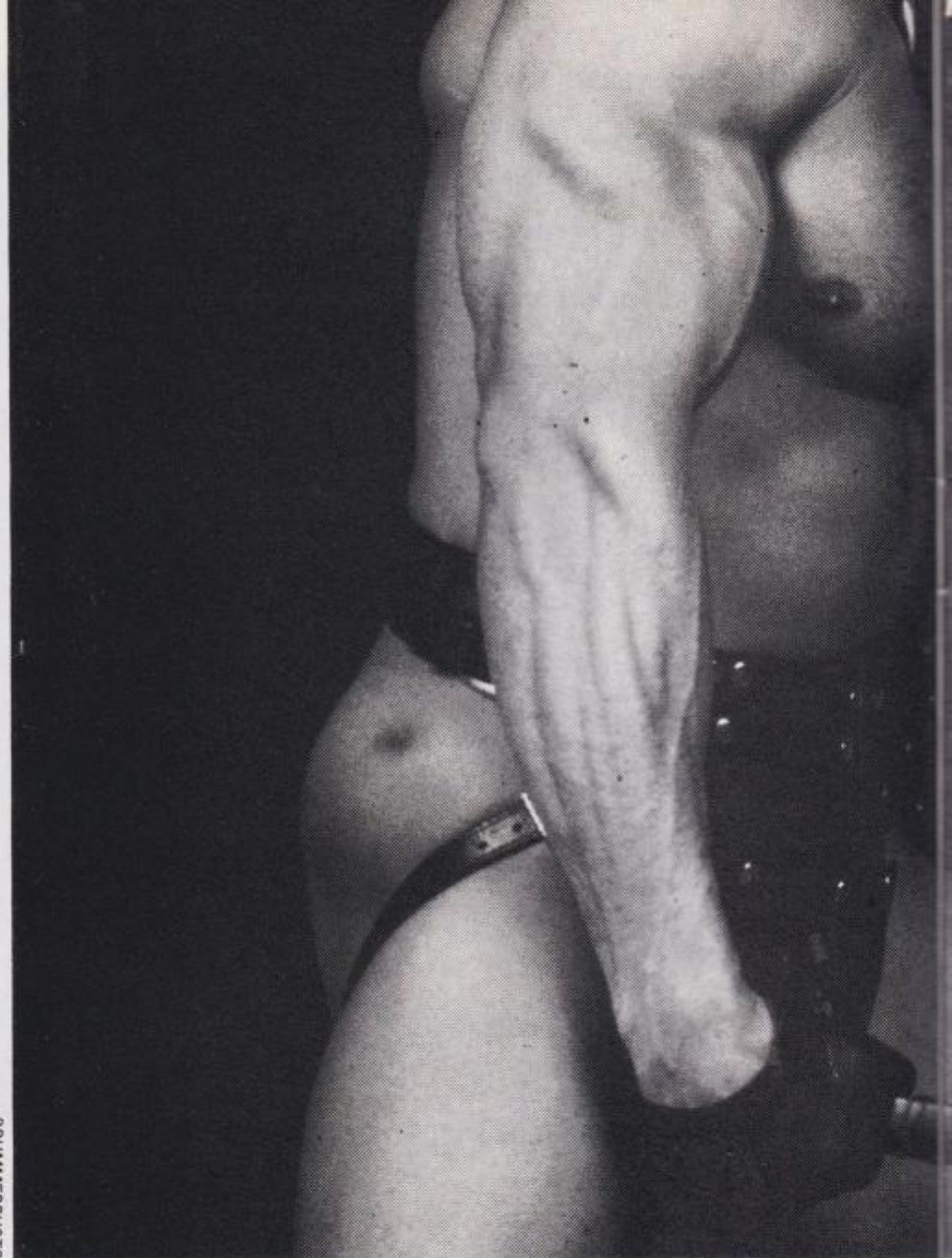
"Sir, yes, Sir."

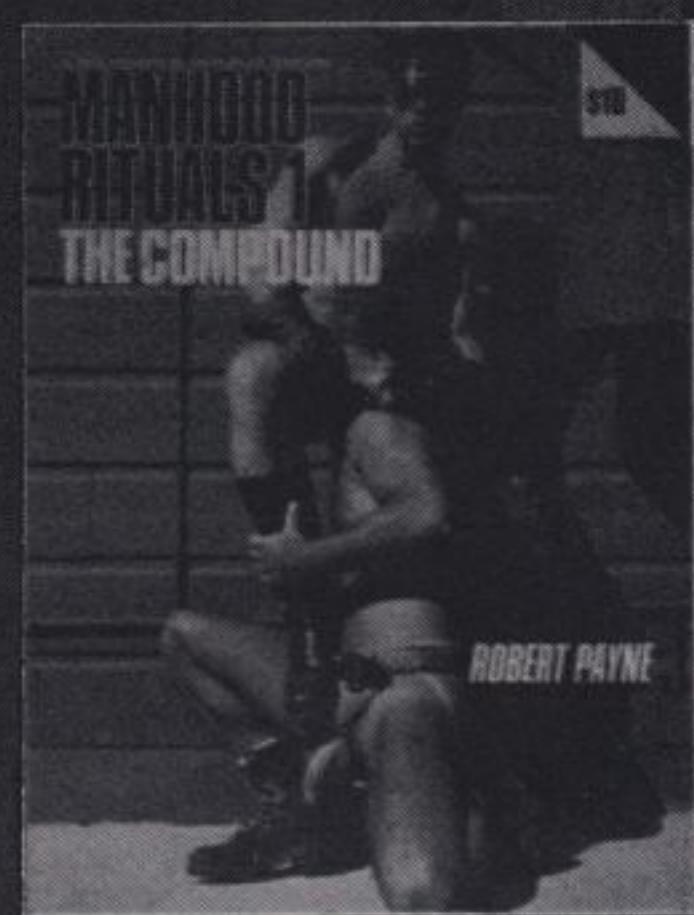
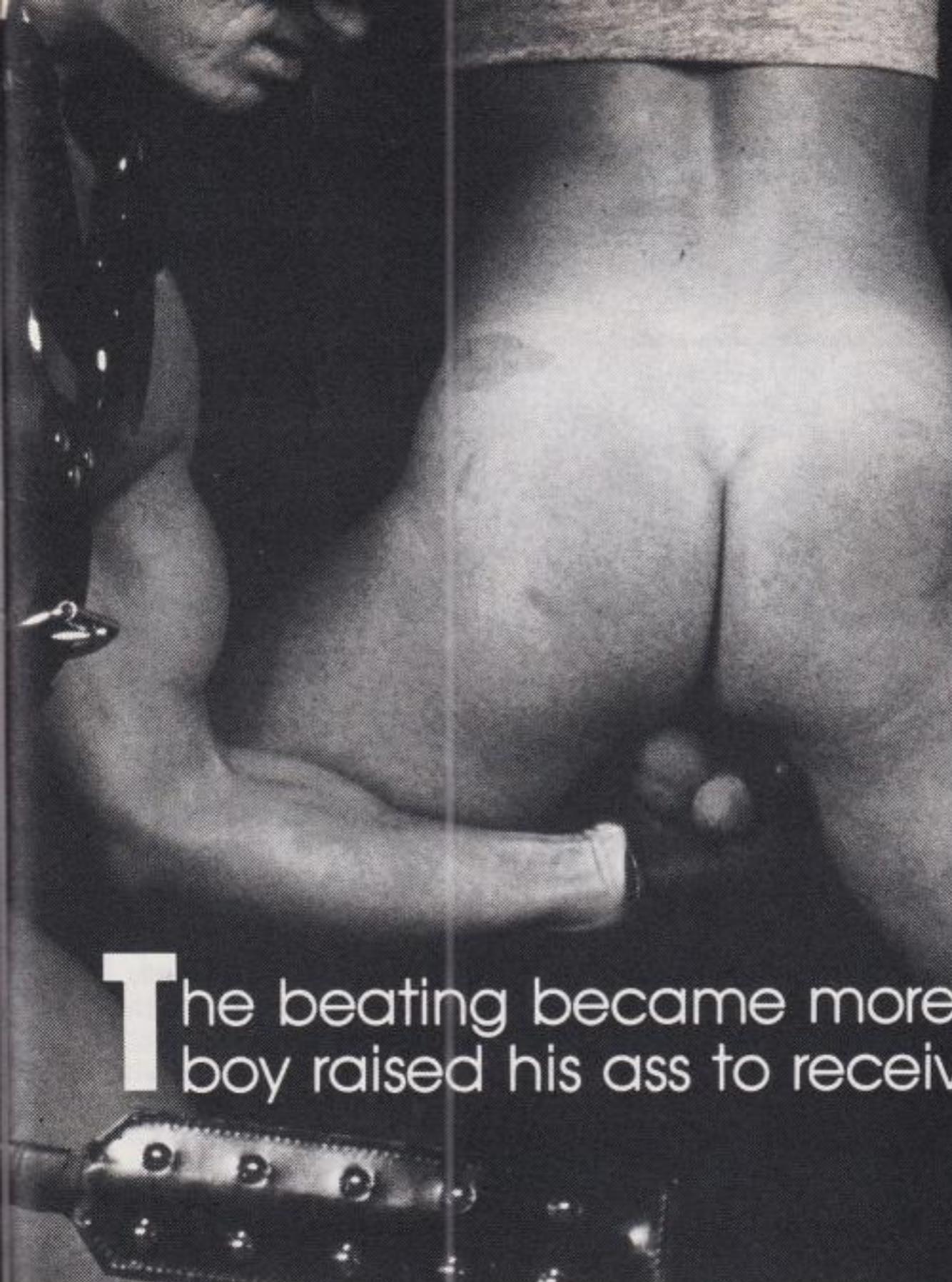
The Sergeant attached a chain from the ceiling to one, then the other, of the leather bands fastened to my wrists. I kept them down at my sides until he pulled one, then the other, up towards the beams overhead. I was standing on my tiptoes.

"Can you tell me why, you asshole, we should spend any time on your worthless ass when there are men out there that need our training?"

"Sir, no, Sir." I had learned it did not pay to offer reasons or excuses. Before I went into a dissertation on how I wanted more than anything in the world to survive this training, to become one of these men, to be ready to train others, just as they were sweating over my worthless carcass, I would just as soon run, naked as I was, out into the street.

The Sergeant fastened more chains to the leather shackles on my ankles and pulled my legs apart. Either I was stretching or the chains were, because I still could touch the floor with my toes. I was spreadeagled, looking properly at the floor as the DI spit in my face. "Clean him up," he ordered, and I was





The beating became more and more intense, and the boy raised his ass to receive the blows as if by instinct. Anything to be of service.

reasonably sure he wasn't talking about the spit running down my cheek...

They shaved my belly and they shaved my crotch. They spread my asscheeks and shaved everything back there. My armpits became as smooth as when I was a teenager, and so did my upper lip. The thighs I was so proud of in my Speedo trunks became as smooth as a woman's, along with my calves. It was done by a couple of recruits in marine shackles who seemed to have lots of practice. They were as expert as the guy who shaves you in the hospital bed before an operation. One of them took a pair of clippers and wiped out my hairstyling. I couldn't see myself, but I assumed I looked like someone in Camp Pendleton. Only what hair I have on my chest survived. I found out later it was to grab and lead me around with.

They hosed me down and left me to drip dry. Some time (minutes? hours?) later, another naked recruit came by and stenciled something on my buttocks. Assuming it was the same thing they had on him, it must have said, "PROPERTY OF THE COMPOUND." He had a number lettered on his forehead and he did the same for me.

"Good luck, 1077," he whispered, then hurried away...

I was taken to my cell. There was an army-type cot, a latrine and nothing else in what might have been an almost acceptable closet. Three walls were solid, one was open bars. Having had no other instructions, I lay belly-down on the cot, denuded, humiliated and more alone than I could ever remember. I ran my hands over my body and liked the feel of it. I still had the leather bands on my wrists and ankles, along with a collar around my neck. Hanging from the collar was a dog tag which, along with the number on my forehead, told

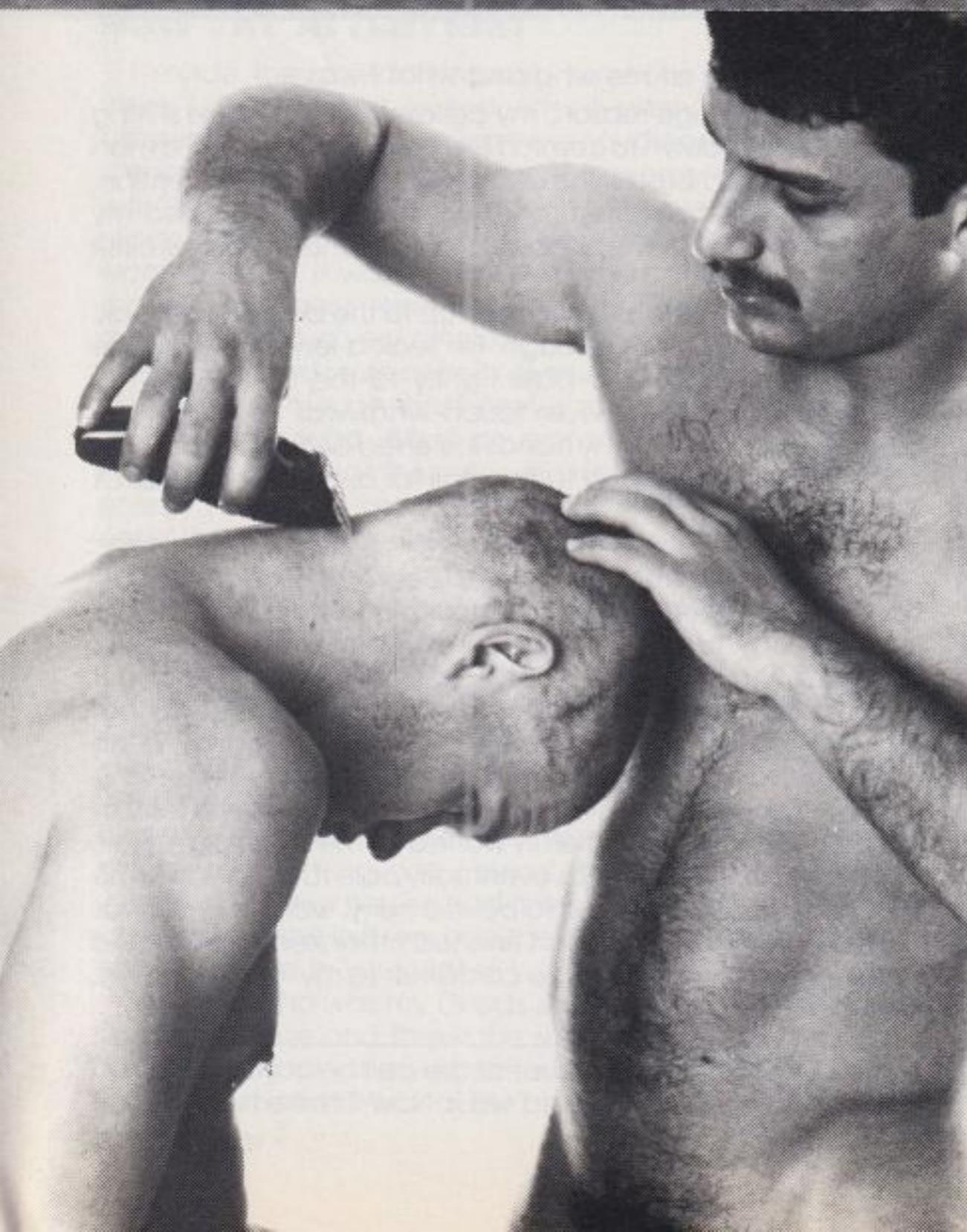
anyone looking at me who and what I was.

For some strange reason, my deflowered loins were stirring and I reached down to comfort the area. Immediately a man in uniform stood before the cell and ordered me to attention. "Turn around," he roared, and when I did he fastened my wrists together with shackles with what sounded like the click of a lock.

He ordered me to put my belly up to the bars, so to speak, and stick my genitals through. He took a length of rawhide and tied my cock and balls tightly to the metal bar. This lesson taught me to never touch what was no longer my property or stand with my hands fastened behind me with my cock and balls fastened to the wall for a long, long time. Or worse...

By the end of what must have been the first twenty-four hour period—there being no clocks or outside window to indicate day or night—I had been permanently stripped, shackled, shaved, slapped around and shown to be about as valuable to the organization as the latrine I was not allowed to use. I told a recruit who was rattling by in his shackles that I had to piss. He stopped, without really looking at me, and got down on his knees and held a can in front of my bound cock and patiently waited for me to relieve myself. It took me a while, but I was eventually able to urinate into the container. He didn't seem to be in a hurry, waiting until I was completely drained. When I finished I thanked him. He said nothing, merely pressing the container to my lips. Recycling, they called it...

As the Sergeant led me out of the cell he commented on the fact that my tits needed work. Now if there is anything I



am proud of, it is the two big dark brown ovals on my chest. They are as wide as a silver dollar and are the reason I have spent so much time working on my pecs. I guess he was referring to the nipples, which he grabbed and indicated he had every intention of tearing off. I stuck out my chest and moaned, then mouthed a "Please, Sir" which got me a backhand across the face.

"I'm sorry, Sir." He twisted them and pulled them and brought tears to my eyes. At one point I would have done anything to be free of those hands. He fastened a couple of black metal clamps on them, connected by a light chain, and led me by my throbbing tits down a hall to an interrogation room. What I had experienced thus far was on the same par as a Sunday school picnic...

I crawled on my hands and knees, I licked their boots, topside and underside, I prostrated myself and I lay on my back, legs in the air, and spread my asscheeks for their amusement. I submitted the soles of my bare feet for their inspection and the blows from their belts. They sat on my face, bareass, while they slapped my hard prick and shaved balls around. In answer to their questions, I described myself in the lowest and foulest of terms. I exorcised myself of every devil in my mind. I crawled on my belly across that cold concrete floor, showing my humility and humiliation. I begged them to shove their rampant organs down my throat and raised my defenseless ass for their inspection and debasement. I became their toilet and their floormat. Finally, in losing myself, I found myself. As I began to be accepted by those splendid, strong men who knew what they were about, I began to realize what I was about. I saw why so many efforts of mine in the past had come to nothing. Shit, if you don't know what you are doing, how are you going to tell anybody else how to do it?

I was released late Sunday night and allowed to go home in my tattered Ralph Lauren shirt and cut-off designer jeans. The DI was still unhappy about something, so my shoes were withheld. I padded down the dingy South of Market street in the rain toward Market in search of a cab. I finally found one that would stop for a drenched, barefoot cocksucker with a haircut that made him look like he was still in the military. He was very suspicious when I told him to wait to be paid, since I had been told to carry no wallet. He insisted on following me into the lobby and up to my apartment. I paid him, gave him a too-generous tip and then, surprising myself, told him to get lost and told him I thought he was an asshole. And even more surprisingly, he actually apologized...

The next Friday night I reported—on time—and stripped in the appointed twenty seconds when the DI snapped his fingers. I was going to be the best graduate this fucking outfit ever turned out and I wanted them to know it. The DI looked at me and silently decided I must be ready for a heavy new challenge. The Sergeant affixed my wrist and ankle straps, then affixed a cock and ball harness. It fit tightly about both, then came up and divided my balls so they stood out on each side of the shaft. He put on my collar, took off the dog tag and attached it to the ball harness.

"Bend over, 1077." I did as they ordered and he shoved a butt-plug in the appropriate place. There was no amount of pressure that would force it out. As they say in the Toyota ads, "Oh, what a feeling!" □

MANHOOD RITUALS I/ THE COMPOUND

Sixty-eight pages, fact and fiction, by Robert Dunn, John Preston and Robert Payne. Elaborately illustrated, showing the training methods of the Golden Age of Folsom institutions. Compiled by Robert Payne. Alternate Publishing, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009. \$10 plus \$1 postage.

REPORT

Send your entries for this national leather update to DRUMMER Report, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

"ALL THE SHIT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."



FRANKFURT—A HOT TIME IN AN OLD TOWN

As the sign outside of Rhein-Main Air Force Base says, "Welcome to the Gateway of Europe," and Frankfurt is certainly that. Frankfurt is a blending of both new and old architecture. This, our first in a series of articles on the leather /Levi as well as other diversified scenes in the major cities of Europe, centers upon Frankfurt.

There are three leather bars and one "macho" disco in Frankfurt. I spent most of my time in two of the three leather bars: The Eagle and The Stall 22. The third, Camp 26, was rather small and out of the way. I had checked out the posters advertising it to be misleading and the clientele to lean towards extreme "twinkie," a term borrowed from another American I had met. During my visits to Frankfurt I stayed at the Hotel Potsdamer Hof which is within walking, or if you are so inclined and not used to German beer, staggering distance of all the bars and disco. It's not exactly The Ritz, but it's reasonable and the desk clerk doesn't pay much attention to whom you take to your room and, by the way, they accept most major credit cards. Aside from the bars and disco, there are numerous gay restaurants and *gasthaus* in the vicinity.

The first bar I visited was The Eagle. My first night there I was greeted by a healthy, robust-looking doorman who spoke English and was extremely friendly towards Americans. I had the opportunity to meet the owner, Wolf. He's rather muscular, large with blond hair and normally wears Bavarian leder-

hosen. Once you meet him he definitely makes you feel welcome and at home. The crowd is predominately leather and of a definite kinky nature, but unfortunately, as back home, a few "twinkies" manage to get by the doorman.

The Eagle is a rather large bar with a game room and back room in the rear. There is no cover and the drinks, both mixed and beer, are reasonably priced. The Eagle is normally open from 9 to 1 A.M. weekdays and 4 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekends.

The other bar, The Stall 22, has a personality all its own. It is a private club, so there is a four Deutsch mark cover. You have to press a button to gain admittance and proceed down a flight of stone steps which turn at the bottom where it enters the bar. There is a doorman at the bottom who takes your 4 DM cover and gives you a drink card. Instead of paying for each individual drink, the bartender will mark your card and you pay when you are ready to leave, so don't lose your card! We also had the chance to meet Pete, the owner, who will almost immediately offer you a shot of the house specialty schnapps called "Staller Piss." It's also the noisiest schnapps in town—after toasting and downing your "Piss," everyone, in unison, raps their shot glass upon the bar. The people at the Stall are among the friendliest in Frankfurt and make a good attempt to make you feel welcome.

The only leather club I was able to locate was the MSC Frankfurt whose members can be found at either The Stall or



IAN SKOTLANNISTA is MR. LEATHER EUROPE '85 according to Pratkaposti. Unfortunately the rest of the information was in Finnish.

The Eagle on weekends. Most of their activities are centered around the summer, however feel free to talk to one of their members and he will fill you in on what's happening that weekend.

As I said in the beginning, the scene here in Europe is a bit different than back in the states. Even though leather is the predominate form of wear, rubber is coming in a close second. During my travels thus far, I've made short visits to Amsterdam and Munich. In Amsterdam I met a slave totally devoted to rubber. When I met him he was wearing a motorcycle jacket, T-shirt and Levis, all made of black rubber and by the same token I met a guy in Munich who must have had the largest collection of rubber boots I had ever seen.

So, if you thought you'd seen it all, come to Europe and prepare yourself for a welcome change.

—Tom of Virginia

COCKTAIL LEAVES WELTS

The owner of a bar in Copenhagen who served customers "the world's most horrible drink" then beat them on the naked backside with a whip, was fined \$33 by a Danish court recently for offending public decency.

The Tannhaeser Bar in Copenhagen offered guests an "Ugly Bugly" drink containing schnapps, banana liqueur, egg liqueur, blue curacao, salt, tabasco, a cocktail cherry and a pickled onion. It was topped with a sprinkling of gold glitter.

The customer then received three strokes of a whip, on the ground that they deserved it for drinking such a mixture, the court was told.

The practice began with a customer who had eaten a chocolate-covered smoked herring to win an office bet and had asked whether the bar could serve an equally awful drink.

DRUMMER FORUM

(THE PUBLISHER'S PAGE, YOU MIGHT CALL IT)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

JOURNALISTIC OBLIGATION

Your attack in *Drummer* 89 of the Mr. Leather Contest and the leather community of New York was uncalled for, unjustified and unverified. To print an article without verifying the information is poor journalism as well as an attack on the leather community of New York. I would like to know the photographer referred to in your article, a copy of his letter and the name of the person claiming he was calling "on my behalf."

All contestants signed photo releases and the event was also videotaped. There were those people involved in the contest who had signed contracts and others who, for reasons of job security, asked not to be photographed. For these reasons, unofficial photos were not allowed at the Mr. Leather Contest. It was my responsibility as contest organizer that the security of these individuals was respected. There is nothing written that the winner of one contest must go to any other contest. The contestants in our contest fulfilled their obligations that evening. It is their decision if they want to go on to another contest.

Drummer, like all other publications, has an obligation to the community which supports it, and any publication that cannot do this, especially a leather publication, cannot expect the leather community to support it. We pay to purchase publications which have good, positive articles, not "garbage."

As one of many born and raised in New York, I resent this attack on my city or any city. I have been part of the leather community for more than half my life. I am very proud of that fact and have a deep respect and love for my brothers in leather. There were over 800 men at our Mr. Leather Contest this year, many who came to honor us from other states and Europe.

You say we wear "paper bags." I didn't see any that night, but what I did see was a lot of leathermen who were proud to be part of our leather contest and what it stood for.

You attacked an AIDS benefit where the net proceeds went to two of our AIDS foundations. As you are aware there are thousands of our brothers who are dying and these people need our love, support and understanding? There are enough people out there who hate us; must we turn against each other also? Isn't it about time we stop this "bullshit" and start loving and helping each other?

I demand an apology to the leather community of New York and all those involved in the Mr. Leather Contest.

Artie Haber
Chairman and Founder
Mr. Leather New York Contest

PROUD TITLEHOLDER

As Mr. New York Leather I intend to represent this great city on behalf of the leather community in New York and on behalf of the larger encircling gay and lesbian cause for freedom, equality and nondiscrimination, to which I am an active participant.

I have, in the past, represented the Club Baths as Mr. Club Baths (NYC), Mr. All Bare America at the Beacon Theatre, and I've been the cover boy twice for *Michael's Thing*—once for John Gline's play—*Soft Core Kidd* and once with Philippe Rose of the Village People.

Target Studios used me as their 1977 calendar cover, and I've been in the Advocate, *L'Homme* (in Paris) and I have two porno films under my belt: *Billy the Kidd* and *Coming Out*.

I am in Actors' Equity and I have been in *Let My People Come* in Washington, D.C. during the Carter administration.

I love having my picture

taken and I love to act, sing and celebrate my life with no need for paper disguises, as I am already in print.

Robert Mapplethorpe photographed me years ago as the homosexual aesthetic of which I am very proud.

I am also a bartender at Boots & Saddles, and I sing at every piano bar I can find. In fact, I sang "There's a Place for Us (Somewhere)" at the Anti-Anita Bryant Convention in Chicago where I lived for three years while working at the Bistro.

I was in *Tubstrip* at the Cherry Lane Theatre, *Hustler's Pouf*, and had my own night-club at the Yellow Brick Road (now a restaurant).

More recently I was the gay liberation doorman for Michael Fesco at Studio 54 and was once the doorman of Studio One's backlot in Los Angeles.

My nude photographs are best presented by Robert Mapplethorpe, in *American Photographer* magazine, Roy Blakey and Chris Montague.

Finally, San Francisco is one of my favorite places on this earth; beautiful, fun and sexy. I have only fond memories of San Francisco and have friends I love there. My friend took me all over on his motorcycle during the Gay Olympics where my friend Richard Hunter won twelve gold medals.

I loved the bringing of joy via the Galleria, the Trocadero, the Brig, the Eagle and the Ambush, and I had a ball.

I would love to sing the Star-Spangled Banner at the '86 Olympics, for freedom and the new image of a united gay community.

I am also a proud member of the Gay Men's Chorus and we just finished a successful benefit at the Met and a concert at Carnegie Hall.

I have lost a lot of dear, loving friends in the last few years but I go on fighting and believing in my life and my need

to express it.

The Mr. New York Leather Contest was a successful AIDS benefit and I was overjoyed to see so many leathermen dancing, holding and keeping the band playing.

I am proud to be Mr. New York Leather, a benefit to help all our loved ones who need all the positive energy we can give.

Mr. New York Leather '85
Dennis Walsh

RECYCLED TRASH

Once again the good old folks at *Drummer* are gypping their readers by presenting used goods as if they were new.

Nowhere do you tell your readers that in *Drummer* 90 that John Preston's "Private Kirowsky" first appeared as "Cadet Kirowsky" in *Mach 1* and that Witomski's "The Joys of the Pits" first appeared in *Mach 8* with the same title.

New *Drummer* readers will no doubt like to meet these works for the first time, but faithful, long-time *Drummer*/Alternate Publishing readers should rightfully object to the republishing of these works as if they were brand new; we read *Mach*.

What's the matter? Couldn't you guys get Townsend or Hardy or Kincaid or Preston or O'Rourke to write you something new? And what justification does Witomski's "Pits" have being in a military issue anyway? Some military issue! Previously used photographs on the inside of the front cover and for "Kirowsky,"—the reprinted "Kirowsky," Sgt. Swann on several pages and the cover, Etienne's "Military Ball" minus the hot story Jeff Kincaid wrote to go with the pictures, a uniform calendar and "Dear Mom." About six things and the rest of the issue is distinctly nonmilitary. For shame. Don't you have any respect for your readers?

At right is our clearest picture to date of the new Mr. New York Leather, Dennis Walsh.



I read *Drummer* regularly and wouldn't miss an issue, but then it is the only one around; there is nothing else of its type to read. You've got ipso facto a corner on the market. What *Drummer* needs is some good, healthy competition and then perhaps you'd make a generally fair-to-middling magazine into a good one. I know several people who've stopped buying *Drummer* because it is dull, too narrow a reflection of its editors and publishers and not enough a reflection of the wide diversity of its readership. Often your mail column has letters from readers asking for specific articles or photographs or types of fiction, but rarely do the editors of *Drummer* pay heed. Instead, we get the same old things, especially an endless account of the search for Mr. *Drummer* in issue after issue after issue.

About two years ago *Drummer* published a reader survey, asking all readers to fill out and answer the questions, promising faithfully that the results of the survey would be published in *Drummer* in about six months time. The results were never published. Why not? Because the results were so uniformly negative about the magazine that the publisher couldn't bear to say in print that people don't like much of what he does in *Drummer*? It's not too late to publish those results but of course you won't.

Jeb Strom
New York

Now we have suggested that the Mr. New York Leather Contest might have been a tad closety and haven't had as much immediate action out of The Big Apple for the past de-

cade. We thought we had explained ourselves successfully in a friendly telephone call to Artie Haber, who initiated the New York event. He had told us that it was the cosponsoring organization (whom we shall not mention for fear of starting another uprising) which declined having the contestants photographed. There is no mention of that in his letter which followed, however. In Dennis Walsh's letter there was also no photograph, so we are running the best one we have to date of him above, which is all we can do for him—or them at this writing.

New Yorker Jeb Strom's commentary seems to accuse poor, old *Drummer* of being everything from a nest of hatchet murderers to having dirty fingernails. We felt John Preston's story in the first Mach deserved retelling. It was written so long ago that John was still writing as "Jack Prescott." Witomski's "Pits" said everything we could say on the subject and said it better than anybody else could come up with. We went into the pits because we have had so many requests for that topic.

Drummer's survey has been invaluable in guiding the magazine's contents since the highly successful survey was taken. The "endless" search for each year's Mr. *Drummer* is contained in about three issues out of the year and every inch is made up of the hottest real leathermen from among our readers all around the country. We have always assumed that was what our readers were interested in. Circulation figures and our mailbag seem to confirm it.

Honest, we ain't mad at nobody and we think New York is keen, fellows.

INSPIRATION OR INTIMIDATION

This is in response to the article "Why You Can't Find the Right Guy," by R.C. of North Carolina, in *Drummer* 89 Forum, page 25.

First of all, I find it amazing that R.C. found it necessary to use this section of *Drummer* to attack this publication so he could get on his fucking soapbox about promiscuity in light of the AIDS situation. And (the incorrect sentence structure is dedicated to R.C. since he used it so "masterfully" in his letter) so he could get on his fucking soapbox about a deficiency of good boys and their inadequacies, and the fact that Masters portrayed in *Drummer* are a rarity, and ... it's a wonder he didn't want to gripe about the uncertainty of Vaseline futures!

If you don't catch my drift, R.C., you rambled on minor points which did not logically lead to your conclusion. Since you allow a boy to ask "What are you into?" you're evidently not a Master, merely a queer who'll stop when the boy says to do so. R.C., when you do that, you, in essence, become the slave, because you're doing what he tells you to do.

A "good, serious" Master tells his boy what the boy will, or will not do; what the boy will, or will not tolerate. You may not feel, R.C., that such a one-sided, Master-dominated relationship can work for an extended period of time, but it can, and it does.

You seem to feel that many boys are attracted only to good-looking, leatherclad Masters. That, once again, R.C., is a severe error on your part, or your excuse. As for myself, I consider myself average looking, however when I walk into a leather bar/party situation—by the way, not dressed in leather—there's no question in anyone's mind as to where my head is at. You see, R.C., if you haven't figured it out yet, the Master/slave fantasy/reality is successfully accomplished in the mind, not in the package in which the mind comes.

You must feel some sort of

deficiency when you view some of the men in *Drummer*. I feel sorry for you, I do not. Since you feel this deficiency, any real slave can't help but detect the fact that you're not a Master by nature, but by pretension. Some of us, R.C., read *Drummer* and are inspired... others read *Drummer* and are intimidated.

Your incongruent correspondence and nationwide display of personal anxieties hardly substantiate a closing argument against promiscuity among homosexuals with respect to the AIDS situation. AIDS or no AIDS, promiscuity is a fact of life among homo- and heterosexuals. I tend to side with Richard Locke's observation, "The smart will survive, the foolish will die." An end to promiscuity would be better facilitated by a man/Master knowing he's the best fucking piece of meat walking the floor, exuding that attitude twenty-four hours a day, thus drawing a true boy to him for a permanent relationship, instead of making a broad-based plea in *Drummer*.

You make the error, R.C., in stating "You can't be made to be a slave. You are a slave." You seem to feel that good, submissive, obedient boys are grown on a magical tree somewhere, and only a few Masters get to pick from that tree. You're wrong, bud. Good slaves can be made, but you've got to be man enough to do it. Myself and the boy are proof of that. [Amen to that, from the boy taking this dictation from my Master!]

So the next time you write to *Drummer*, don't use a serious subject such as AIDS and promiscuity as a chance for you to air your inadequacies... boy; the next time you subscribe to a publication, why don't you make it *Cosmopolitan*. Maybe you won't be intimidated.

P.S.: Mr. Embry, if this letter in any way helps you develop a response to R.C., I am pleased. It is rough, and I intended it to be. *Drummer* is excellent. Anything less and I'd be dissatisfied.

J.R.

Southern Indiana

DRUMMER Creative Awards SWEEPSTAKES



Throughout its ten year history, DRUMMER has been known for the quality of its fiction, its artwork and photography. Many of the more established writers, artists and photographers got their start in DRUMMER. As we go into our eleventh year, we are encouraging creative people throughout our community to show themselves. And we are setting aside considerable parts of our budget to do it. The winners: first, second, third and honorable mentions, will be seen on the pages of DRUMMER during the coming months with awards being announced in our next anniversary issue.

ART



ARTWORK on any subject apropos to DRUMMER. Here are SINGLE PANEL CARTOONS for DRUMSTICKS.

STORY ILLUSTRATIONS. You supply the illustration, we'll supply the story.

CENTERFOLD POSTER ART. In 17" x 21" proportion for LEATHER FRATERNITY or DRUMMER. We plan a show of these entries.

SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS on a theme (fetish, leather, B&D, SM or you name it).

FICTION

FICTION: SHORT STORY for the DRUMMER Fiction Section. NOVEL/SERIALIZED in five to ten parts. Also suitable for trade paperback publication.

DRUMMER DADDIES FICTION for either DRUMMER or DRUMMER DADDIES book.

NON FICTION

ARTICLES ON ANY DRUMMER-type subject. Leather, Rubber, Foot Fetish, Cigars, Enemas, Foreskins, Master/Slave, Manhood Rituals, How-to articles, any subject near and dear to the DRUMMER reader. Coverage of leather happenings around the country.

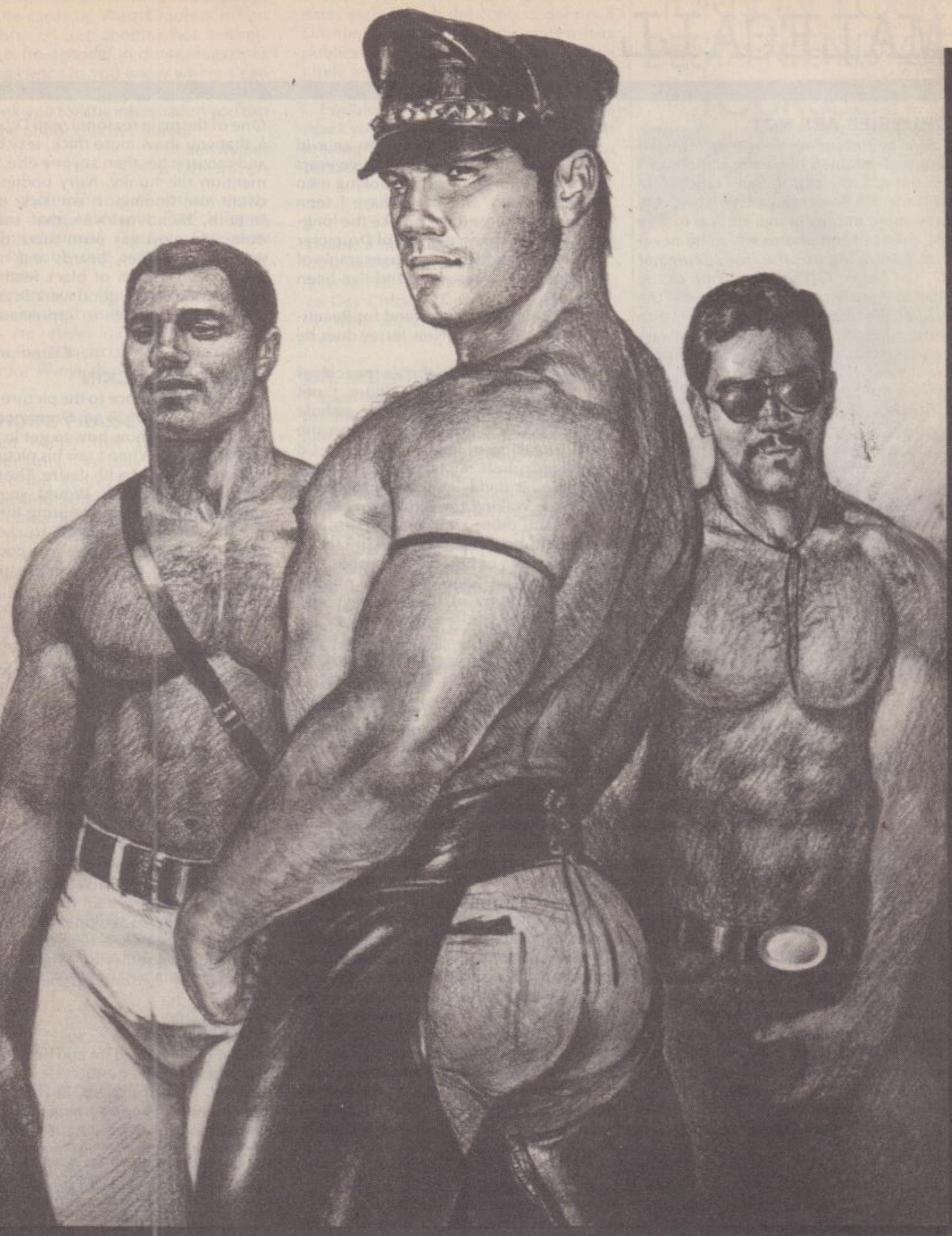
PHOTOS



PHOTOGRAPHY in either black & white or color slides. Story illustration, photo stories, fetish fantasies, beefcake, Cover photography (must be in slide form—either 35 mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4). The new, the unusual, the beef we all love to see.

\$10,000 in Awards

Send entry to: DRUMMER MAGAZINE, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. For materials to be returned, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Winners will be notified immediately upon acceptance. Payment immediately follows publication.



ATTENTION CROTCH GRABBERS

Bruce Rapp's poster for Aid for AIDS is a collector's item since the State of California agreed to pay for publishing only if the hand were removed from the crotch of the figure on the right.

The revised version is out, the state is satisfied and now the crotch snatchers have the original version in this month's Report.

MALECALL

CHUBBIES ARE HOT

I've been reading your mag for years and had dreamed of having a photo in it for years. On a trip to San Francisco in 1982 Mr. Bill Bowers asked me if he could take some photos of me. He was to give me prints of the photos which he never did. I got a big surprise from *Drummer 87*. On pages 12-13 I found one of the photos that Mr. Bowers took—it's the one of the heavyset, tattooed man with nose ring. You can see why I always believed that a photo of me in *Drummer* would always be only a dream, being that I'm on the beefy side.

So you sure surprised the hell out of me! It's a damn-good photo. I'm not upset over its use—but a fantasy has been fulfilled for me. I may be a heavyset man, but I'm a damn-hot one in my own way. Bill Bowers is a damn-good photographer and the photos he took of me were hot ones.

Drummer, thank you for using the photo. It shows you do know when you see something hot, even when it's a hot, heavyset man which most of the SM world would overlook because of his size. Not everyone can be the Marlboro man. And you just helped everyone to know that chubbies are hot men also.

Michael D.
Rootstown, OH

SLAVE TO THE CLIPPERS

The cover of *Drummer 90* and the article on Sergeant Swann were hot. I really got off on him. The rest of your military issue was great, too.

Something I felt lacking was coverage on military haircuts. I'm sure some photos of marine "high and tight," butch, flat top and crew cut haircuts would appeal to many of your readers, especially if before-, during-, and after-the-cut pictures were featured.

I have been wearing a close crew cut for about a year and find many guys are really turned on by it.

I wish I could find a barber who likes cutting my hair as much as I enjoy it myself.

Hans
San Francisco, CA

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BEAUTIFUL DADDY

More, more, more! I've been an avid reader of *Drummer* for about five years and have seen some good-looking men on your pages. But never have I seen anyone that turned me on like the long-distance trucker on page 21 of *Drummer 90*. He is the most outrageous example of manhood I've ever seen (and I've been looking).

His initials B.D. must stand for Beautiful Daddy. Where in New Jersey does he come from?

I'd like to be kept in the sleeper cab of his eighteen-wheeler for those times when he needs his hairy, hot asshole tongued after a long, hard day on the road. Speaking of long, hard things, I'd also like to butt my face in that crotch and give his daddy cock the attention it deserves. Waking up with that cock up my ass and those arms wrapped around me would be a real pleasure. So please, let's see more of him on your pages. But until then, I'll keep my eyes on the truckers as I travel the highways and byways of the Garden State.

B.T.
Long Branch, NJ

HOT 'N' HAIRY

I just got *Drummer 90* and I just had to write. First off, I cannot thank you enough for T.R. Witomski's article on armpits. I love pits, and that article really hit the mark. My only addition is to say that I personally prefer my partner's pits to be a little more raunchy than your author—two or three days is about prime for me, and even raunchier is okay every so often.

Next, I must tell you that the picture of B.D., that hot, hairy, bearded trucker in your *Malecall* section gave me an instant hard-on. I love his idea for an article on truckers, as I've drooled over many hot driving men I've seen, and I hope to be seeing him and other hunky, hairy truckers soon.

Last, I checked the Fetish Index of *Drummer 85* and I was amazed to discover that you have not had an article on my personal obsession: beards, and to a lesser extent, moustaches and body hair.

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DRUMMER, DRUMMER FORUM, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUMSTICKS, DEAR SIR, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, LEATHER REPORT, MALECALL, GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in *Drummer*. Copyright ©1986 by Alternate Publishing, Inc.

One of the main reasons I read *Drummer* is that you show more thick, sexy beards and moustaches than anyone else, not to mention the hunky, hairy bodies I can count on finding. I am sick of the smooth, blond twinkies that seem to dominate most gay porn these days—I want hairy bodies, beards and moustaches, with a dash of black leather for spice! Keep up the good work in providing us with real men to appreciate.

G.M.
Claremont, CA

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

This is in reference to the picture of the trucker on page 21 of *Drummer 90*. I would like to know how to get in touch with this man. When I saw his picture my asshole puckered with desire. The man is absolutely beautiful! Would you consider a photo spread featuring him?

I, myself, am a former trucker but never did I meet anyone that could set my insides on fire the way his picture does.

I would like to offer him the comforts of my home if he travels in the West Coast areas of Florida and the use of my ass for his loads. I could proudly call this man Daddy.

Thanks for listening to my drivel. Keep publishing *Drummer*. I haven't missed an issue for several years. Keep up the good work.

Behr Tucker
Tampa, FL

(Editor's note: The trucker everyone seems to be hot for is thirty-six years old and lives in New Jersey. You can write to him c/o *Drummer* Box 5042 and we'll forward it to him. Put your letter in a sealed, stamped envelope, write the box number on the back flap in pencil, enclose that in another envelope and mail to us at 640 Natoma St., San Francisco 94103.)

BOOTED MP

I am really turned on and heated up by the leatherclad motorcycle cop and booted MP on pages 56 and 57 of *Drummer 85*. I keep coming back to him for a high and quick JO.

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Is he the model Gunner featured on greeting cards by West Graphics in San Francisco or just another hot leatherman? Is he a model in other magazines and articles? Do you know where I can see more of him, especially in leather?

Thank you for any information you can give me about this hot number.

Pelham Staples
New Orleans, LA

(Editor's note: The model you are speaking of is none other than Patrick Toner, Mr. International Leather. The shots were Patrick's first and they were for Drummer.

Gunner has also been a Drummer coverman as well as featured in several issues. He resides in Los Angeles. Patrick is from San Francisco. He may be doing a video for Wings soon.)

AUTHOR'S PRAISE

I am happy that you've accepted another story. I've only newly begun to explore the genre. I'm still feeling my way around with it, and, thus far, I've been rather appalled by the responses from several other publishers. If they answer at all, they reply with so-called "guidelines" that seem created by a computer. M'God, so many words of this, one paragraph of that, orgasms in twenty-five words or less?

There's no joy in trying to be a storyteller under those conditions, and I can't see much pleasure for the readers with such confined sameness. Worse, I see no art in it.

One of the main reasons I wanted to get into this field, other than the landlord, is that I see a need for some efforts to try to lift the quality. I don't like going to funerals, and I prefer to think a few men are staying home with a good book now and then. There's a need, and it's to grow out of the notion of formula writing for third-grade mentality. I want to get into that struggle! Drummer is like an oasis in terms of looking for storytelling and erotic literature rather than whack-off smut. Thank God, and may your tribe increase!

Kenn Richie
Los Angeles, CA

LEATHER CONTEST

I am writing to you as another resource for information about this year's Mr. International Leather Contest which is usually held each Spring in Chicago. I would like to know if you can, when it's available, furnish me with some information pertaining to the 1986 contest.

I wrote a letter which I sent to two leather/Levi bars in Chicago which I thought might also be able to give me some information at this early date: Touche (on N. Lincoln St.) and the Gold Coast (on N. Clark St.).

chain to see if they could give me the dates and place of the contest, but since Drummer usually covers the contest in its publication, I thought you would definitely know about this year's Mr. International Leather Contest.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for answering my letter as I am looking forward to attending this year's contest in Chicago.

James Rinier
Springfield, PA

(Editor's note: We have yet to receive information on the Chicago contest this year which is usually held in May. Write to Gay Chicago Times newspaper, 1529 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610.)

MR. MID-ATLANTIC LEATHER

I am writing to personally thank you for the prizes I have received from Alternate Publishing for winning the 1986 Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest. I have always been thinking of both subscribing to Drummer and of becoming a member of the Leather Fraternity...and now I have both!

I'd like to make myself available to Drummer, any other leather organization or any cause-worthy gay charity throughout 1986. I'd like to be able to represent the D.C. leather community to the best of my ability and to use the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather title particularly for AIDS fundraising. If I can do anything for Drummer, let me know.

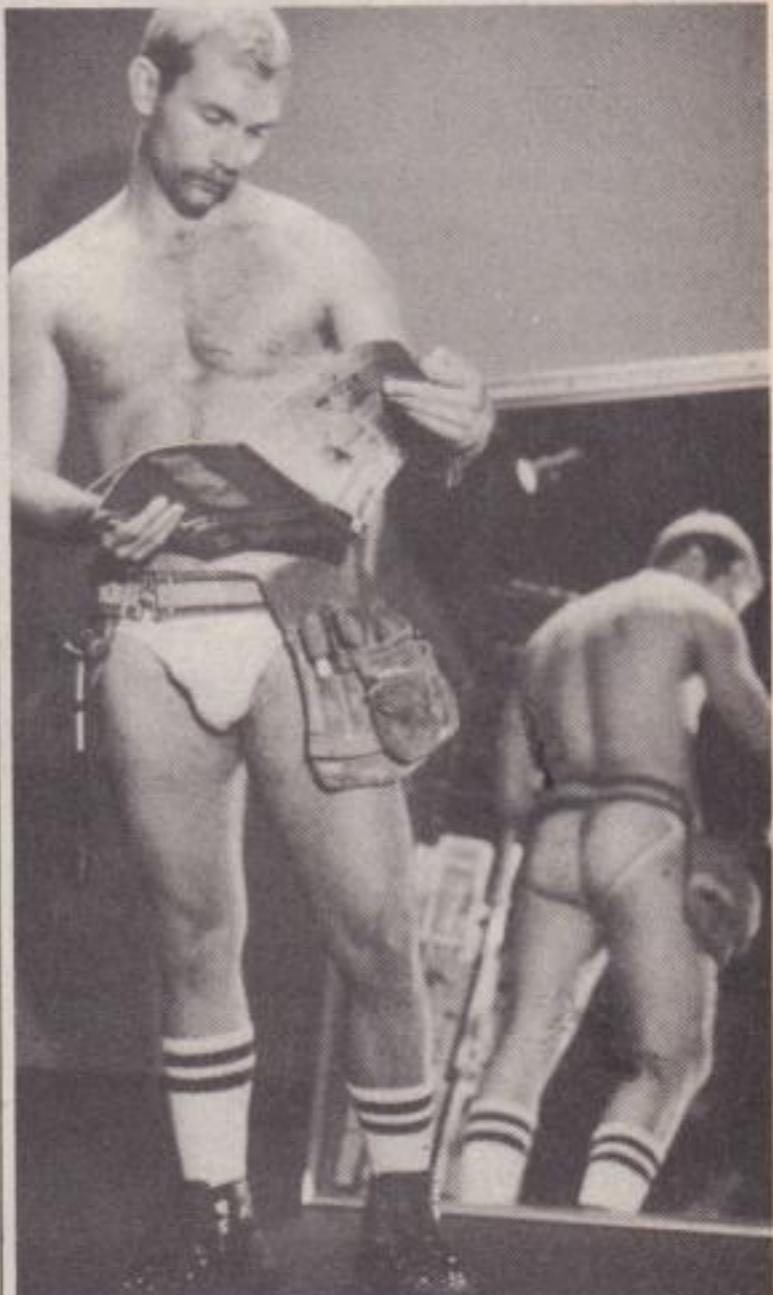
Louis C. Bothwell
Washington, D.C.

MORE ON BOOTS

It seems that nothing has been done to satisfy the urges and fantasies of boot fetishists. Cops boots are the most erotic objects that a man can think of. Nothing is more sexy than policemen's boots! And there are an awful lot of boot fetishists in the world! Why doesn't anybody make at least one audio tape exclusively on boots! Boot licking and boot sucking! Boot slavery...boot punishment...like being trampled and stepped on for hours under several pairs of police boots! ...like the police do in Chile, trampling and stepping on prisoners for hours and hours on end until every single muscle of their bodies is sore and aching all over. After a long and strenuous trampling under boots which lasts for several hours under police and military boots, the muscles of those prisoners are so sore and tender that the slightest pressure on them creates acute pain! That's how boots play an important role in SM relationships. Please, give Brutus or someone else like him the idea to make an audio tape on boots!

Roger Coulombe
Quebec, Canada

TURN IN YOUR BEST FRIEND OR YOURSELF!



MALE MODELING is a rapidly expanding field and it has a lot of phases. Our studio shoots for magazines such as DRUMMER, HONCHO and STROKE as well as for clothing catalogs and health products. Do you know someone who should be photographed? Or, for that matter, should you?

It is worth your time certainly and can be a great experience for you as well as add to your portfolio if you want to make a career of modeling or acting.

Send a photograph, your name, address and how you can be reached. What can you lose, besides your inhibitions?

MANHUNT STUDIOS

17 Harriet Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Here is what I look like:

I am _____ years of age, _____ tall, weight _____, wear a size _____ x _____ shirt, waist _____ shoe or boot _____ Color hair _____, eyes _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Phone (_____) _____

DRUMMER DADDIES

LETTER FROM CAMP

Dear Daddy,

We've just had breakfast and we're being allowed to write letters home before we go out to work in the fields.

It's been a little over two weeks since I came here to this training farm. God, how I miss you. I know I'm here for my own good, but that doesn't stop me from wanting to feel your strong, hairy arms hugging my hot body. More than that I want to see you, to know you still love me. But I should know that you do. That's why you sent me here.

You dropped me off at the gate and left without seeing the farm. We, twelve trainees, are in a building which must have been a chicken coop at one time. There must be a lot of chicken shi—I mean manure under the wooden floor. The smell gets bad after the sun has beaten down on the tin roof. It gets so bad that my throat burns. We sleep on the floor with only thin blankets. It gets cold at night with just a thin blanket and no clothes.

There's a small house where the six trainers live. We never go to the house. It's off-limits. Our training takes place in our building, the barn, the yard and out in the fields.

As soon as you left, my training began. As happened to the other trainees present, my 501s and T-shirt were ripped off me with a knife. That's the last time I had clothes on—not even a jockstrap or shoes. We have to work out in the fields without clothes and barefooted. Our feet get dirt between our toes and we have to clean it all out. Then, we were marched double columns from the gate down the dirt road about a mile to our building. (The trainees had no building which "belonged" to them. Their sweat, their piss and their shit belonged to them. After all,

who else would want it? Their lives belonged temporarily to the trainers, ed.)

In our building we were given a shaving kit with a hand mirror and a thin blanket. We are expected to keep our bodies shaved, including our eyebrows. Some of the trainees cut themselves when they tried to hold the mirror and shave their asses—I mean butts. I'm grateful you taught me to do that. (Whatever this son has learned, he learned it out of fear for his life. It wasn't a simple matter of him being taught as such. He was told what was expected of him and it was up to him to learn how to do it correctly or to suffer the consequences, ed.) After shaving, we were ordered to put our things down and go outside.

The sun warmed my cold, naked body. I'm grateful there wasn't even a hint of a breeze. On our hands and knees we were taken over to the barn about 150 yards away. The path was dirt, but there were small, sharp stones which cut up my knees badly. But I didn't complain. Bob, a slave, started to whimper on the way over. He was kicked in his side. He fell into a puddle of mud, just off the path, face first. About thirty yards away, at the barn, I saw that he was still spitting out mud. The trainers laughed at him. I thought, better him than me.

We crawled throughout the open barn door onto a soft carpet of straw. I kept my head down, afraid to look up, and followed the ass—I mean butt—in front of me. (The son's daddy will allow no swearing of any kind, ed.) Daddy, I realize what I have said. I beg you to forgive me, please, Daddy. I am only a worthless piece of pig shi—manure. I don't deserve it. I only ask that you spare my life the next time you see me, please. Oh, God, please...

As we sat back on our heels, the trainer grabbed Chuck. We call each other by our first names, except Ronnie, who calls the other trainees "pig" when the trainers aren't within hearing range. One day last week trainer number four heard him. We were jogging around one of the fields one morning before breakfast and Ronnie bumped into Nick. Nick is cut, Daddy. He's twenty-one, about 175 pounds, and a few inches shorter than me—about five feet ten. He has hazel eyes and, I think, black hair. I haven't seen it since the first day here. He has low-hanging balls. His legs are bruised from the weights he has to wear while he works. I'm sure you would like him, Daddy.

When Ronnie bumped into Nick, he said softly, thinking no one but Nick would hear, "Watch where you're going, pig." Trainer number four was in back of him, off to his left side, so lashed to a nearby tree. A whip came out of somewhere. I heard the whip crack against his sweaty back. I kept jogging, my eyes forward. I cringed at the sound of the next crack. The sound of the whip receded as we jogged along. We didn't see Ronnie again until we went back to our building that night. We ate supper out in the field. It was some kind of stew which we had to eat with our hands from our bowls. Ronnie kept us awake that night with his moaning and groaning.

In the barn, two trainers took Chuck over to a small, wooden platform in the middle of the barn floor. The eight stalls were empty. The platform had no hay on it, just bare wood. Trainer number three—we call the trainers "Sir" and only refer to them with numbers among ourselves—is about six feet one, around 180 pounds, with

dark brown hair and cold, steel-blue eyes. He stood in front of Chuck wearing a rebel leather cap, leather gloves, a leather jockstrap and cycle boots. I could smell the warm leather where I knelt about six feet away. I was sweating in the hot barn. Quickly, he unsnapped the front of his jockstrap, just as you do, Daddy. His eight incher—at least—hit Chuck's face. Thwack! Out of fear, Chuck hesitated to start licking. His brown eyes showed terror. The trainer hit him hard on the side of his head, nearly knocking him over. From where I was kneeling, I could see its veins bulging out. Chuck devoured that piece of meat, his head bobbing up and down rhythmically.

He stopped, holding the cock in his mouth, and coughed a few times. The trainers standing around smiled. Trainer number three quickly grabbed Chuck's ears and jerked his head back. His cock plopped out. Cum exploded all over Chuck's chest. "You're not going to taste my cum, pig," the trainer sneered, holding the cock in his right hand and directing the splattering. Chuck was taken away, cum streaming down his shaved chest and stomach. We didn't know where he was taken. Later he wouldn't talk about it. The rest of us were taken out to the fields.

It was a warm spring day. We were harnessed up to plows, two trainees to each plow, except Ronnie. He had to pull one all by himself. He was the strongest of us, at the time. Now all of our muscles are growing. I have more definition in my pecs. My stomach is flatter, my biceps ache every night when I go to sleep. My calves and thighs are getting harder. I'll look better for you when I get home than when I came here.

Ronnie looked like a big, hairy gorilla before he shaved. I think he was a newly acquired slave and his Master hadn't had the time to train him. We saw Chuck later that afternoon as we were coming in from the fields for supper. I saw burns on his tanning chest, thighs and butt. I think they weren't from wax. God, I didn't want that to happen to

me. And Chuck didn't do anything to deserve it, unlike Ronnie. (Anything that happens to the sons or slaves is ordered by their Daddies or Masters, ed.)

The weekend came. More trainers showed up. This happens every weekend. Two unknown trainers walked into our building, just as I was putting down my breakfast bowl of mush. I think it's not mush exactly, but that's what we call it. It's very filling and keeps us going all morning and early afternoon until a late lunch.

"Pig," one of them yelled.

I was making sure that the bowl was on the proper spot on the floor. Erik was kneed over one morning for forgetting exactly where his bowl belonged.

I looked over and saw his finger pointing at me. Obediently, I knelt immediately, taking the proper position: knees together, hands behind, fingers entwined and head down.

The first trainer was five feet eleven, close to 175 pounds, about 35 with brown hair and brown eyes. He looked like a Patrick Toner clone, Daddy, honest. He was wearing 501s, a black T-shirt and cycle boots. As he stood in front of me, I saw some caked mud on his boots. He must have been out in the fields even before breakfast. John was missing from breakfast. I bet he was out in the field with this trainer. He slipped a rope over my head, then pulled me to my feet. I followed him out into the grassy yard. Closer to the house, under a big oak tree, I saw a wooden table. There was a black box on it.

As we got closer, I saw what the box was. I saw the wires. A cold sweat broke out all over my naked body. I shuddered. I nearly hesitated out of fear, but, being trained by you, I knew better. (This son is wasting his time trying to tell his daddy how great a son he is, ed.) I knew what was going to happen. I'm grateful, Daddy, that you never did that to me. But then, I never deserved it.

He ordered me up on the table. I obeyed quickly, lying on my back, my legs spread apart.

The second trainer was around five feet ten, around 180 pounds, black hair, pen-

etrating, green eyes, blue jeans, T-shirt, Nikes, and big, hairy hands, bigger than yours, Daddy—I'm sorry, but they were. He clipped an alligator clamp on my left nipple, then another on my right nipple. They produced an annoying pain.

He went back to the box and turned a knob. I felt a tingling over my chest. I thought it tickled. The sensation increased. It no longer tickled. It hurt. My chest burned. I thought my skin was on fire. I gasped, then panted to catch my breath. Salty tears ran down my cheeks. (All of this is superfluous. This daddy has a videotape of the son's sessions, ed.) Suddenly, the pain lessened, stopped, then became only a memory. The clamps stayed on my nipples. I felt something bite into my sac. My face contorted in pain. My eyes squeezed shut. I squirmed. I couldn't help it, Daddy. It hurt. God, did it hurt.

Please, forgive me, don't punish me when I get home. You never used those gnawing alligator clamps on my sac, just clothespins. Those little teeth gnaw into my sacflesh. I never felt that much pain before. The tingling started. It spread out over my pubic hair, then down my legs. Quickly it built up. The pain...I bit my lip to stop from crying out. I tasted blood. My cock ached, pained. I couldn't help it. My cock swelled. After a short time, my cum spurted against my chest. I was aware of alligators gnawing my thighs and calves.

Pain raced down my legs. I felt the muscles twitch. The pain increased. I was aware of the pain only, nothing else. It could have rained and I wouldn't have noticed. Then, a cold, black wave washed over me. I passed out. I couldn't help it. I had no control over it, Daddy, really. Believe me, I never felt such pain. I tried to endure it. I really did. But I just couldn't endure it. I didn't want to faint. I didn't want to be punished for that, too.

When I awoke, I was tied down to the table with rope. The clamps and the black box were gone. The trainers were gone. The sun was setting. A few hours after sunset it



started to rain. About half an hour later the rain stopped. I stayed out there all night, shivering. No one came out to get me. I missed breakfast. Sometime in the late morning trainer number two untied me and took me out to work in the field.

Even though I obeyed every command, unlike Ronnie, I was punished with electricity. I kept my mouth shut until I was ordered to speak. I ate all of my meals without complaining, no matter what they were. I obeyed quickly. I didn't hesitate once. (Pride goeth before the fall, ed.) None of the other trainees

obeyed as well.

Chuck has been beaten so many times that he is almost incapable of moving, fearing to visit a doctor. His welts had become infected. Late one afternoon he fell or was pushed in a pile of dirt after a severe beating in the field. I know he didn't deserve it. As he left the field, he passed closed by me and I saw the clotted blood mixed with the dirt all down his back. The next day, his welts still dirt-encrusted, under the hot sun, he collapsed in the field in a fever.

The next weekend more trainers showed up again. One of them took me out to a small

HOT READING FOR A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

FROM ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

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MISTER BENSON

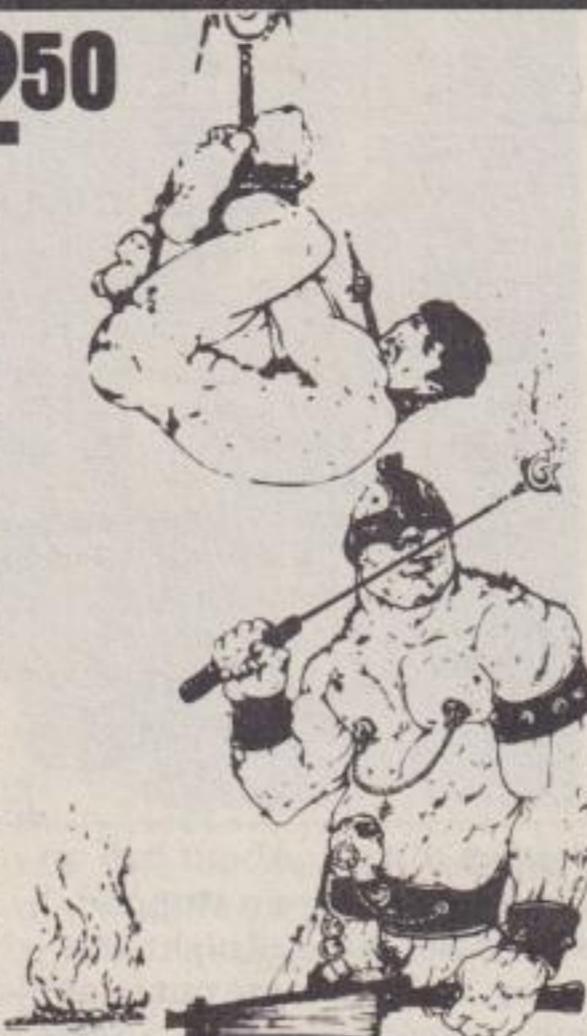
The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in *Drummer*, revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by *Penthouse* as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever written, praised by Phil Andros as "an SM masterwork," and acknowledged "a classic underground novel" by the *Village Voice*, John Preston's **Mr. Benson** is must reading for all leathermen, and for anyone who wants to understand the phenomenon of gay SM in the 1980s.

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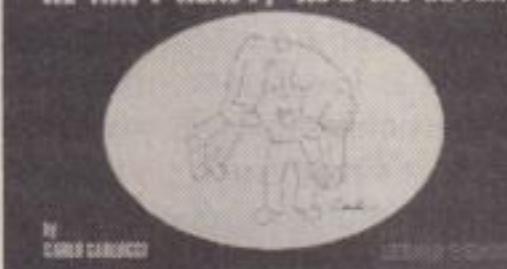
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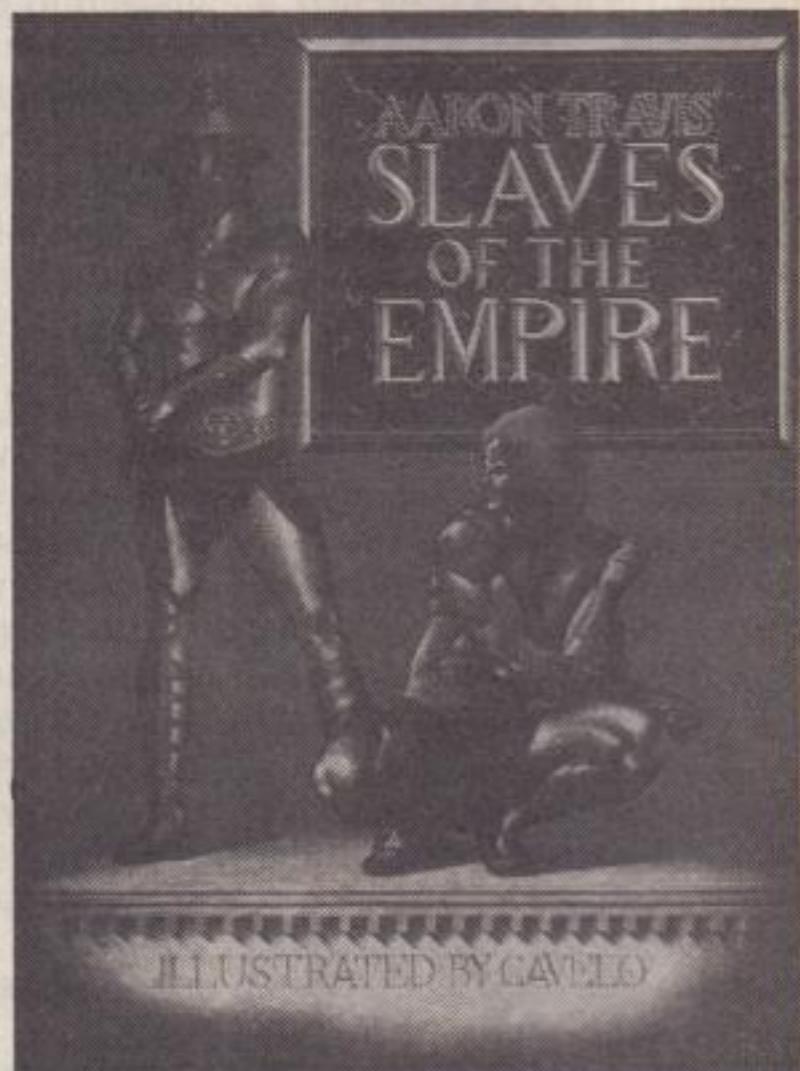


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HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER

Had enough of whips, chains, and heavy-duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist, along with Carlo Carlucci's glowingly humorous look at every other aspect of gay life, from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series "War Between the Machos and the Sissies" that will have you in stitches!

Gay cartoon books have come and gone, but this one is really special. "A must-have cartoon book," says the *Baltimore Gay Paper*; "a sharper wit could not be found!" *Cruise Magazine* says it's "the kind of book you'll read over and over, getting a fresh chuckle or grin each time." And the *San Francisco Review of Books* declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber."



ILLUSTRATED BY CAVELO

field behind the house. Our forty acres of working fields are behind the barn. My first day here I dug a long, narrow hole about three feet deep and then Erik helped me put a bathtub in it. I was taken over to the bathtub. Five trainers stood around the tub, their fat cocks hanging out of their pants. I was ordered to lie down. I obeyed. I shivered. It was cold. I looked up for help. My eyes met cold glares. I should have known better. Who was going to help me?

A warm torrent of piss hit me smack in the face. I put my head down, but someone behind me grabbed my ears and jerked my head up. "Open up," the voice behind me yelled. I obeyed. I swallowed the warm, pungent load. I opened my eyes for a split second, then closed them. I saw the piss coming from the thick cock of the trainer who had clipped the alligators on my nipples the weekend before. I was confused, Daddy. I did nothing wrong that week. I didn't deserve this.

He finally stopped. I opened my eyes. He was smiling at me as if he knew something I didn't. Suddenly, from the other side of the bathtub, another heavy stream pounded my face. I moved my head with my mouth opened wide, my eyes shut. I didn't need help from the trainer holding my ears. I caught the stream and swallowed nearly all of his load.

I felt that my legs were wet underneath. I glanced down and saw that the drain was plugged. The piss rolled off my body and collected on the bottom of the tub. The wind blew across my wet, naked body. I shivered. Four other trainers stood around the tub, then all at once they let go. I coughed and choked trying to swallow all of their recyclings. Pisss ran down the side of my face, down my chin, down my chest, then over my thighs. I couldn't stop coughing; I thought I'd choke. I was afraid to move my head. He would probably rip my ears off.

The pissings stopped. The firm hand let go of my ears. I shook my head. My throat hurt from so much coughing. My bladder was full of piss. I, too, had to go. But I didn't dare. They were watching me.

I was shivering. The trainer pulled me up by the rope. I was taken over to the grassy area near the table, but away from the shade of the tree.

Kneeling, I was allowed to dry out in the sun. No one was around and I had to go, so I did. My piss disappeared in the thick, short grass. (The son had unknowingly made the mistake of disclosing this. He paid for it in flesh when he went home, ed.) Later that night, a few hours after sunset, my trainer came back and took me over to our building. I went to sleep without supper.

That was two nights ago. Nothing else has happened to me. I see the trainers are coming out of the house. They'll be here to take our pencils and paper away. I don't know when I'll be allowed to write again. I miss you, Daddy. I can't say how much. I love you more than you'll ever know, Daddy. They're here...

Your son
(This letter and those written by the other trainees were read by the trainers in front of the Masters and the Daddies. They were a good barometer of how the training was going from the trainees' point of view, ed.)

Son,

I see from your letter that you need more training. (This daddy is leaving it up to the son to discover what he is doing wrong, ed.) I will talk to the trainers and suggest that you be tied to a cross in a field and used as a scarecrow for a few days and nights—longer, if necessary. If that doesn't teach you, then at least you will have kept the birds away. (This is this daddy's use of anticipatory punishment, ed.) You will stay where you are until I decide you are ready to come home.

Dad

—J. Tarvis

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

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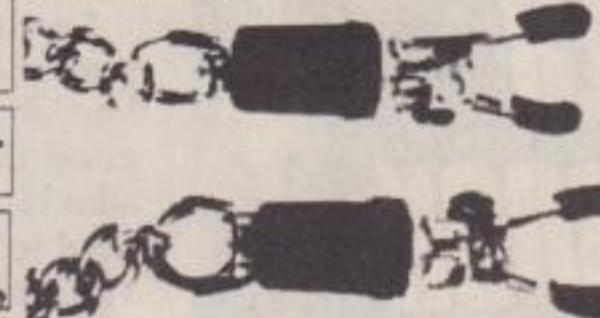
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I am a married man. My wife and I have been together for over five years, so I think it's a pretty stable relationship. Both of us are into SM; my wife is dominant, and some of our sessions have gotten fairly heavy. I am completely bisexual, however, and recently my wife has agreed that we should seek some outside interests—three-ways and the like. She is perfectly willing to have the third person be a man—prefers a man, because she has no interest in other women. We've run ads a few times, but it doesn't work out well for us to get it on with another couple or with a straight man. At least it isn't satisfactory for me, because he only turns on to my wife and I end up being tied up in a corner while she does her thing with him. The few gay men we've contacted are so uptight about "safe sex" there isn't much we can do with them, even if we can get over the hurdle of getting him to accept a female top. Would you have any suggestions for us?

Horny in Dallas

Dear Horny,

For starters, I think you and your wife should begin having some concern about safe sex yourselves. In Africa, where our current health crisis apparently started, AIDS is regarded as a heterosexual disease. As to gay men getting it on with a woman, it takes a fairly sophisticated bottom to dig this. After all, the

reason a man seeks other men is because he isn't turned on to women. I don't know what you look like, but I would suppose that you would have to attract the guy into your relationship and hope that he's hot enough to get it on with you to also accept your wife in the balance.

Dear Larry,

I've got a good thing going with a really hot man. He has been bottoming out to me ever since we started, about a year ago. But I really want him to work me over, at least some of the time. I've hinted at this, but he just doesn't pick up on it. I don't know if he has really been missing the point, or whether he just doesn't want to understand me. I'm afraid to press the point too hard, for fear I'll fuck up what I've already got. How do you think I should go about it?

Ready to Switch, D.C.

Dear Ready,

I would guess that your friend is completely aware of what you're trying to tell him and simply doesn't want to ruin a good thing by changing roles. As we've all said a good many times, "A good top is hard to find." If you're playing that role, and doing it well, there is probably no way to change the situation without just coming out and stating your case. I think you have to evaluate the risk and either tell him, or let things go as they are.

Dear Larry,

My lover and I have been together for almost fifteen years. He is quite a bit older than I am, but I still love him very much. He has recently been diagnosed as having cancer of the prostate, and he is very much afraid that he is going to end up being castrated. I've tried to tell him that bad as it might be, it wouldn't be the end of the world, but he seems to believe that he'll never be able to have sex again if they have to remove his nuts. I can't convince him otherwise, and I'm really not too sure exactly what his physical condition will be. Do you have any knowledge of guys who have been through this?

Worried, Seattle

Dear Worried,

The prospect of losing his balls is probably the most terrifying situation a man can face, largely because of all the symbology of "balls making the man," etc. However, life does not end with this, if the guy is determined enough to overcome it. By the use of hormone therapy, it is possible to retain a reasonable degree of sexuality. They also have "falsies" that can be inserted into the scrotum after everything's healed up. They seem to be a big psychological boost for a lot of guys. I don't envy you your situation, because you are going to have a heavy burden in helping your friend

overcome the emotional repercussions. But you're right; it's not the end of the world. The globe is just going to tip a little, and you'll have to tip with it.

Dear Larry,

I'm 23 years old, and I'm fatter than I should be. In fact, I have kind of big breasts and wide hips that some guys laugh at. Not long ago, some guys at our local bar got to teasing me, and they started calling me a "morphodike." I tried to look this up in a dictionary, but I couldn't find the word, and I don't know what it means. I'm afraid to ask anyone. Can you tell me what it means?

Overweight, Atlanta

Dear Over,

Your detractors are expressing their own ignorance, because the word they probably meant to use was "hermaphrodite." This is a person who has the sexual equipment of both sexes. Unless you have a pussy between your legs, in addition to a penis, I wouldn't worry about it.

Dear Larry,

The guy I've been having an affair with for several months used to be married to a woman, and they had several kids. I have often wondered why he never seems to have a very big ejaculation, and he just told me he had had a vasectomy in order not to have any more kids. Since he's probably not ever going to do it with a woman again, can he have the operation undone? I'd really like to take a big load from him. Otherwise, he's the hottest man I ever met.

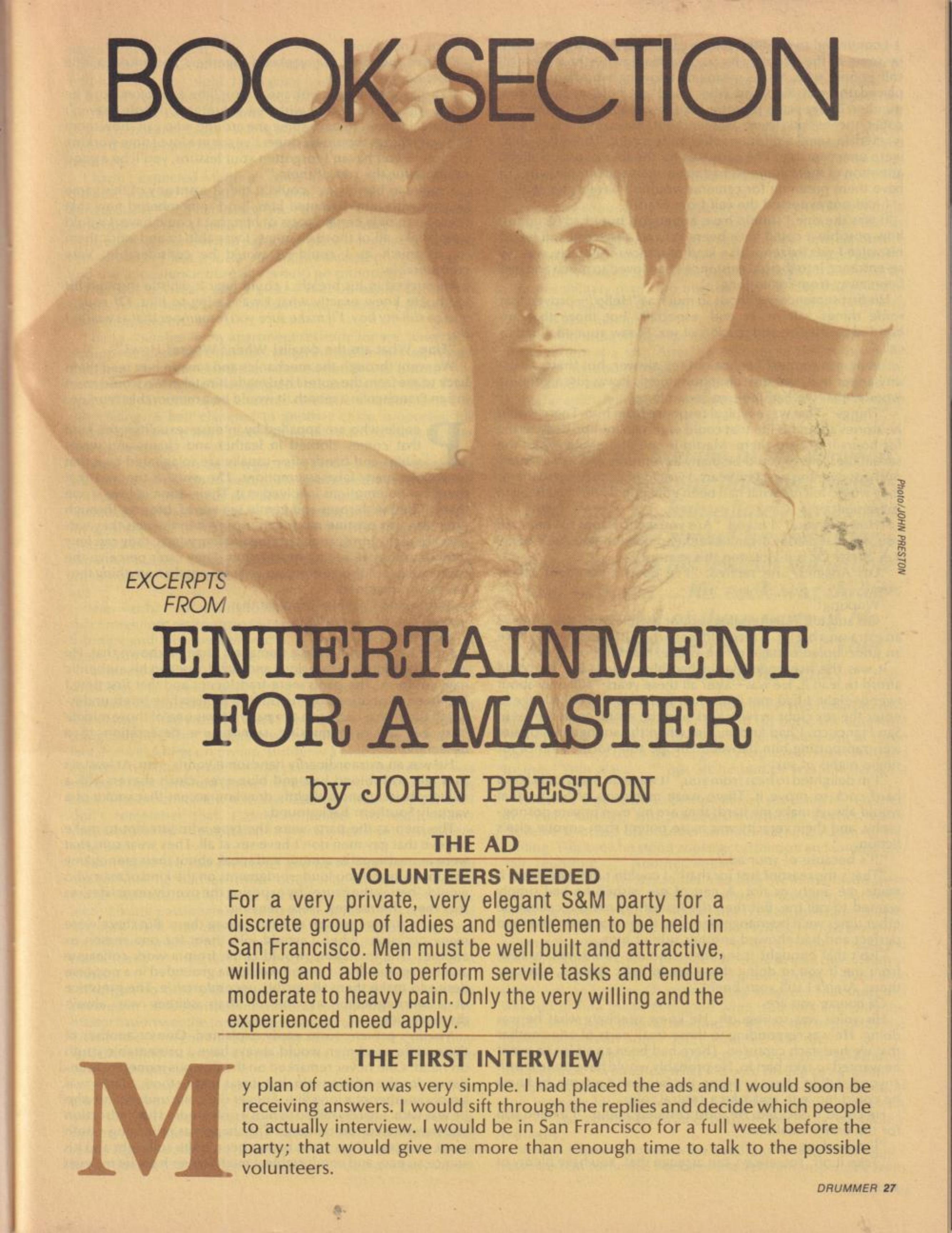
Ben, NYC

Dear Ben,

For starters, it is probably not the vasectomy that is causing him to have small ejaculations. His semen is simply devoid of sperm cells. The bulk of a "load" is produced in the prostate and other parts of the system, which are not affected by the operation. You might try getting him to take a heavier dose of vitamins, especially B-complex and E. These seem to help increase the size of a man's ejaculation. To answer your question about reversing the vasectomy, there are now microsurgical techniques to do this, although a man will usually not produce as much sperm as he did before. There is an interesting article on this in *THE HEALTH LETTER*, published by News America, PO Box 19622, Irvine, CA 92713 (Jan. 10, 1986 issue). The suggestion regarding vitamins is mine, however, not theirs, and is based on personal observation rather than professional medical opinion.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

BOOK SECTION



EXCERPTS
FROM

ENTERTAINMENT FOR A MASTER

by JOHN PRESTON

THE AD

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

For a very private, very elegant S&M party for a discrete group of ladies and gentlemen to be held in San Francisco. Men must be well built and attractive, willing and able to perform servile tasks and endure moderate to heavy pain. Only the very willing and the experienced need apply.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW

My plan of action was very simple. I had placed the ads and I would soon be receiving answers. I would sift through the replies and decide which people to actually interview. I would be in San Francisco for a full week before the party; that would give me more than enough time to talk to the possible volunteers.

I continued to field the phone calls. I was honestly surprised by some of the people who tracked me down—these were all still people who had a means of knowing who had actually placed the classified and who could get hold of my phone number. There was a reporter for a newspaper who wanted to cover the event. There was another magazine editor who wanted to send a photographer to record it. These last ideas were unacceptable. The party was for the four of us and all the attention of the volunteers had to be on us and our pleasure. To have them preening for cameras wouldn't have done at all.

I had not expected the call from Martin.

It was the one I should have hoped for, but I had forgotten how possible it could have been. When I answered and heard his voice I was frozen with a kind of trance. This, truly, was my re-entrance into the old existence I had loved so much and had been away from for so long.

His first sentence—without so much as “Hello”—proved that some things will never end, especially not those that are bonded by the fire and passion of sex. “I saw your ad. I had to call.”

“Why not sooner?” I shot out my answer, but there wasn’t any anger in it, nor any disappointment, it was just a genuine wonder that we had let it go for so long.

“Things.” That was a typical response from him. There would be stories about his life that could entertain me and depress me for hours if I heard them. Martin is one of the pilgrims of the sexual life. There would be many adventures and just as many mishaps over the past few years. I would have to listen to them; they would tell me what had been going on while I had been in retirement.

“How are you?” I asked. “Are you well? Happy? Where are you, for that matter. I can never keep up with you. New York? Key West? Or is it Houston this season?”

“Los Angeles,” he replied. “I’ve been here about a year now.”

“Working?”

“On and off. A bartending job for a while. A couple stints as an extra on a big lot. A nice, old man who just happened to have an unoccupied cottage on his estate, that kind of thing.”

It was the existence Martin had always led. But he could afford to lead it. He was—after all these years—still only about twenty-eight. I had met him when he had lied about his age to enter the sex clubs in New York and the erotic conferences in San Francisco. I had known him when the strange millionaire was transporting him between Europe and North America for single nights of sex.

“I’m delighted to hear from you.” It was true. I was and I had a hard cock to prove it. There were memories of Martin that would always make me hard; they are my own private pornography, and their veracity was more potent than anyone else’s fiction.

“It’s because of your ad.”

“That’s the reason? Just for that?” I couldn’t quite decide if it made me angry or not. A part of me wished he had simply wanted to call me. But then the rest of my mind recalled the other times we’d been together—the times that hadn’t been so perfect and had showed another side of him.

“Isn’t that enough? It sounds as though you’d want to hear from me if you’re doing this. I could help. Besides, I belong there. Aren’t I still your boy?”

“Of course you are.”

His voice was so roguish. He knew precisely what he was doing. He was responding to those small parts of one another that we had each captured. There had been an ad for an event he wanted to take part in. He probably would have done it with anyone, it didn’t have to be me. But because it was me, he knew he could move in and take a central role.

He could, I decided. He most certainly could. “I’ll need you for the entire weekend.”

“I’m working...”

“Take it off. You always can arrange that. You have plenty of

notice. I need you.”

“We’re spending the weekend together?” he asked, a little seduction in his voice.

“You’re spending it with me. There’ll be a lot of work to be done. Also, I’ll be dealing with new volunteers, people I haven’t met yet. I’ll need to have someone around who can show them the ways things should be done. I’ve spent a lot of time working on you; if you haven’t forgotten your lessons, you’ll be a good example for the rest of them.”

I spoke as harshly as I could. I didn’t want any of this game playing with him. I wanted him. But I remembered now that there were only certain parts of him that I could have. I would simply take all of those elements I was able to and work them for as much as I could—it would be considerable. Very considerable.

He sucked in his breath, I could hear it whistle through his teeth. He knew exactly what I was saying to him. *Of course you’re still my boy. I’ll make sure you remember that as well as I do.*

“Fine. What are the details? When? Where? How?”

We went through the mechanics and I made him read them back to me from the notes I had made him take. We would meet in San Francisco in a month. It would be a memorable reunion.

People who are appalled by intense sexuality—the kind that comes clothed in leather and chains and wears whips and handcuffs—usually are so agitated by it that they make many false assumptions. The worst is the idea that there are no emotions involved in it. Their vision of love is one that is filled with roses and gentle sea waves, breezes through pine trees on pristine mountain tops. When the acts they witness are really hurricanes carrying flaming winds, they can only think that they’re seeing destruction. They can’t perceive the truth—that it is often a more powerful event than anything they have ever imagined.

Martin and I are the proof of that.

Aren’t I still your boy?

Forever.

I met him when he was a teenager. I hadn’t known that. He was tremendously precocious and was dressed in his authentic navy uniform. The pants were translucent and that first time I had been hypnotized by the outline of his white briefs underneath them. We had been at a party. It was one of those middle class gay affairs mimicking suburbia—a desecration of a desecration.

He was an extraordinarily handsome young man. At least six foot tall, with blond hair and blue eyes, clean shaven with a military haircut and a slightly drawling accent that spoke of a vaguely Southern background.

The men at the party were the type who attempt to make believe that gay men don’t have sex at all. They wear suits that were as unsensual as armour and speak about their monogamy and make loud—too loud—judgments on the kind of man who would “betray the cause” by exposing the overtly sexual desires that they, themselves, were denying.

I was a strange person to have among them. But there were many occasions when I would join them for one reason or another. The invitations would come from a work colleague and my agreement to attend would be grounded in a perverse desire to make them all terribly uncomfortable. The presence of a pornographer at one of their soirees was always disconcerting.

Martin’s presence was easily explained. One or another of the middle-aged men would always have a presentable youth on hand. One never remarked on the obvious monetary foundation for the relationship, but it was understood. Martin was simply another of a long line. I never did quite understand who he was with. I hardly talked to him, I only studied his midsection and its white cotton bindings. The shape was promising—both front and rear. If his smile hadn’t been quite so bright and his stance so easy and comfortable, I might never have let my eyes

move above his waist.

I still didn't make my contact with him at the party. But I did find him later that night. I had gone home to change and went to one of the leather bars in vogue in New York that year. I was on the prowl, careful to limit my drinks and never using any other chemical because I was looking for something... major. I wanted something that would demand all of my abilities and faculties.

I hadn't expected Martin to come into the same bar, but he did. He was still dressed in his uniform. I thought that was dangerous at first, I had heard him emphasize that he really was a member of the service at the party. But, after a moment I realized that no one in that particular place was going to believe him anyway. It was a social setting predicated on false images and the appearance of reality would go unnoticed.

That was ten years ago. I picked him up easily. But all the details of the night aren't still with me. Instead, I remember discrete moments.

I had a chamber in my apartment set aside for sex. It was well equipped; those were the days when the tools of sex impressed me, or at least interested me. I remember at one point:

Martin is crying, he's hanging down, utterly vulnerable. Wrist and ankle restraints were attached to chains that connected to the ceiling. A belt clamped to another chain supported his midsection. There were pieces of metal attached to his nipples and his scrotum.

Later: I offered to let him go. He was free from the restraints and sitting on the floor, naked. He answered by reaching over on his hands and knees and kissing my foot.

I fucked him. He was flat on his stomach on the floor. I could lift up and see all of his back torso from the buttocks up. His ass cheeks were striped red with new welts and so, too, were his shoulder blades. I was pounding into him. He was speaking rhythmically, as though chanting a mantra: "Yes, yes, yes, yes..."

Afterwards: I was talking to him with the kind of sexual litany that I might use on any man but I suddenly realized this one was listening and this one believed it. "I own you. I will have you again. You will come whenever I tell you to. You are mine."

I remember the morning. The sun had risen and there were small rays that could sneak through the breaks in the curtains that were supposed to block the light from the chamber. Martin was crying. I had reached inside someplace and found something that he didn't want to give up but he realized it was too late. He was sitting on my lap, suddenly a little boy and not the aggressive military male he had presented himself as. He was naked. I had somehow gotten my clothes on. I was rubbing his back. I held him tightly. It was so late; why wasn't I tired? But I don't remember that. I only remember his head on my shoulder and the thought that I never wanted it to be anywhere else, ever.

Even later: We had showered and he was sitting on my lap again. Now he had on those briefs that had entranced me earlier. But that was all. I was once again dressed. This time we were kissing passionately. I reached into his shorts and found his cock hard and oozing from its tip. As though he were somehow someone even younger, I pulled it out, forcing the elastic band of the briefs down to let the whole length of it loose.

I began to pull and tug on the thick, long foreskin that covered it. He only kissed me more, as though that simple act of masturbation was the most intense sexual force he had ever felt. I remember him coming all over my hand, the stuff spilled over and drenched his shorts. I remember us laughing and having to have to shower again.

From that night ten years ago, Martin has been mine. Not always; there were long periods during which we were separated, and only short times together. I don't claim him in those respects; he and I have never been lovers in any traditional sense. But, if I walk into a bar and he's there in whatever city, we never question whether we are going to have sex, only where

and how soon. We never question what the roles are; who and what we are to one another is so well established that neither of us ever wants to cross any of the lines we have defined.

Over the years, I have witnessed Martin as much as possessed him, though. We lived in the same sexual world. He had only begun to explore it when we met. It was clear to both of us that he had to make his experiments on his own. I was there as a source of support and a place he could come to talk through the experiences—genital or romantic. But he had to make the journey alone.

It was an exquisite one. He gave himself over to those people who actually train men. He lived once in a dungeon for six months, subjected willingly to every possible sensual torture and used by countless men, many of them masked and personless to him. He lived for a while on a farm that was ruled over by a former military man who insisted that the day-to-day life of the place replicate the most intense boot camp—only with hard-ons and fucking.

He would bring these experiences back to me and offer them to me, often as a gift. After his training in the dungeon he arrived at my door one night and came in, immediately stripping naked. He smiled as he fell to his knees. He spread his thighs far apart, leaving his testicles vulnerable and exposed. He

*A*fter his training in the dungeon he arrived at my door one night and came in, immediately stripping naked... He spread his thighs far apart, leaving his testicles vulnerable and exposed... his cock was thrust forward. All of those parts of his body Martin offered to me. "Your slave..." was all he said.

lifted his head high, throwing out his chest and his prominent nipples. His hands were held behind his back. His hips were placed in a way that his cock was thrust forward. All of those parts of his body that a man might try to protect, Martin offered to me. "Your slave..." was all he said. It was the start of a delicious week.

When he'd gone through the military sex camp he returned in crisply starched and pressed uniform-like clothes. Once more he knocked on my door without warning. Again he was smiling. This time he stood at perfect attention and saluted me. "Sir, reporting..." Another week.

I met his boyfriends; sometimes they were men who were putting him through some new sexual encounter, but other times he would make his first attempts to be the leader. I even went on a vacation with him once, to Florida. He had been in a relationship and it hadn't worked. For once, he didn't want me for the sexual frenzy; he needed someone to take care of him in the more gentle ways. When he requested that, I knew that there was no option. Of course I had to agree. That short trip was full of fine meals and good wine, soft talk and only the softest sex. That time was healing. To be chosen to provide the restorative was an honor and I accepted it as such.

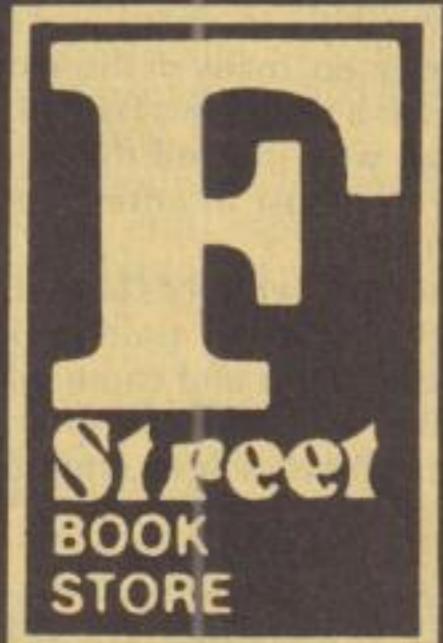
Martin would be in San Francisco for my party. I had a month to savor that. I wondered what it would be like to have him in that public setting. He would adore it, and the audience would only intensify his pleasure. And I could be assured that at least one of the volunteers would perform perfectly, absolutely perfectly.

Should I have him serve the food and drink? Or should I recreate that torturous bondage that left him suspended from

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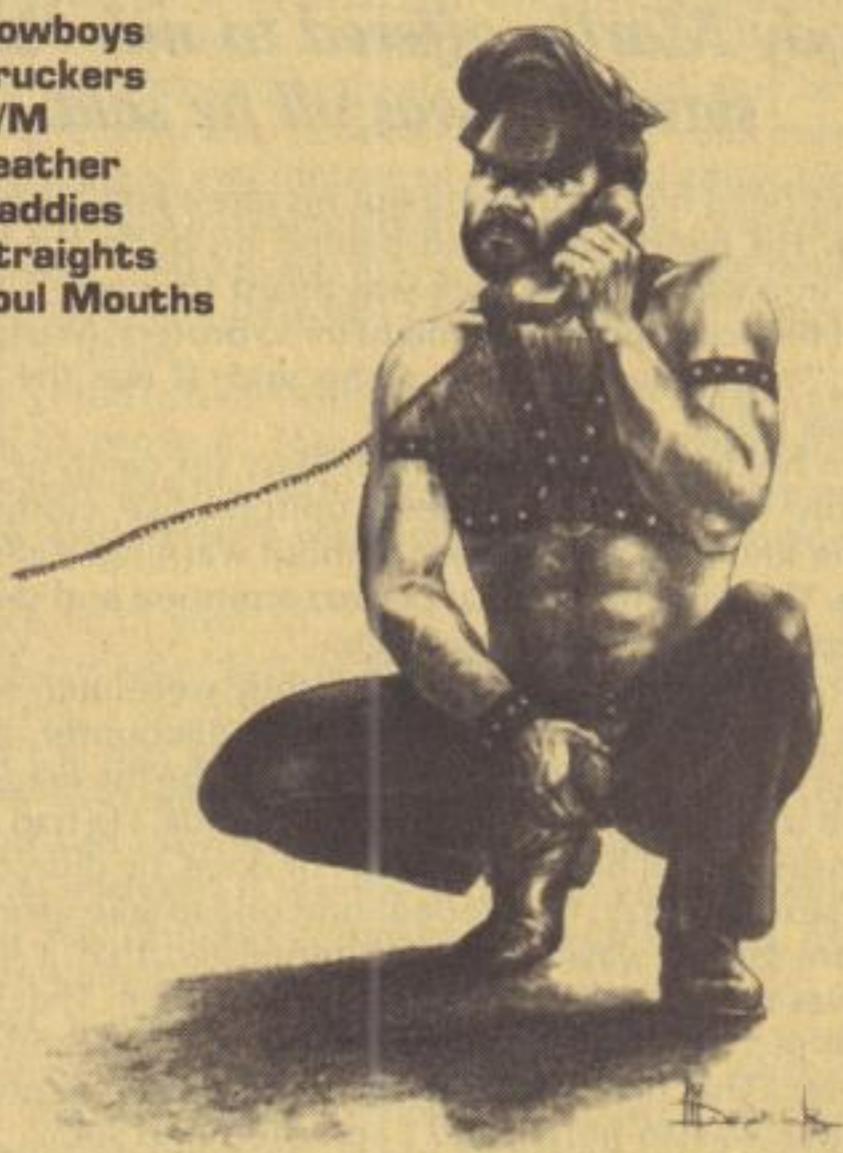
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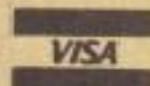
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the ceiling? He would insist on surviving that; no force on earth would make him admit that he couldn't take the test I'd give him.

The last time I had met him he had begun a rigorous body-building program. He had always had a wonderful body, and by now it must be magnificent. I wondered if he shouldn't be simply tied to a piece of furniture so that my guests could enjoy the sight of naked perfection.

A DUET

While I enjoyed the anachronism of my hotel as a place to sleep and entertain, I was not prepared to eat my meals in its restaurant. Instead, eager to get into the mood of San Francisco, I walked up the steep slope of Nob Hill and treated myself to a fine dinner at one of the first class hotels there. I had an early evening appointment and by body was still on East Coast time, so I ate well before the rush and let the handsome staff wait on me. They were just as happy to pay me extra attention in the off hours of their shift as not. The boredom of standing and waiting for the night's rush of diners was obviously not their favorite activity.

I ate slowly and enjoyed every moment of it. I found the waiters intriguing. They were—to my studied eye—quite obviously gay. While their service was perfect, they were also taking great liberties with me. They had identified a kindred spirit and thought their jokes and asides would be welcome. I fell into the joviality of it all and bantered with them, even if it did erode the perfection of the experience.

Still, they were delightful young men, happy to be living in San Francisco and happy to have someone at one of their tables who would and could talk to them.

I had a second cup of coffee to waste a little extra time. I knew that it would be only a fifteen-minute cab ride to my destination and to be early would have completely spoiled the effect.

I sat and thought back over the answer to the ad that had produced the visit I was about to make. It was the most intriguing in its delicacy, the most appealing in what it could accomplish.

I was, after all, going to leave San Francisco after the party. Of course, I would walk away with new memories of Martin and I wouldn't be at all surprised if some of the other men involved in Sunday's occasion wouldn't also become a part of my life.

Aren't I still your boy?

The words—as familiar as they were—hit me when they moved through my mind. The accumulation of adventures brings with it an accretion of people. They become part of my life, they linger with me, the emotional bond becomes a part of me, just as it becomes a part of them, I'm sure of it...

But there were others... The two I was about to see tonight were after something so specific and so easily and well achieved by involving me in their lives that I could easily see myself performing a deed that one might call noble.

I smirked at that idea. The nobility of the sadist! What a fine ring that phrase had to it. But there was a slight bit of truth to it. They were in need. I held the means to meet that need. And I would leave, making the connection clean and clear and not presenting any tarrying complications. I would be a very good friend.

Finally, it was time to leave the restaurant. I paid my bill, leaving enough of a tip that the waiters would remember me fondly when I returned—and I knew I would return, for this was precisely the kind of grand hotel restaurant that Madame would enjoy. I went to catch a cab.

Phillip and Glen lived in a neighborhood that bordered the area South of Market. Their house was a Victorian, not really a very impressive building, but a solidly middle-class, two-story house that I was sure was worth quite a bit on the inflated real estate market. They had lived here for ten years, they'd told me. That meant, according to some quick mental calculations, that they had bought the house for a very small amount when it was little more than a shack and the area around it hardly the middle-class enclave it had become.

The boys had done well. They'd described the hard work they'd put into the building, pioneers in those first waves of urban renewal. The structure looked sound, the paint on the outside was competent and attractive, the small yard was lovingly cared for.

I went to the front door and rang the bell. There was a sudden noise on the other side. I knew how very much tension can be built up by the expectation of a visit like this one. It had been arranged over a month before and the phone calls and the exchanged notes wouldn't have alleviated the worry and concern that they'd been feeling at all. In fact, each of our communications had produced an intensified reaction.

I'm not sure what it will mean to give up my role. The more I think about becoming a bottom, the more I worry what it will do to the way that Phillip looks at me. I worry about that. I worry about my need to be a bottom. It's not my only need, but it's a strong one. I still want to be who I've been to Phillip. I just want to be something else to someone else—at least once in a while...

Phillip answered the door. I recognized him from the photographs. His handsome skin was as impeccable as the pictures had made it look. He smiled; his tanned complexion seemed to dance with possibly natural highlights that actually seemed to convey a peach tone, and his teeth were as ideal as I had expected.

"Come in, please," he said, standing aside. As I walked by him I could sense the same kind of insecurity that Keith had shown—his hands seemed to move in midair for a split second. They didn't know if they were supposed to shake mine or stay out of the way. He bent his body slightly, perhaps in a half attempt to bow that was short circuited by a realization that the melodrama of the action would be inappropriate.

I walked into the pleasant living area. Glen was waiting. He stood up and nodded. "Welcome."

I smiled, took a seat and accepted the offer of a glass of Scotch from Phillip. Glen sat back down on his own chair. He was

obviously nervous. He was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees while his lover went about the host's duties in the other room. Glen's hands were clasped in front of him and his fingers were rubbing the back of each of them. I let him sit in the silence. It would have been a shame to make any comment to relax the young man, given what I had planned.

Glen was quite as attractive as his lover. They were both brown haired, but Glen's appeared darker, and his clean-shaven beard was obviously heavier. He was wearing an athletic shirt and I could see that his forearms were hirsute as well. I had seen a picture of him naked only from the waist up. From that I knew that his chest was as thickly covered as anyone would ever want it to be.

Phillip reappeared with my drink. He and Glen already had theirs, I saw. Too bad; it wasn't the best way to start. But their house had certain very distinct advantages over the hotel suite and I had decided that the use of what they proudly claimed was a well-equipped playroom made up for the inconvenience and distraction of allowing them the luxury of having the action taking place in their own space.

"Is the party still on?" Phillip asked in a conversational tone.

I was stunned for a second. "Of course," I blurted out, not understanding why he would ever have doubted it. But of course, I realized, there are so many who talk about their plans so well and so loudly and then never, ever come through. "Everything's in quite good shape. I assume you're still prepared."

Glen began to fidget, moving more in his seat and acting very uncomfortable, so much that I wondered if he was going to say no at this late date. But that wasn't what was on his mind.

"We are. God, are we!" He laughed then; it had a good, solid tone to it and the smile that broke out on his face was full of good cheer and anticipation. He was finally looking at me. "We've been thinking about nothing else. We're a little scared, we told you that, especially me..."

Yes, they had told me that. This was a great experiment for

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them. A time of change in their lives and in their relationship. Not that its foundations were in doubt. I could tell that their protestations that they were committed to one another were true just by observing the look that passed between them now.

I sipped the Scotch and took in the sight. Phillip was not as large as Glen. He was probably five foot ten. He was well built; obviously he attended a gymnasium regularly.

He was wearing the same type of athletic shirt as his lover. His arms rippled with ropelike muscles and sinew as he moved to reach his drink. His chest was expansive and his waist was tight and compact. His nipples noticeably stuck out against the cloth. He had been, after all, the bottom in this relationship for quite a while and his nipples would have received a great deal of attention.

Glen's, on the other hand, weren't at all obvious through his shirt. His jeans were as well-molded as Phillip's, the thigh muscles and the calves were obvious. I wondered how much experimentation he'd done before this one time. I thought now, as I had guessed earlier, that there hadn't been much. The authenticity in the way they had described their kinship and the length of time it had lasted didn't indicate that there would be a lot of lying or sneaking around between them.

The Network is a conspiracy, a group of like-minded people who have drawn together and who spread word through a hidden chain of information—all the most modern forms—computer modems, telephones, videotapes...

The word gets out.

I didn't speak. I let them sit with their thoughts. They had wanted this meeting to take place in a leather bar. That was so expected. I would have dressed in my uniform and they in theirs and the roles would have been set with dramatic effect. I could have been the prop for their psychodrama and that would have been so easy for them.

But I insisted the interview be in a social setting, not a sexual one. It is one of my most common conditions. They'd resisted, but then given up with the acknowledgement that they, themselves, were after more than the sexual. This encounter that I insisted upon would make them deal with their reality in a more concrete form. They acceded to my demands.

Now they were in their living room. The jeans, athletic shirts and worn, black leather boots they both sported were obviously their most comfortable clothes. These were boys who lived in the neighborhood, for whom the stuff of the leather culture was simply taken for granted. Their clean outfits—and the lack of keys on Glen's left side—were accommodations for my pleasure. I understood that.

The downstairs was directly below us. It would have been easy, also, if they had met me there, if we had gone right into the action—because the desire on all our parts was for action. The "interview" element in this visit was even less important than in the others.

These two men were making a trade with me.

Your party sounds like a wild time. It's not really what we would normally get into. I don't mean to be disrespectful, but it seemed to me that we could trade with you. If you'll help us out, we'll return the favor.

Glen looked at me and spoke first. "We heard... about you. We have a lot of friends in the leather world. They told us... you were the right person."

So that was the cause of their choice of me for this experiment. I hadn't investigated that before. It hadn't been of great

concern to me. But, of course, I should have realized. The Network would be in effect. Many of the people who had recognized my advertisement would be talking.

People like Martin would have been building up the party for their own ego's sake: "I'm going to be a part of it." And people who knew me by reputation, the ones who could never quite believe that I had left this life and hadn't re-entered in so long, would be taking a gossip's pleasure in reporting my activities.

He's coming back. He was supposed to leave, but he's in San Francisco. An ad, a personal, a few men...that Martin, do you remember the sailor he used to have...

The Network is the one part of the sexual world that makes all of its enemies right. The other dangers and warnings they spout are stupid, meaningless. But there is a network of men—and women—who do communicate. That their subjects are willing adults and that their contracts are all highly consensual doesn't take away from the impact of their reality.

The Network is a conspiracy, a group of like-minded people who have drawn together and who spread word through a hidden chain of information—all the most modern forms—computer modems, telephones, videotapes. Who are the actors and where are they playing? The word gets out.

I hadn't paid attention to it in years. I had no real reason to. I simply knew that it was functioning. I hadn't stopped to think that, yes, my reappearance on the scene would be announced.

"What did these...people tell you?"

"They weren't very coherent," Glen answered. "Some of them said, yes, he's the one. Others told us to watch out for you. But they couldn't—or wouldn't—explain why. If you'd been dangerous in any of the usual ways, I think I would have found out. I know a lot of people in the scene. But the warnings weren't that overt. They just said you were...pretty heavy."

Pretty heavy! What an archaic term.

"And that didn't concern you? That I had that reputation?"

"No," Glen said. "Who we are and what we're doing needs someone who understands. I think you do." He finally sat up in

his chair. "This is all very difficult, for me at least. I don't know, Phillip says it's all fine. But the changes in ourselves and our relationship are pretty drastic. I take all this very seriously."

I could see that. Glen was speaking with as much veracity as he could muster. I saw the way he was studying me and I realized there was, indeed, danger here. There was ground being broken and the manner in which it was done by whom would not go unnoticed. My expectation that this was going to be a totally clean dynamic was being challenged.

That, certainly, didn't mean I was going to avoid what might happen. Hardly. I looked quickly back and forth between the two men and realized that this was certainly a remarkable find.

I had seen Phillip before in pornographic photographs and movies. When he had been much younger, before he met Glen, he'd acted in them. It was an expression of his masochism to let his boy be viewed by as many people as possible. He claimed he'd never really needed the money, only desired the attention.

Now, like Glen, his looks had matured and the maturation was very much in his favor. He was a handsome man, not just a pretty boy. The training he'd given his muscles had filled him out, made him all the more appealing.

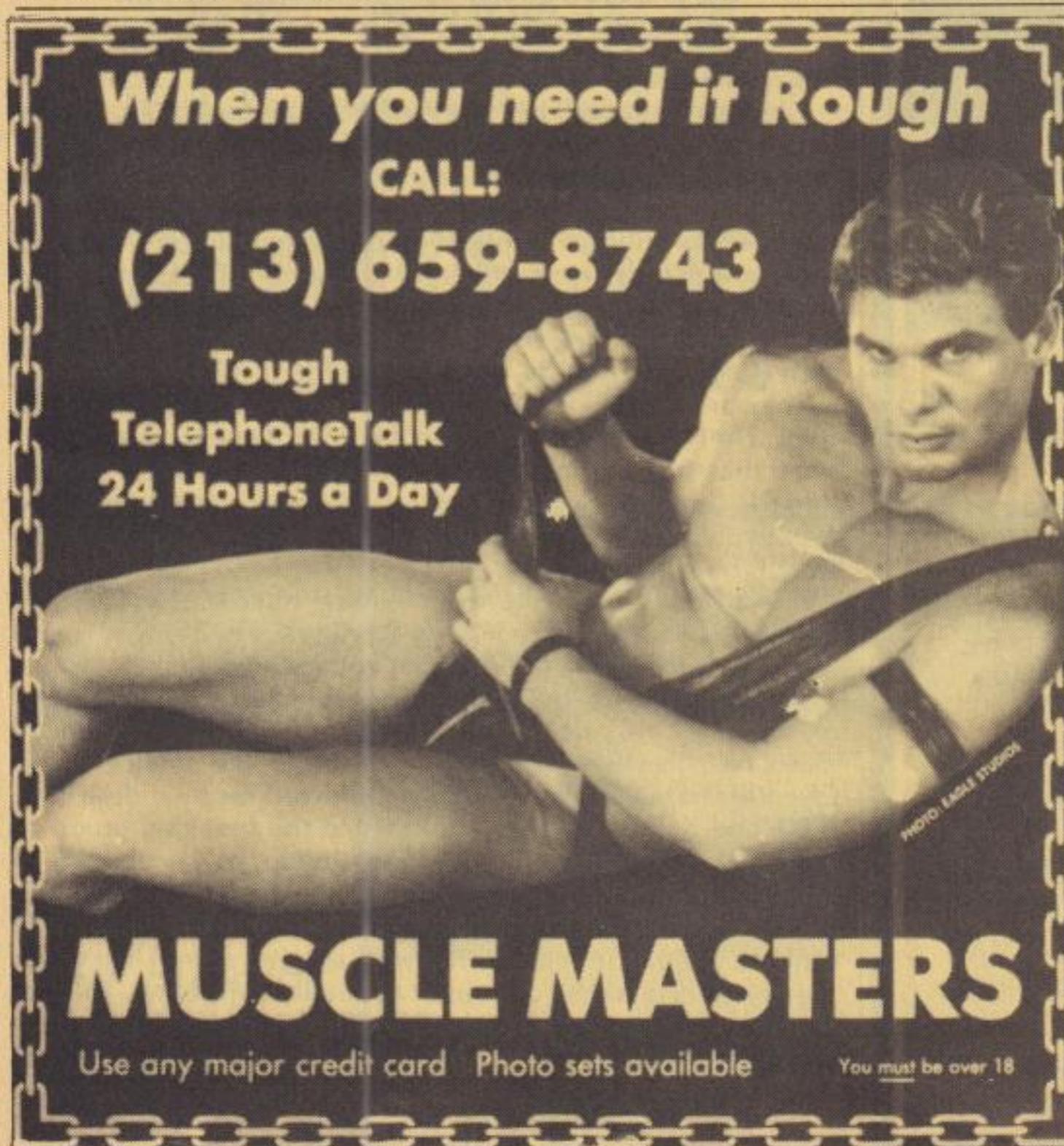
Glen had been the stronger of the two for almost all of their time together. He'd taken the raw material of Phillip ten years ago and insisted that it be disciplined, that it be structured and made to function in a responsible and planned manner. They were not, Glen had decided, going to fall into the traps of the gay world.

It would take actual physical and sexual correction to make Phillip understand the seriousness of Glen's intent, all well and good. Glen would give it. They had entered into a well-thought-out and articulated plan. They had saved the money for this house. In its basement they had constructed what they assured me was a complete stage set for their sexual needs.

Phillip had been led down the stairs as often as Glen thought he needed to be reminded and assured of his place in their lives

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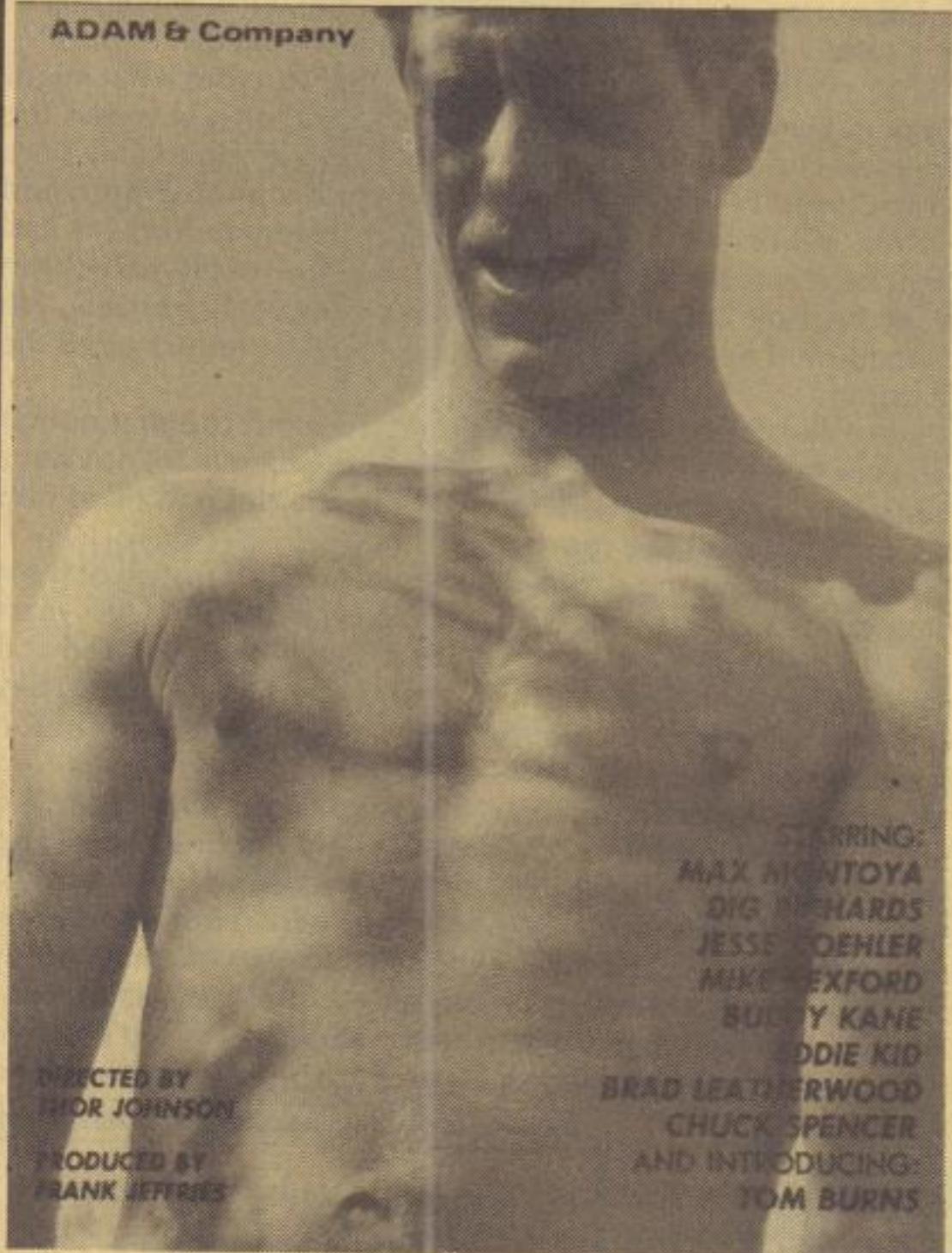
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together. Glen had gone and found older, more experienced men who explained to him the techniques, the methods and the finer points of the dominating sexuality that he wanted to deliver to his lover.

They had claimed that Glen became extremely proficient in his actions. The journeys to the cellar became more and more intense, the events more noteworthy, the ability he had to bring his lover to the peaks—and the depths—became more sophisticated.

It had worked for years. They had collected their leather and made the rounds of the parties, the bars, the weekend retreats and they had done it all just by themselves.

But they were young, their proclivities hardly set in concrete. Glen needed room to maneuver, he discovered. The performance he gave for Phillip's benefit had changed in his mind. It wasn't enough.

I suspect he simply relaxed. His insistence on taking over and disciplining Phillip's life was a simple way for him to insist on structure in his own. When it was achieved and those base necessities—a relationship he trusted, a home they owned together, the beginnings of a real career—were accomplished, then he found himself floundering, and other personal needs

People who aren't experienced in the scene seldom understand how much the bottom, the slave, is usually the focal point of all the activity... Phillip had desired to display his body in endless numbers of pornographic photographs.

began to surface.

Glen was fatigued. His role had been all for Phillip. People who aren't experienced in the scene seldom understand how much the bottom, the slave, is usually the focal point of all the activity. It's not at all strange that Phillip had desired to display his body in endless numbers of pornographic photographs. Most masochists are gluttons for attention. At least, the ones who play-act at it are. There are those I admire and covet so much who are willing and able to resign themselves to another man's pleasure.

They are most often the ones who have experienced both roles. They, like Glen, have seen the flow of energy and understand that the bottom is being given a gift by his Master. "Attention" is the right word. Think of the most devastating S&M event you can imagine and realize just who it is that is the focus for all the action.

It is a perversity of the real meaning of S&M that I seldom allow. It is worth it to me when the figure I'm being given to work on is truly worth the sexual energy involved...

But, that's not the point here. The point here, right in front of my eyes, is this pair. Phillip, a well-trained and experienced masochist, had lived his adult life under the service of his lover/Master Glen. And Glen had allowed his own desires to build and build until they approached the breaking point.

Glen wanted to change his role. Phillip, it was obvious to everyone, couldn't and wouldn't provide the opportunity. And it would have been a violation of their contract if either had entered a separate relationship with another man. They'd told me in letters that they'd thought about doing just that. This was San Francisco and it wasn't uncommon for people to have multiple relations. But there were the health concerns, of course. And there was the stickiness of the relationships.

Perhaps, they'd suggested, they could share the experience

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of serving at the party. They would come and attend as servants together. There was danger involved. That was the issue Glen had written to me separately about. What would happen to Phillip's vision of himself if he saw Glen in a servile role—and adoring it?

Of course it could work. Glen assured me that neither he nor Phillip wanted him to give up his role entirely. That was obviously going to have to be the dynamic between the two of them. But, if he could have his fantasies met, if he could enjoy the other side of the equation, if there were someone who wouldn't threaten their relationship... And I, of course, lived far away. I could be that person.

I understood even more of it now. It was finally getting into my mind that there might be no end to what would happen tonight. I thought of Martin and the way he carried the image of me through his life, the phantom Master who could always be turned to when needed, if only for a masturbatory moment.

I studied Glen and wondered if I would be that person for him as well. On those occasions when they were having sex and the role of the Master was too tiring, too demanding, when he needed the attention and the release from responsibility, would he be thinking of me from now on?

Another one, another one to carry in my mind and to hold in my dreams and fantasies. Such a handsome one, too.

"I'm ready to go downstairs. Are you?" I stood up before they could answer. The two of them wavered for the shortest period, then got up together, as though their movements had been synchronized.

Glen led us to a doorway in the hall that I assumed went to the basement. He stopped when his hand had taken hold of the handle and he turned to me. "We always make this our changing point," he explained in a way that let me know he meant that this was a major symbol in their lives. "From here on in, the language changes and the action begins immediately."

There was a boundary then.

Many men used the device, and it was a splendid one. Many men could not conceive of another who was a clerk during the day as someone who could, at a simple statement, change into the Master. An effective means of dealing with it was to create a line—something as elementary as the entrance to the bedroom—past which the personalities changed. In the living room and the kitchen the two men would be lovers, engaged in the mundane necessities of their existence. They could peel potatoes together, watch television and argue as peers. But once they moved over that line, then the other parts of their personalities were in force.

This stairway was that line for Glen and Phillip. Their theater was more intense and more dramatic than most. They would need to have a clear signal that the curtain was going up; the doorway provided it.

I wanted to show them that I understood. I turned to Glen and took him very gently into my arms. At first he didn't understand, he must have thought that I was trying to begin some of the action. But when it was apparent that I was only going to embrace him and kiss him, his body melted into it and he graciously responded. I reached out a hand and brought Phillip in closer. His mouth was mine to kiss as well. The three of us stood there, our arms around all of our shoulders, and our faces pressing against each other. Glen sighed, delighted.

I went down the stairs first. When we had all reached the floor I could see the startling difference in the attitudes of the pair of them. They had entered their sacred space and they were with the priest they had asked to reside over their services. □

(To be continued)

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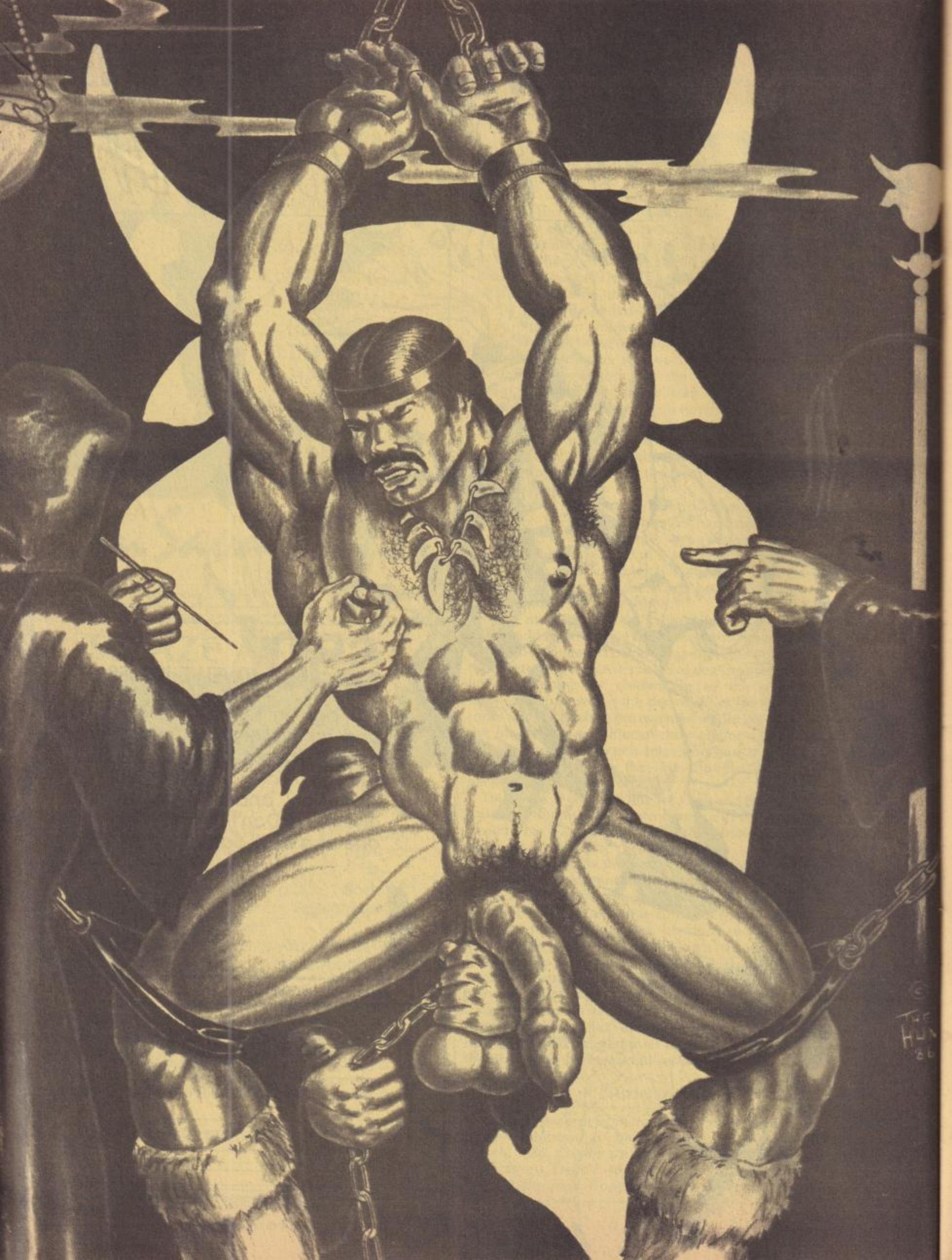
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BOUND FOR GLORY

Gonar In The Temple of The Pain God

Part II by MASON POWELL

Gonar and Chom lived peaceably in Gonar's house of hard-won treasures for three passages of the Moon before the Queen called for Gonar in secret and revealed to him the full extent of the hold the priesthood of Dworkrimian had upon the King.

"There is a prince," Gonar later explained to Chom. "His name is Hrendel, he is fifteen, and before the King knew the true ways of the Dworkists he entrusted the boy to them for a journey. The royal guards who were sent along were slain and their head returned in a jar as a warning of what would happen to the boy if the King did not cooperate."

"And the Queen has asked you to rescue the Prince?" Chom asked as Gonar sat at his feet.

"Yes, my Master."

"Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said, and he rumpled Gonar's curly black hair. "We have been together three Moons now. Most of that time has been devoted to my learning about you, for a Master must know his slave much better than a slave must know his Master. Yet there are things you should know about me."

Gonar looked up into Chom's black eyes.

"It is the custom of the Corsairs of Tilesia to honor all gods," Chom said, "but I have seen the work of the Dworkists in other lands than this, and I conclude that Dworkrimian is an evil god!"

"How so?" Gonar asked.

"The Dworkists believe it is their mission to make their god triumphant over all other gods. They move into a land and speak piously of its beliefs, but then, through subterfuge and treachery, they seek to throw down the native gods and make theirs the only religion."

Gonar laughed.

"To what point, my Master? Human laws and worship will not change the nature of the gods any more than it will move mountains or make the rain fall on schedule!"

"Just so," said Chom. "Yet I have seen more than one land come under the sway of Dworkrimian, and what I have seen I do not like. Happiness turns to fear. Freedom is replaced by conformity. Peace does not prosper though they promise it, and the cities and towns quickly become warrens of poverty and disease. In the end, those who oppose Dworkrimian are put to death."

"If the prince were rescued," Gonar said, "then King Rhanges would be free to act against these evil priests!"

"Yes," said Chom. "But the temple of Dworkrimian is more like a fortress than a place of worship. How does the Queen propose that you rescue her son?"

"When you bested me in the arena," Gonar said, "the High Priest suggested that I offer my body's pain to Dworkrimian rather than waste it in betting Shegri. As Shegri has been outlawed, it would not be surprising for me to go to the temple and do just that. Once within I might be able to take the High Priest captive and force him to tell me where the prince is held

prisoner."

Chom nodded.

"Do not be deceived by the slightness of the High Priest," he said. "The followers of Dworkrimian have as much practice with pain as you or I. You might capture him and not be able to extract the information. Further, they have means of communicating between their far-flung temples. You would have to capture him without the knowledge of the others, else a message be sent that would dispatch the boy."

"All this the Queen has surmised," said Gonar. "She says that the first thing must be to go within and learn the corridors and ways of the temple, then make my plan. If what you tell me of Dworkrimian is the future path of Jhent, my Master, then indeed would I crave your permission to honor the Queen's request."

"And so you should," said Chom, with a touch of sadness. "It behooves all men to oppose evil, and I would always have you a man, so long as you are my slave. But we have been together such a short time—I would not willingly give my life in blood feud with Dworkrimian, but give it I would if my slave were taken from me."

Gonar was deeply moved by Chom's words. It was not often a Master spoke so of a slave.

"And it may be that you are not the only emissary the Queen is sending," Chom smiled. "A mother defending her son will not hesitate to use whatever weapons are at hand. If she is a queen, she will use the jewels of state or her subjects' lives with equal abandon."

Chom leaned over, tilted Gonar's head back, ran his hand down Gonar's thickly muscled chest and twisted the ring that he had put through Gonar's right nipple; then he kissed him fully on the mouth.

"For now," Chom said after the kiss was finished, "Let us live as if tomorrow were winter, not autumn. Tonight I will fuck you until you beg me to stop!"

Gonar laughed.

"My Master challenges me!"

The temple of Dworkrimian stood tall and strong and built of red and black stone. It was far at the north end of Jhentfel, the only imposing edifice in a district of hovels inhabited by the gutter poor. Chom had told Gonar that the Dworkists always built among the poor because the poor had gotten so little from the native gods that they were easy converts. It seemed to Gonar that the poor had gotten little more from Dworkrimian if the conditions around the temple were any indication.

Ragged beggars clustered before the huge, iron-bound doors of the temple whipping themselves with knotted ropes. The little square before the doors was a sea of squalor, its corners piled high with filth and offal. The grunts of the beggars, the thud of their whips, and the stench of rotting debris combined to make the area the most unpleasant Gonar had

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ever seen in the whole of the country of Jhent.

To either side of the temple's entrance the black stone ran in smooth walls, offering no entrance but the central one. High up, above the dark bastions, a square tower of red granite rose to thin, peaked and barred windows. A good place for archers, Gonar observed, should the temple be besieged.

It was, indeed, very much more like a fortress than a temple!

He squared his shoulder and strode up the narrow steps, put his hand against the door, and pushed.

The door did not give. It was barred shut!

What a strange temple, Gonar thought, that kept people out rather than inviting them in.

There was a bronze knocker on the door so he lifted it and let it fall with a hollow thunder, then waited.

"Gonar! Champion of Jhent!" cried a beggar near the bottom of the stairs. "Why do you come here? Do you miss the Shegri so much?" The beggar laughed and Gonar felt somehow soiled by the laughter. "Gonar, Champion of Jhent, brought at last to his knees before the True God!"

The door opened inward and a black-robed priestess stood inside the doorway. Her hair was stringy, dirty, and there were tear stains under her red-rimmed eyes as she looked up at him.

"Why do you come here?" she asked harshly.

"I come at the behest of your High Priest," Gonar said. "To offer my body's pain to your god."

The woman cackled like a demented bird, then stood back and beckoned him in.

"You do well, you do well," she said. "Soon you will know how well!"

As he stepped in she shut the door behind him and he was plunged into darkness. She put her moist hand on his arm and pulled at him and he followed her down a long corridor of unfinished stone. While her eyes were adjusting to the dimness he tried to memorize the twistings and turnings the corridor made, but he quickly lost track; the place was a maze! The air was also so foul that it made him dizzy, as if thick incense had been used to cover the smells of an old latrine.

They came to a door and the priestess scratched on it, like a dog seeking entry. From the other side of the door came the voice of the High Priest: "You may enter!" The woman opened the door, shoved Gonar through, then shut it behind him, leaving him alone with the High Priest.

The High Priest of Dworkrimian sat at a desk of dark wood reading from a partially unrolled scroll. On the desk to either side of him stood tall candles in plain bronze candlesticks. By his hand rested a human skull, and Gonar was startled to see that glittering gems had been suspended in its eye-sockets, so that light was cast back as if from burning eyes. On the High Priest's head was a crown woven of desert thorns, pushed down so tight that the barbs pierced his skin and made him bleed slightly.

"Gonar!" the priest said simply. "You have come to your knees at last."

Gonar felt his throat convulse. The air was almost palpable with the foul incense. He felt his mind dizzy as the priest looked at him from eyes as glittering and piercing as those of the skull.

"I have come to the Temple of Dworkrimian," Gonar said carefully, aware that too readily a capitulation might be suspicious. "As I may no longer bet Shegri, I thought some profit to take by offering my body's pain to your new god. Though I may no longer profit with cash, there is still merit in the eyes of gods to be had."

"And what does your new Master, Chom, the Corsair, say to this? Surely you know that the whole of Jhentel knows you are now his slave?"

"My Master," said Gonar evenly, "thinks that I may learn things to please him in your god's service."

The priest laughed harshly.

"It may be that you will learn things here that will not please him! There are ten ordeals that are offered to Dworkrimian and each takes you farther from the world of the flesh and more into

the world of the spirit, where nothing but the True God matters. Should you suffer all ten ordeals you would no longer belong to Chom, but to Dworkrimian."

"I would think," said Gonar, again carefully, "that one who belonged completely to the god would be a priest."

"That is so," responded the High Priest.

"Yet there are many devotees of your god who are not priests."

"All are making the journey toward priesthood, but many will never arrive. The ordeals are difficult and require the utmost devotion. Some pass quickly, others return again and again. Some make their offering only for the pleasure it gives them, and they will never arrive."

Gonar paused, thinking about this. Finally he said: "I have come not to begin a journey but only to make an offering. Is this wrong of me?"

"Not at all," said the priest. "But I warn you that all journeys begin with single steps. Once you have started you may wish to continue."

"I am willing to risk that," Gonar said.

"Then so be it," said the priest. "Come with me."

Gonar was led back through the stifling maze to the entrance, then down a broader corridor. Rather than opening into a place of worship this latter corridor narrowed until they stood in a chamber hung with many garments. At the end stood a priest and a priestess with flat-thonged whips, and between them a tiny doorway covered with black cloth.

"To worship Dworkrimian we must give up false pride," said the High Priest, taking off the crown of thorns and stripping off his robes. Gonar noted the corded quality of his body, not at all the weak thing he had imagined it. "To this end we enter naked and upon our knees. If you will, follow me!"

Gonar watched as the High Priest got down and crawled through the tiny door; he was only a little surprised when the

two guardian clergy brought their whips flat across the High Priest's buttocks, and very hard. In a moment he felt the same pain across his own rear as he crawled nakedly after.

Beyond the small door was another maze, this one through which he had to crawl. It was hot and close and the smell here was one of sweat as well as filth. It was so dark that he could see nothing. He was startled when his face finally touched more soft cloth and his head poked through into blinding light. He was more startled when powerful hands seized his shoulders, dragged him through, forced his arms behind his back, and clamped manacles on his wrists. He started to struggle and a metal collar snapped around his neck. He felt a chain yank the manacles up into the small of his back, then the tug as the chain was fastened to the back of his collar.

"Here the First Truth of the Dwork!" cried a man's voice somewhere in the blind space of too much light. "You are a slave! You have always been a slave because you are a prisoner of the World! The World is a place of pain, and as long as you are its slave you shall know pain!"

Around him Gonar heard cries of pain, then felt a lash land across his chest. Then people around him began to chant: "The World is a place of Pain!"

The whip landed across his chest again and the chant came again. He quickly got the idea and joined in the chanting, but he had no idea what it was supposed to signify. He only hoped that the way his cock started to stiffen each time the lash landed across one or another of his nipples was not out of keeping with the nature of the worship.

Finally his eyes adjusted. He saw that he was not alone but in a room in which both men and women stood bound as he was, each with a priest or priestess whipping the exposed chest. He felt a certain distaste for the idea of treating the tender breasts of women in this manner, for he had never considered torture an appropriate game for women, though he knew there were many who played.

In the center of the room was a dais on which stood the priest

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who led the chanting. Before the dais was a dark pit. He could see the High Priest nowhere.

The whip bit into his chest again, striking across the ring Chom had put there, driving the little ruby in sharply. He felt his cock stiffen.

Just then a man far to one side broke. He began to scream, then to babble. A woman joined him, unable to sustain the pain any longer; then another.

Gonar knew the phenomenon well. He had seen how in a battle a single break in the shield wall could bring about a rout. He stood fast, let the whip land again across him, wondering if this was all there was to the first ordeal.

The priest who had led the chanting jumped down from the dais and went to the screaming man. Together, he and the whipping priest undid the man's bonds. Then they dragged him to the pit and threw him in.

The scream seemed to spiral down into the darkness rather than fall. Gonar could not see into the pit, but the woman, next to be loosed from her bonds, seemed to be relieved to be

The taste of the slime was more disgusting than anything he had ever encountered and he wanted to puke, but he continued up. The thighs, the crotch. The man's prick stiffened as he licked around slime-encrusted balls and up the shaft of his cock. He wondered if he was supposed to suck the man off.

delivered into it, as did several of the others who followed. Eventually nearly half the people in the room were thus disposed of. The chanting priest returned to his post on the dais.

"You have all passed the first ordeal and learned the First Truth. Some of you have come this far before. If you do not make it to the end, you will come this way again. For now, make your way to the Second Truth. Fall down upon your bellies and crawl in the slime like the worms you are!"

A stone to each side of the dais slid back, revealing doors even lower than the one by which Gonar had entered. Led by those who had obviously been this far before, the men and women began to separate, began to get down on their bellies and crawl forward into the little apertures. Gonar lined up with the men and when his turn came he got down on his belly and inched his way forward, his semihard prick scraping against the stone painfully.

As he moved into the little doorway Gonar discovered that the priest's reference to worms in the slime had not been metaphorical. The passageway was three fingers deep in something that smelled like rotting swamps. He wanted to retch, he did gag, but he crawled ahead. At one point in the darkness he realized that he was crawling through vomit, no doubt left by someone ahead who not been able to control his gorge.

Sweating and ill he at last came out of the second passage, only to find himself lying in a slightly deeper pool of filth. Those who had gone ahead had barely cleared the way, so soon he was piled amidst slimed bodies, holding his head up just so that he could breathe, however foul the intake of breath.

He thought of the feasts and games and orgies that the god Roghgota ordained, and wondered why so many seemed attracted to this new god. There was none of the dignity of betting Shegri here: no challenge, only self-degradation.

"Learn the Second Truth!" proclaimed a second priest on a second dais, in front of which was a second pit. "You are cast down out of perfection into parts that you may know misery.

When you return to Dworkrimian you shall know joy! The journey to Dworkrimian is the Great Dwork, and nothing matters but the Dwork!"

This was the silliest-sounding thing that Gonar had ever heard, but even as he thought that those around him began to chant: "Nothing matters but the Dwork!"

Abruptly there was another scream and Gonar jerked his head up to see why.

As those on the floor in the pool of slime chanted a lone priest walked among them. He held a long rod and on the end of it a jellyfish was nailed, its long tendrils hanging down to the floor. It glowed sickly green in the dimness and its terrible streamers passed lightly over the bodies of the chanting supplicants, leaving a trail of white welts where they touched.

Gonar had never felt the touch of one of the creatures, but he had heard stories from sailors of how men died of sheer agony if they fell into the tendrils. He began to breathe deeply to control the pain when it came, watching as the thing came closer, wondering what kind of pain it was as those who screamed were unmanacled and thrown into the pit.

Closer, and then it was upon him, touching first his feet, then the backs of his calves, his thighs, his ass and his back: a searing agony like robes of burning pitch, a flame that clung and ate in. He clenched his teeth, biting back the pain that wanted to voice itself from his throat.

As the tendrils left his shoulders they fell upon a man next to him and the man screamed, a piercing horror right next to Gonar's ear. He was yanked up, unbound, and hurled screaming into the pit, as eventually were about a third of those in the room.

Gonar breathed slow and deep, no longer affected by the smell of the slime as the pain sank down into his muscles, a fire that crept through his tissues. His training was good and despite the fact that the pain was of a new kind he was able to withstand it. He might even have been aroused by it but for the slime in which he lay.

And all the while, even until the last of the screamers had been thrown down, the chant continued: "Nothing matters but the Dwork!" Even from Gonar's lips.

Then:

"Up on your knees, crawlers in the slime! Up, that you may learn to serve the True God, that you may become a part of the Great Dwork itself!"

Through another door, this one almost of normal height, upon his knees. Past the door the slime gave out, evidenced after a while only by what fell from the dripping bodies of the men who moved along ahead of him. When the last man had entered the curving passage Gonar heard the door shut behind them. Then the forward movement stopped for a while; started; stopped. It was apparent that each candidate ahead must perform some act before the column moved on.

There were occasional outbursts and Gonar could imagine men falling into another of the omnipresent pits. When at last his turn came, and he could see what lay ahead, he understood the next ordeal.

"The Third Truth," said a young priest quietly, "is that the Great Dwork is a path of service. To serve the True God you must serve Humanity, neither bringing new life into the World of Misery nor contributing to that world. So must you also make the Dwork visible to others in the way you serve them, so that they too will come unto Dworkrimian."

Ahead of him Gonar's predecessor knelt at the feet of the man who had come before him. He was licking the slime from the man's feet and as Gonar watched he continued up. Gonar felt his stomach turn as the man licked both slime and vomit from his subject's crotch and chest; but if he was to rescue the prince he had to withstand the ordeals. He calmed himself, and when his turn came he began to lick.

First the feet, then the calves. The taste of the slime was more disgusting than anything he had ever encountered and he wanted to puke, but he made his mind a blank, worked at not inhaling, and continued up. The thighs, the crotch. The man's

prick stiffened as he licked around slime-encrusted balls and up the shaft of his cock. He wondered if he was supposed to suck the man off. The man ahead of him had not got hard while being licked.

Gonar continued up. The belly, the chest. The acrid taste of vomit came upon his tongue, a foul taste but at least one he could identify. He licked filth from the man's throat, then his face. When his tongue touched the man's lips they parted, and their tongues met briefly in a sickening kiss.

He cleaned the man's back and arms and ass, even pushing his tongue into the hole. He did not wonder why his own cock was hard now as granite. He had experienced stimulation through humiliation before, though mainly at his Master's loving feet.

He licked down the backs of the man's legs, to his feet again.

"Enough!" said the priest who watched over this trial. Gonar noticed that he had a strong erection. "Go through there, to the next ordeal!"

The cleaned man went through the door, his eyes glazed and his prick hard. The door closed behind him.

"Now you!" said the priest.

Gonar stood and the man who had knelt behind him fell upon his feet, devouring them greedily with his tongue as if this were the very thing he had waited for. Gonar thought about what the High Priest had said of those who came again because they enjoyed the ordeal so much.

The tongue worked its way up his body even as his tongue had worked before. The pleasure of it was doubled for him as he was not only receiving the ministrations of the man's warm tongue but was being cleansed of the foul slime. When his server got to his cock however, a hot mouth was fastened over it and the server began to suck.

The priest brought a rod down sharply on the man's shoulders and the man backed off, crying out in pain.

"You are here to serve, not to enjoy!" the priest snarled.

By the time Gonar was clean he felt that his eyes must be as glazed as those of the stranger he had served. His cock raged for release. It was difficult for him to think about the lost prince while his balls ached for satisfaction.

He almost stumbled as he entered the next room and heard the door close behind him.

A curious kind of stone seat occupied the center of the next chamber. Next to it was the mouth of a pit, so the choice was made abundantly clear from the first. Still, for those men whose nature drew them to women, the choice must be hard, Gonar thought.

The seat of the stone chair was carved to rise smoothly up in the shape of a large, stone cock; larger than Gonar's, larger than Chom's. Longer and thicker, in fact, than any real cock Gonar had ever seen.

The back of the stone chair was angled, so that one leaned far back after one had been impaled.

"The Third Truth," said the High Priest, "is that you must serve willingly."

Gonar was brought back to reality as if cold water had been thrown on him. He was alone in this small room with the High Priest. Did the High Priest always administer this trial? Or was he being treated specially?

The High Priest took the collar off his neck, then took the manacles off his wrists. Gonar stretched his arms and back gratefully.

"Offer yourself to the True God, if you dare," the High Priest suggested.

Gonar walked to the stone chair. The stone cock was smooth and slippery from much use. He knew that he could take it. He positioned himself over it, squatted and began to lower himself on it. He felt the bulbous head stretch his sphincter, invade his rectum, push up into his bowels. Whoever had carved it had been clever, he thought as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. The head was large, but its size was an illusion. Once the head was in, the shaft continued to thicken. His hole con-

tinued to stretch as he lowered himself, wider and wider as the shaft plunged deeper and deeper up him. He felt his gut filled, felt that delicious pressure that stiffened his cock still more, felt the fullness that made him dizzy.

Then he felt the stone seat against his butt and knew that he was fully on the thing.

"Stretch out your legs!" commanded the High Priest. "Let your weight rest fully upon it!"

Gonar did as he was told.

"Lean back!" said the High Priest.

Gonar leaned back and abruptly the High Priest was behind the seat. A thin noose fell over his head, drawing his neck tight against the stone back of the chair. The priest took one of his wrists, then the other, and bound them together behind the stone, so that he was held fast.

Then the High Priest straddled him and there was a long, thin cock at Gonar's lips.

"The Dwork requires of you that you not only avoid bringing new beings into misery, but that you actively help prevent it from happening. What seed goes into you does not bring birth. You must seek to suck out every seed that men have, taking it

Gonar brought the rod down hard across his ass and the young man screamed. Gonar hit him again, and then again... Then he knelt and put his engorged prick at the man's raw asshole and shoved, ramming his big cock in as hard as he could.

into you in any way you can. For a man, this is the way of the Dwork."

The High Priest shoved his now hard cock into Gonar's mouth and began to fuck it. Gonar thought quickly that it was a cheap way to get a blow-job, but then the ferocity with which his mouth was being screwed drove out all his thoughts and he was hard-put to keep from choking as the long, stiff tool thrust deeper and harder down his throat.

Almost before he could demonstrate his skill at sucking cock, the High Priest stiffened and his prick shot wave after wave of oddly bitter-tasting cum into Gonar's mouth. It coursed around his teeth, tingled as the tiny seeds flailed their way toward an impossible union, bubbled on his tongue.

He sucked it out, tongued the priest's cock, took pleasure in seeing the man squirm.

Then another spurt came, stiffer, fuller, and the High Priest was filling his mouth with piss, even more bitter and pungent than the cum. Gonar coughed, then gulped the hot piss down, not wanting to spill any lest he thereby fail the ordeal and have to repeat what had gone before.

When the priest had finished pissng he withdrew his cock from Gonar's mouth, unstraddled him, and undid his bonds.

"Do not touch yourself," the High Priest said, for Gonar was reaching automatically for his own stiff prick. "There is more for you to do, and you will need that!"

Gonar was led through another door, into another small chamber. There was a low pillory in which a young man was fastened so that he knelt with his ass held up. His knees were spread apart and bound to bronze rings in the floor, as were his ankles. His hole was thus plainly exposed, and it was and sore. Welts showed across his buttocks and back.

"To Dwork," said the High Priest, "you must be willing to punish impiety wherever you find it. This young man is a priest of Dworkrimian who has sinned against the Dwork. His lot is

now to provide a subject for the ordeal. The Fourth Truth is that you must be stern and unflinching in your devotion to the Dwork. Here!"

The High Priest handed Gonar an oak rod.

"Beat him until he screams for pity, but harden your heart against it. Fuck him until he can no longer feel pleasure, and know that you have helped free him from the desires of the World."

The High Priest turned and left the room. Gonar stood for a moment with the rod in his hand. He looked at the captive sinner's face and he was, indeed, moved to pity. There was fear, anguish and despair written in the new lines of it.

But this priest had no doubt inflicted such pain on others. Though he might be due pity, Gonar had a first responsibility to the Kingdom of Jhent. This priest was one of the enemy.

Gonar brought the rod down hard across his ass and the young man screamed. Gonar hit him again, and then again. The priest thrashed and writhed in his bonds, but Gonar kept on, beating him until he was sure that any secret watcher would be satisfied. Then he knelt and put his engorged prick at the man's raw asshole and shoved, ramming his big cock in as hard as he could.

The captive screamed louder, pleaded, begged, but Gonar took no notice. Now his own drives were taking hold. Here was something that he could truly enjoy. With all his strength he raped the captive asshole, fucking like a bull, driving in as if to slay.

It was not a tight ass, not after so many previous uses, but it was a hot one. It clenched at Gonar's big dick as he pumped it in and out with hard, powerful thrusts.

He reached under and found his victim's prick, noted how hard it was, then let it go. The man would surely desire to be brought off: let him suffer! Gonar took the man's balls in his hand and squeezed them hard. He felt the hot hole clench harder.

Gonar took the oak rod and brought it down hard across the captive's shoulders. The captive screamed. He rammed his dick in harder and harder, feeling his orgasm building, the load about to burst. He struck again and again.

The eruption started. Gonar felt his balls tighten, his belly tingle, his muscles go out of control as he pumped his dick wildly into the prisoner's ass. He brought the oak rod down fast and again and again across the bound shoulders and then...

"Ahhhnnn!"

His cock exploded, sending hot bolts deep into the prisoner's bowels. He thrashed, he fucked, he felt the sweat pouring down his sides. His arm went out of control and the oak rod flew from it, crashing against the stone wall. Gonar pounded on the prisoner's bunched back muscles with his fist and he pounded his ass with spurting cock. He no longer thought of the victim, or the prince, or Chom or anything but his own exploding pleasure.

When he finished he pulled his dripping prick out of the captive's ass and got slowly to his feet. The sweat poured down him. It had been a long time since he had used anyone thus; not since long before he had lost himself to Chom.

Another door opened and Gonar walked automatically through it, prepared, he felt, for whatever the next ordeal might be.

The High Priest waited in a long corridor. Without speaking he led Gonar along, past many doors to a nondescript entrance that gave into a small room. Two priests waited and there was a low cot with straw bedding.

"Lay down there upon your face," the High Priest commanded.

Gonar did as he was bid and the two assistant priests stretched out his arms and legs and bound them to the corners of the bed.

"The Fifth Truth," the High Priest said when Gonar was stretched immobile, "is that everyone has a price. Everything has a price, and that includes religion. This temple and this priesthood cost much to maintain. The bills are paid simply, by

the contributions of the devotees in one form or another. Some of them give money. Some of them give their bodies, as you shall now. Some of them pay for the use of those bodies."

The High Priest opened the door of the room again and Gonar saw, standing without, the filthy beggar who had taunted him before the temple doors.

"Those who have passed the seventh ordeal," said the High Priest, "have the privilege of entering at the Eastern Door of the Temple. They pay what they can and for whatever sum they may have they are given the use of the bodies of those of lower accomplishment. In short, Gonar, you are now a temple prostitute."

Gonar felt his anger building. This was not something he was willing to do to save the prince!

"It is a humbling experience," the High Priest smiled. "One from which you shall learn. When your spirit has advanced, you will come here happily as a whore, joyous that what you do brings you closer to Dworkrimian. For now, I fear that your pride will allow you only the humiliation that comes with all Jhentfel knowing you were bought for the paltry sum of two coppers."

"No! No!" It was a roar of rage from Gonar's throat and he struggled against the tight bonds. The priests, and the beggar, only laughed. Then the three priests left the room and shut the door. The beggar walked to a small chest and opened it.

"How I hate men whom the gods have given beauty," the beggar said, and he took out a whip. He turned and slowly stripped off his clothes, his rags, displaying for Gonar the sores and afflictions of his flesh.

"Take your little prick and leave me in peace," Gonar said as the beggar approached. "Else when I am free of this place I shall give you such misery as you have never known!"

The beggar laughed.

"Such misery as I have known is beyond your weak imagination!" the beggar said bitterly. "Suck me compliantly, make me happy for an hour, and I may let you remain in such ignorance."

"Vermin take you!" Gonar snarled.

The beggar smiled, showing broken, yellowed teeth.

"If that is your curse, then vermin shall take you," he said cheerfully. "Here, look closely at my crotch. See the little things that crawl there? Here, let me show you one!"

He reached into the hair of his crotch and carefully freed a louse from its entanglement, held it close to Gonar's face. With his other hand he found another. Then he moved to the foot of the bed. Gonar felt the beggar's fingers probe his ass. There was something crawling there.

"I'll kill you!" Gonar roared.

The beggar laughed, continued to pluck lice from his body. He deposited some in Gonar's crotch, on his balls; in his armpits. Then he put some in Gonar's beard and moustache, and in his black, curly hair.

"I know you rich people," the beggar said in a light, conversational manner. "You dwell where everything is clean, amid fine goods. I know all the things that repel you about my poverty, too. These lice are only the beginning of what I daily endure, Champion of Jhent. I have in my poverty such power as you cannot think upon without horror, and today I shall use it to bring you down to my level. For the sake of Dworkrimian I shall destroy your pride and make you a thing beneath even me. You will beg me, you will call me Master, even as you call Chom. You will truly desire my scabrous cock. All this I can do, and will."

The beggar took several more lice from his crotch, then knelt where he could look Gonar directly in the face. Without speaking he put the lice next to Gonar's eyes.

Gonar shut his eyes tightly, fighting against disgust, knowing that revulsion could lead to fear as much as danger could.

The beggar stood, then Gonar felt the whip land hard across the backs of his calves. Then across his thighs. He felt the lice crawling along his eyelids, in his armpits, burrowing in at his asshole. The whip landed on his ass, on his back.

The beggar's bony fingers pulled the cheeks of his ass apart, then two fingers probed the hole. They pulled it open and he

felt the lice crawl in. He moaned.

"Beg me, Gonar, beg me!"

The beggar pushed in two fingers, then a third, then a fourth. The thumb followed, and the lice squirmed deeper, trying to escape. Gonar had been fisted in the arena, but he did not like it. And in the arena his opponents were always *clean*.

The knuckles pushed in, stretching him painfully, with no concern for what he might feel. Past the inner ring, painfully up into his gut. He gasped, and one of the lice from his beard was drawn into his mouth. He choked, spit the thing out. He wanted to scream, not from the pain but from the crawling on all the hairy parts of his body.

The beggar made his hand into a fist, then began to pull it backward.

"Unnnnnhh!"

"Yes, Champion, speak to me!" urged the beggar. "Tell me how much you want to clean those little fellows off my cock with your tongue, how much you want to clean them from my crusty asshole! Tell me!"

Gonar struggled, breathing hard, trying to control himself. The fist reached the inner ring, stretching it, pulling it. He felt as if he were being turned inside out. He wanted to tear the beggar's bowels out with his bare hands!

He felt the muscle tear, but he did not break. When the fist came out he knew that he was still his own man.

The beggar stooped before him and grinned.

"I did not expect any of this to affect you. I saw you once in the arena, and I know that you are strong in the Shegri. But now my cock is hard, and I am ready for you to suck it. I am ready to fuck you. Now I will break you!"

He went to where he had dropped his ragged clothing and drew out a small oilskin parcel. He brought it and held it before Gonar's face, opening it carefully. Gonar felt his skin crawl with horror.

"You have seen the dogs who wander the streets, dying of a wasting sickness? They eat anything that comes to them but still they waste away. It is not hunger that drives them, Gonar, but this; this infestation of white worms in their belly. When they shit, like this, the worms come with it and other dogs eat it. You see? Thousands of them, thrashing there before you! They feed on the dogs from the inside, eating them alive. Even when the dog shits out these, it has millions more within."

Gonar felt his mouth go dry and his skin grow cold.

"I could find a way to get this into your mouth, Gonar. It would only take a little to infest you. But that would be difficult and once the worms were in you I would not want to put my cock in your mouth. So instead I will put on a glove; and if you do not give me what I want, at once, I will return my fist where it just was, with this stuff clenched inside, and then I will open it. You will be eaten alive, slowly, from the inside."

Gonar felt the blood draining out of his face. He wondered if he would faint.

"Why should I not think that you will do it anyway?" he asked, coldness filling his belly.

"Because the priests of the True God would not like it," said the beggar. "Perhaps when I leave here I will be able to hide from you in the underworld, among thieves and murderers. I could never hide from them, so I will do as they wish. They would have some punishment worse even than what I offer you."

"Then you will not do this to me in any case," Gonar said.

"Make no mistake," said the beggar coldly. "You are the culmination of my life. I have never had such a one as you. To have you begging me... but you cannot know, you who have always had what you wanted! If you are denied to me in this way, I will have you in this other, more dreadful way. I will make you as miserable as you die as I have been in living. And when I have given your guts to the worms I will leave this place and cut my throat content!"

He stood, and holding the infected mass of dog shit he moved toward the foot of the bed. Gonar felt his hand caress his ass, probe again where his fist had been.

"Very well," Gonar said, and he was sick with more than fear. "I will do what you wish."

The beggar came back to the head of the bed. He put the packet of dog shit down to one side, but where Gonar could see it.

"Beg me," he whispered hoarsely.

"Please. Please let me suck your cock!"

The beggar pushed his small, hard dick into Gonar's mouth. Gonar started to suck. The lice ran back and forth from the beggar's crotch to Gonar's face, but now it did not matter.

Gonar had never felt soiled by sex before. Now he did. He felt as if he had sucked, been fucked by, something lower than any animal. When the High Priest returned the beggar related every detail of what had transpired, and the High Priest praised him. The High Priest then gave him money to hire a street singer, that the story might be sung all over Jhentfel.

Gonar vowed in his heart that he would find the prince, release him, then kill both the beggar and the High Priest. And, if it were possible, he would kill the evil god Dworkrimian.

They left and a long time later four priests came in to release him. They dragged him down the hallway and at its end was the pit that he expected. He understood now why nobody fought back when they were hurled in. All that he wanted was to be returned, however, to the World which the Dworkists so despised!

Below the pit was a chute. Its sides were greased and he slid down it quickly. It joined other chutes, no doubt originating in other chambers of ordeal. He collided with a crying woman just before they both reached the end and slid out into space, then fell ignominiously into what was clearly the temple's open cesspool.

He wanted to roar with rage, but he was up to his ears in liquid shit and there were people laughing. He clenched his mouth shut, looked around, found that the pool was in a courtyard. There were steps up out of the filth and he moved toward them, as others in the pool were already doing.

The laughter came from beggars who clustered near the entrance to the courtyard, no doubt deriving great amusement from the plight of those who fell from the chutes. Gonar moved faster, intending to grab some of the beggars and throw them into the cesspool. But then he saw Chom, standing quietly just within the courtyard, a huge bundle of towels in his arms.

He struggled up the stairs, filth streaming from him, more humiliated that his Master should see him thus than he had been within the dreadful temple. As he approached, Chom threw a huge linen around him.

"Before we leave, look back at the wall."

Gonar did as he was told, just as another hapless victim of the Dwork fell from the chutes: which the priesthood of Dworkrimian had ended with a carving of a huge vagina, distended in the act of giving birth.

"This is their theology," said Chom coldly. "You are born into a world of shit... Now come: I have prepared a minor revenge upon them, one that will not jeopardize the rescue."

"Yes, my Master," Gonar said humbly, grateful that he was owned by one who cared so much as to come and get him, even in his dreadful state. He did not know how he would tell Chom about the impending street songs.

"There are springs above here where you can bathe," Chom continued. "They are the springs which supply the drinking water to this temple. It may not bother them to drink their own shit, but I think it will!"

"My Master?" Gonar queried, and Chom turned to look at him.

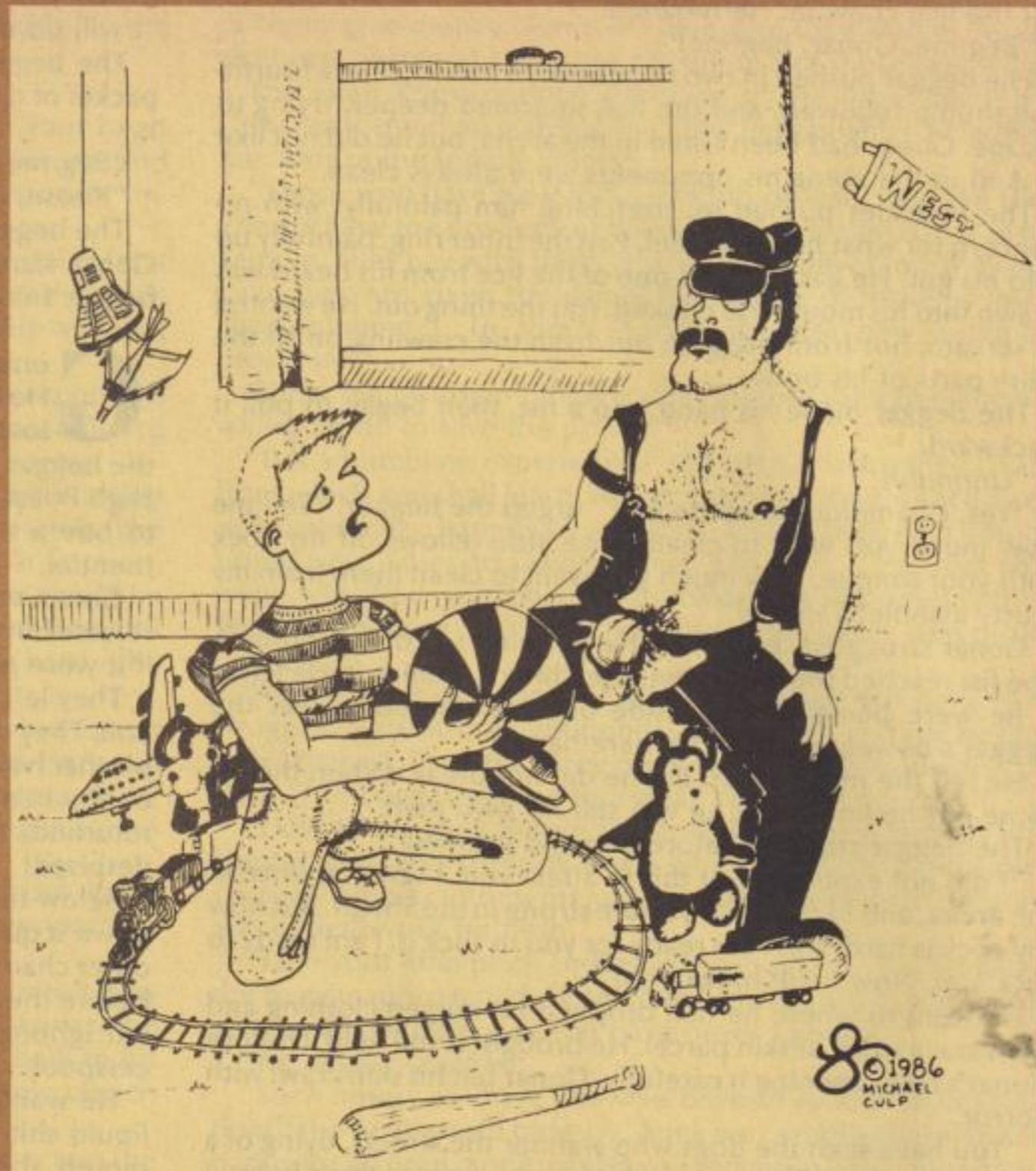
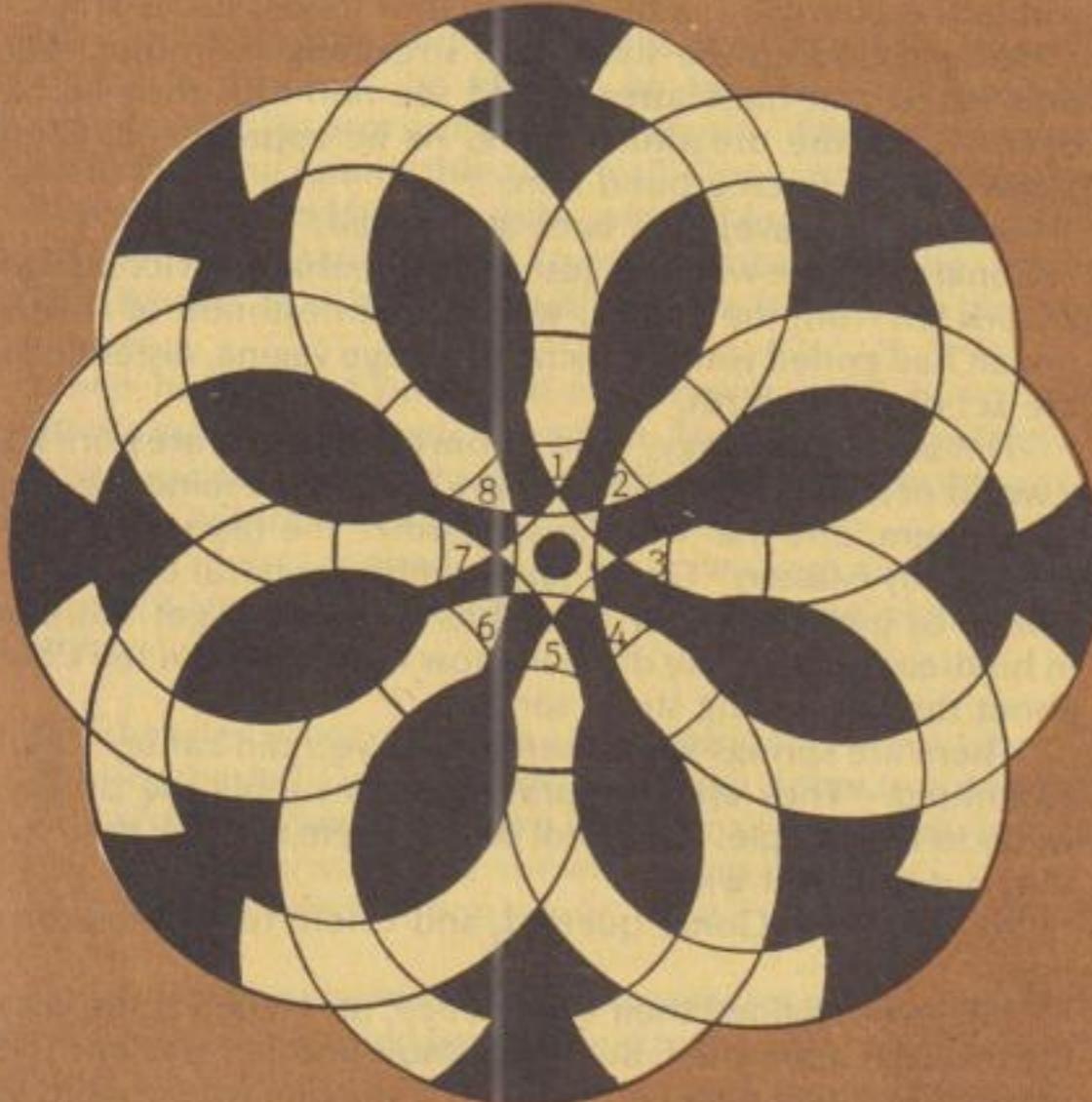
"I have not gained their confidence, for I failed at the last of the ordeals I attempted. But now I know another way into their temple. The next time I enter I will be the one who ordains the ordeals. The prince is not yet lost!"

(To be continued)

DRUMSTICKS

AMAZED AGAIN

Sure, I've fisted men before
to the elbow, or the armpit.
But there's just no getting jaded
to the sight of asslips swallowing
a bicep and a tricep,
and the sound of someone babbling
in that secret pleasure language
only fisting bottoms know.



"...But your ad said you were into toys!"

PUZZLE

A submissive slave brought us this puzzle which he was ordered to create by his Master.

It was not too difficult to construct, he tells us, but it took five tries to get the grid drawn to his Master's satisfaction. The Master's paddle vigorously applied to his ass helped get the job done right.

Incidentally, his Master suggests that other Masters have their slaves try this puzzle with appropriate penalties for errors, time limits and so on.

VISCIOUS CIRCLE

How many of the curving five-letter words can you fill in? The words spin out from the numbers in the center, one set in a clockwise direction, the other counter-clockwise.

CLOCKWISE

1. Jeans
2. Leather bands
3. Sharp blows, as to an ass
4. Depilate
5. Smacking blows
6. Macho dudes
7. Fake fuckers
8. Warhol film

COUNTER-CLOCKWISE

1. Tether
2. Denude
3. Gland secretion
4. Defecates
5. Lackey
6. Copulates (colloq.)
7. Peckers
8. Exchange, as a slave

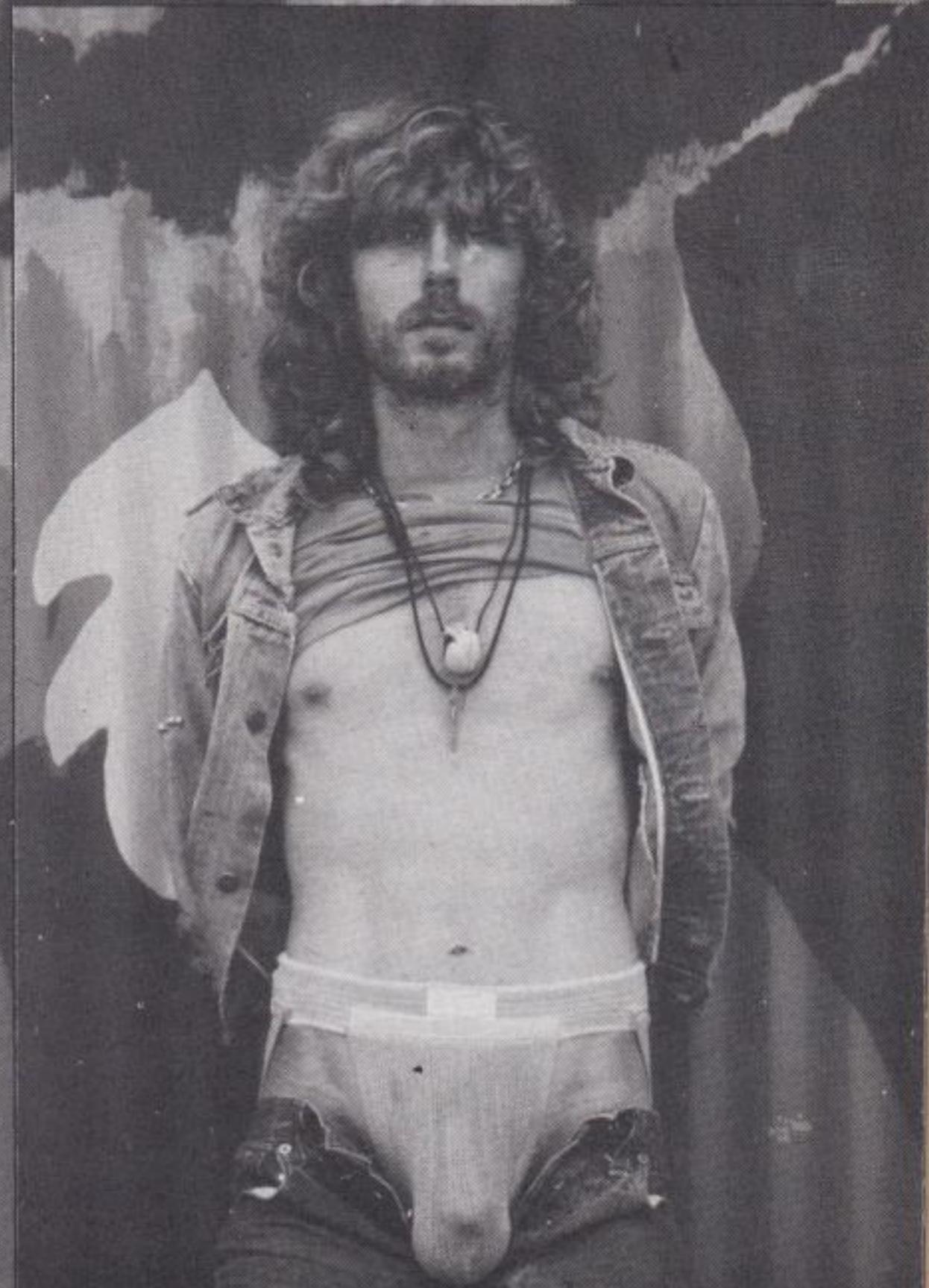
CLOCKWISE: 1. LEVIS; 2. STRAP; 3. SWATS; 4. SHAVE;
5. SLAPS; 6. HUNKS; 7. DILDO; 8. TRASH.
COUNTER-CLOCKWISE: 1. LEASH; 2. STRIP; 3. SWEAT;
4. SHITS; 5. SLAVE; 6. HUMPS; 7. DICKS; 8. TRADE.

SOLUTION

PHOTOGRAPHY WINNER

*Hustle in
New York!*

From New York City comes this collection of streetside propositions by CITYBOY. Putting your best foot forward when you are selling it or renting it out is important, although in these cases, it isn't necessarily the foot that is on display. The camera does what the eye is unable to do, to flesh out one's fantasy as we see these "little independent businessmen" selling, and in this case, displaying their wares. The models are impressive, so is the photography by this newcomer to the pages of DRUMMER.















LOOKOUT!
Here comes a cop
and it looks like
he's armed.

Photography by
CITYBOY



WHERE THE TALK CAN BE
AS DIRTY AS YOUR MIND

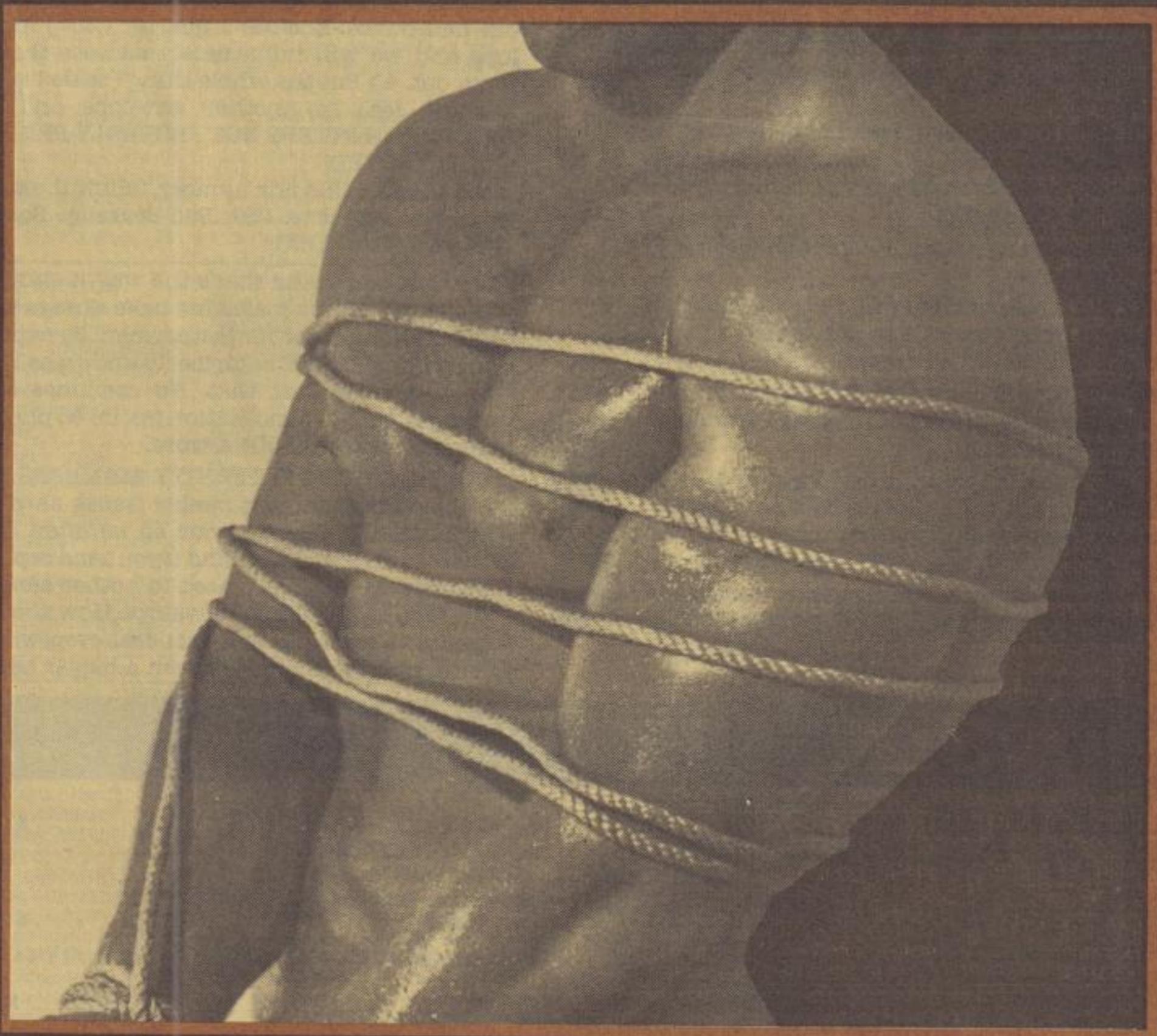


PHOTO: GAMMA ETA

TELEROTIC

1-800-841-8842

IN CALIFORNIA OR OUTSIDE U.S.A. CALL 1-213-874-9267

EXPLICIT ALIVE CALLS FOR MEN • OVER 18 • PHOTOS • VIDEO AVAILABLE
FREE CALL BACKS • 24 HOURS • CREDIT CARDS

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

Discount? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

If the ad has a USA box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 28011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

It's that easy! And that's the way it should be.

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!



Dear Sir:

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (26 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad (____ Words x 50¢) \$ _____

Number of Insertions _____

Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: Check Money Order Visa Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____ (I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br;br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 4426LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography, BB, and good fun. Enjoy J/O, titwork, massage. Into cowboys, U/C, leather. No drugs, fems. Send reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

PISS, FART OR SHIT FANTASIES
You're a bottom and J/O to them. Send detailed description of hottest fantasies, photo, phone. Let's correspond, talk, J/O or DO IT! I'm 35, moustache, big tits. Box 4954

THE KNIGHT SEEKS DADDY/MASTER

The Knight is ripe (31) and ready for a good-looking, loving, bearded daddy/Master who will train me for his own and take good care of me. Joe Vaughn, 701 Penn Drive, Crawfordsville, IN 47933.

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p, Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

SAVAGE SLAVE BOY FOR RANCH

6'2", 185 lbs., 100% male. Photos in Drummer 79 (TC 1089) and Drummer 57 (p. 95). Needs Master who is above average in all respects (as is slave) with farm or ranch who can offer permanent bondage and severe animal training. Slave ready for real thing; no romantic caprice. Good for hard, dirty work. Some farm experience. Legitimate replies only. No box numbers. FOREIGN INQUIRIES WELCOME. Photo please. Box 4358.

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

SCOTTISH EQUIPMENT SCOTTISH GAMES

What do Scotsmen have under their kilts? EVERYTHING! American Scot seeks to exchange letters and particularly hot photos with other beefy or raunchy Scotsmen. So lads, put on your kilts and start writing and don't forget to include photos of whatever Scottish equipment you have. Scottish regiments welcome. Write B.J., Box 4973.

LOCK UP MY DICK

Make my balls ache. WM, 35, masculine, 180 lbs., 5'10", slave needs masculine well-hung Master into BD, SM, WS, VA, humiliation, possession, shaving, restraint and denying me sex. Offer obedience, complete servitude. Send details for details. Box 36804, Decatur, GA 30032.

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

DIRTY POLAROID FREAKS

and other 'roid exhibitionists: Healthy top Dad, 45, good shape, holed up for duration, wants to hear from filth-minded and bizarre exhibitionists. Into dirt and kink: turd slurps, J/O shit logs, oozing sewer gut holes, brown dirt holes in nasty shape, dildoes, filthy shorts/straps, piss, soiled diapers, scumbags, snot. Also men in panties, black stockings, old longjohns, bondage, or ass parked on toilets. J/O correspondence great with pics. Can exchange. Box 5033

GAMEROOM WORKOUTS

Top, 31, bottom/top, 43, with game room interested in other tops/bottoms with masculine attitudes into moderate/heavy/sane/safe workouts. Interests include bondage, ass/ball/cock/tit work, toys, enemas, dildoes, spankings, prolonged scenes, other interests. Serious replied only with interests. Phone, photo if possible to: Dick, PO Box 5186, Gainesville, FL 32602-5186.

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

ATTRACTIVE DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, smooth, uncut, wants bondage and torture, esp. TT, at hands of good-looking son with cruel streak and love-hate feelings about Dad. Write Sheldon, PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069

LIFE IS PAIN—SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is but one of many tools at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

Terror is my only hard-on. Total screaming fear and torture wanted. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the torture for as long as you want.

Destroy my will. Deliver me with intense pain. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Box 5026

WANT SPANNING MASTER

Good-looking, young man wants relationship, ass whipping, more... Relocatable? PO Box 451, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome, white, grizzled, whiskered, boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick, uncut, 7", full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent, worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker, any age. Live together. Permanent. Write: Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

HTLV3—POSITIVE

Low. T-Cell, GWM, 160 pounds, blond, blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo, Sir! Box 4849LF

SADISTIC TOPMAN NEEDED

Bottom, 26, 5'5", 135 lbs., well built, needs complete training by tough, arrogant, butch topman. Must expand all limits in S/M. Into everything with right top. You: Top, butch, tall, muscular, into leather, boots. Everything from B/D to dog training, raunch and more. Live in Canada but can travel anywhere. Health conscious. Box 5022

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

DISCIPLINE OF A COCKSUCKER

SCORES OF MEN needed to turn my cocksucker's fuck mouth into a slimy pig's whore hole. Bring your cock, spit, piss and come to help assure this scumbag never wants to get off its knees again. Men's rooms, book stores and bar stoops will be its training grounds. Any recommendations of dirty, smelly glory hole places will be appreciated. Join the lineup in New Orleans during Mardi Gras Feb. 7-11. Sewer mouth begins its lessons by accepting anything you wish to say at (907) 276-5016. Show no courtesies like hello or goodbye—just give your address for an Infopak—along with anything else you'd like to say. It's name is just... Hole! (LF4805)

LIVE-IN SLAVE/HOUSEBOY WANTED

in Monterey. My lover, 26, 5'10", 160, and I, 31, 6'2", 190, bought a house and want a sincere, white male, 18 to 35, to keep our house spotless, wait on guests. Must be totally subservient. No alcoholics or heavy S&M. We feel looks are in the eyes of the beholder. Send nude picture to Lee Allen, 1100 McClellan Ave., #409, Monterey, CA 93940. We will be the judge!

OLDER BONDAGE-TOP NEEDED

WM, 43, 170, 5'11", nonpromiscuous, not into bar scene, sane, secure, good-looking, straight appearance and lifestyle needs older WM preferably Irish, Anglo, Scot, Germanic, mature 50+, average looking and acting who can get our heads into right space and assume total control over me and bring our J/O fantasies into reality. I offer submission and full commitment to just one older man to service and fulfill his dominance. T/T, C&BT, ropes, chains, WS, shackles, needles, piercing, catheters, clamps, suspension, etc. From servicing/worshipping your feet to my being shackled and clamped for your use. Under proper conditions the mutual satisfaction and possibilities can be endless. First ad from sincere, extremely health-conscious man. A searching of a real man for the one older man to bring it all together in reality. Photo please. Thank you. Box 5012

WANTS TRAINING IN ROCHESTER

GWM, 24, 6'1", seeks 20-45 trim, masculine, mustached daddy, Master, teacher to fulfill fantasies of BD, lite SM. Request photo with letter, Sir. PO Box 24, Palmyra, NY 14522.

DRUMMER 20

I've searched all over and can't find it. Somebody with Drummer 20 please contact me for possible exchange of fiction. PO Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

HANDSOME COP/ UNIFORM ACTION

Handsome, hung airline captain 33, 5'11", 165, versatile seeks cops, uniformed men. I have CHP, LS, DC police uniforms plus military. Enjoy men like me with straining zipper, striped breeches, rounded buns, boots. Phone/photo/discretion, Box 5006.

SATANIC WORSHIP

Leather Master wants to correspond with other leathermen who would be interested in meeting once a month to start a Brotherhood. Slaves and Top-men are welcomed. Bondage, S&M, piercing, hot wax, and shaving a plus. Box 4485LF.

BOUND AND TIED

If you are turned on by being bound and tied and getting your ass whipped, write today. PO Box 52433, New Orleans, LA 70152.

DADDY'S MAN

After ten years of being "out," I've matured to this: one man looking for another man—plain and simple. Professional, bold, clean, physically fit, and confident; high expectations. 31 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., considered hunky, balding, hairy and currently bearded. The man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age, of good physical presence, has facial hair, and possesses an aggressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appetite.

Yes, I'm looking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot: devotion and commitment, love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102. (LF4538)

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch, attractive, well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445.

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

STUDENT/HOUSEBOY

Despite great effort and very sincere intentions, I have not yet found the one or two 18- to 20-year-old (no older, no younger, please; birth certificate required) male(s) whom I am seeking. I do, however, remain determined to find just the right person(s). And, so, I continue my search.

This is what I will do for you if you prove to be the right person(s):

1. Subsidize your education at a four-year college or arts school in the New York City metropolitan area.

2. Pay for your trip to New York.

3. Fully care for all your financial needs (clothing, food, travel, books, sports, recreation, cultural, educational, hospital and medical insurance, dental needs, etc.)

4. Give you the security of a stable home.

5. Give you the security of a long-term, protective relationship.

6. Introduce you to the good life of New York City (either theatre, ballet, opera, sporting events, dining out at better restaurants, etc., at least once weekly).

7. Offer you my maturity and sophistication.

8. Guide you in your studies and development.

9. Offer you my avuncular (like an uncle) love.

10. Train you to enjoy serving and fulfilling the sexual needs of a mature man.

This is what I require of the right person(s):

1. Be between 18 and 20 years of age.

2. Appear 2-3 years younger than your chronologic age.

3. Be happy that you are gay.

4. Appear very boyish; not effeminate.

5. Possess a strong urge to further your education without possessing the financial facility to obtain that education. (But, please, do not respond to this ad if you believe, that by so responding, you are selling your soul to the Devil in a last-ditch effort to obtain your education. Please only respond if you believe that you would truly enjoy the particular type of gay lifestyle which I offer, as well as desiring having your education subsidized).

6. Truly enjoy serving and fulfilling the sexual needs of a man older than and more mature than yourself.

7. Truly enjoy playing light bondage "games." (You can be totally assured that you will never be physically hurt by me; but if you are not excited/thrilled by "games" of bondage, you will not be happy living with me and should, therefore, not respond).

8. Be prepared to be totally honest with me.

9. Have no involvement with or interest in the gay bar scene, drugs, alcohol, or cigarettes, or be ready to totally abstain from these activities.

10. Be intellectually bright and/or artistically talented.

11. Be prepared to work quite hard to maintain a 3.0 or higher college average or the arts school equivalent.

12. Be prepared to work quite hard to maintain my 10-room penthouse apartment in Westchester County, 10 miles north of New York City.

13. Be prepared to work quite hard to satisfy my sexual desires and needs.

14. Have a strong need to be loved and cared for by a surrogate "uncle."

15. Be as determined to maintain a long-term (at least throughout the 4 years of your undergraduate education) commitment to me as I am determined to commit myself to you.

16. Physically, be short (5'9" or, preferably, less), and (even more importantly) quite slender, 130 lbs. or, preferably, less.

17. Have wavy hair (or be willing to have your hair permed).

18. Be extremely boyishly, youthfully handsome.

Son, I know how much I sincerely wish to help you if you are one of the right persons. I am not engaging in idle play exercise by placing this ad. I do, very much, want to care for, love, and help you, while, at the same time, playing my "games."

Son, I know how much I want my relationship with the right person to work very well. Please respond to me if you are the right person (and only if you are the right person). I possess the financial, intellectual, and emotional facilities to significantly and beneficially help you and to serve your present and future needs. I ask, in return, that you possess the willingness and determination to fulfill my needs and to make me happy living with you.

Kindly call me collect, (914) 428-3991 (New York Eastern Daylight Time) weekdays 7 A.M.-8 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M. or weekends 9 A.M.-9 P.M. If no answer or the line is busy, call again. If you, the reader of this ad, do not fit my particular age or physical requirements, but happen to know the right person (who might not have seen this ad), please do him and me a great favor by showing him this ad.

TIM OF ADELPHI

Tim (sometimes) of Adelphi: I did not mean it this way, but I guess now we're even. You've goofed me up several times and I, unwittingly, probably returned the favor to you last night by not giving you the attention you deserve. Let's start anew, with each of us resolving to serve each other's needs rather than, inadvertently, hurting each other. Do, please, call me immediately. (914) 428-3991.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, whipping, heavy SM, leather. Master is 31, 5'10", 160 lbs., bearded, hairy. Reply with photo. Serious only. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

NEW SAFE SEX UNIT

Would like to receive and/or exchange leather or?? sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period. I am submissive leather slave, 30. Degrading, abusive and commanding letters okay, too. Write to Box 4731LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

GOOD BUDDY

Rugged outdoor trucker type "good buddy" needed by husky, rural, 35 bottom. Box 4928

STUD CHALLENGES OTHER STUDS

to top/bottom heavy B&D games with cages, ventilated burial, suspension, immobilization, mummification, isolated, sensory deprivation, using rope, tape, rubber, ace bandages, hoods, gags, Ben Gay, wax, and anything else I want. I stand 6', 185, bl/blu, 28. Photo nude and phone to Box 4978.

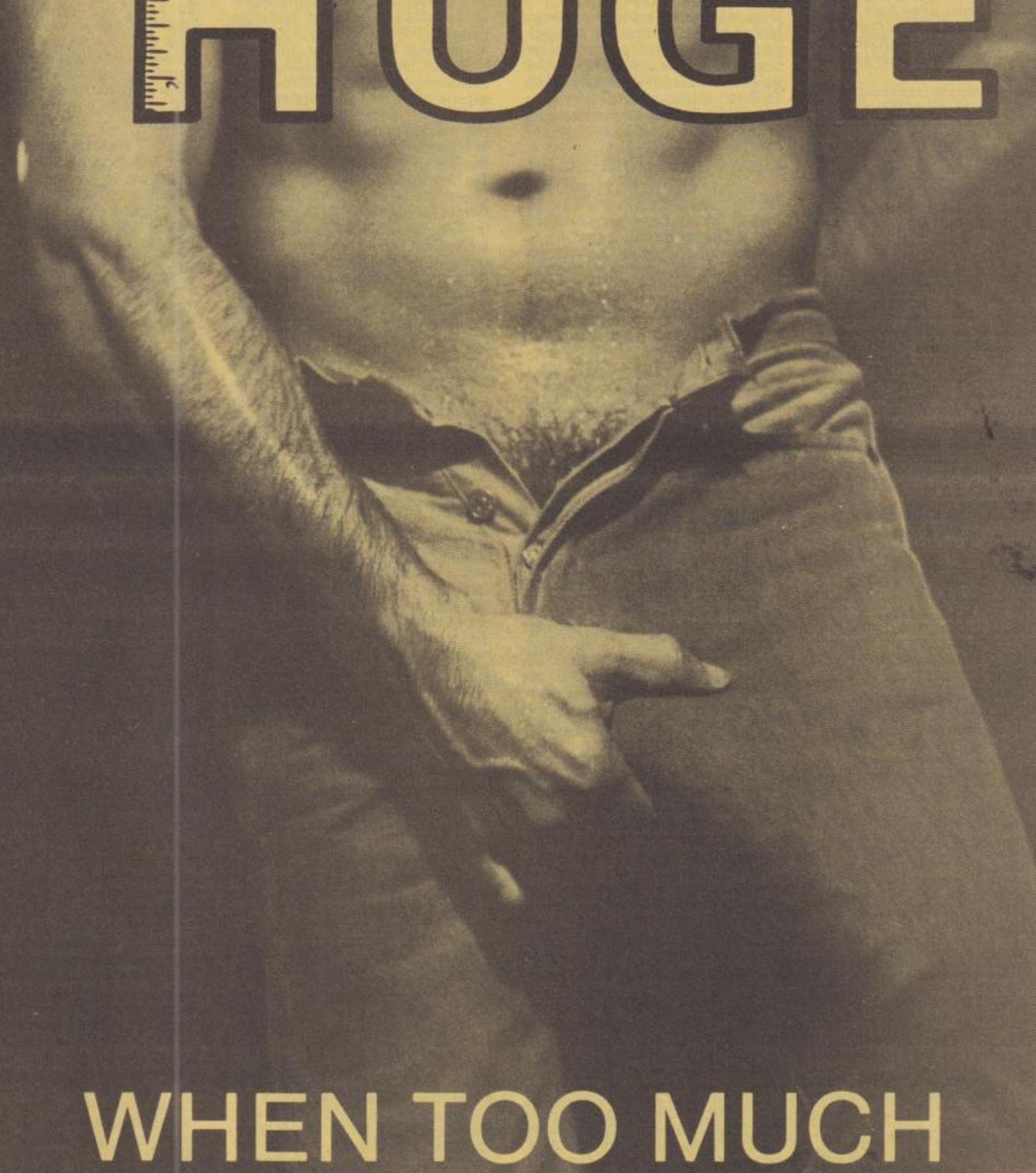
SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

HOT BOTTOM SEEKS TOP
Hot bottom muscle man wants to meet his Master. You should be erotic top into bondage scenes, training, leather, C&B& tit work, shaving. Expand my limits, Sir. I'm looking for someone to serve for good. You will be my Master. Fill my ass and my mouth. I'm 30, brown hair, eyes, mustache, good-looking, muscles, hairy and hot. Looking to serve one Master for the rest of my life. Box 4992

9+



HUGE



WHEN TOO MUCH
IS NOT ENOUGH!

1-800-354-3558

Inside Calif. (213) 871-8667

All major credit cards-24 hours

THE LARGEST PHONE SERVICE OF ITS KIND.

HOT, GOOD-LOOKING, RAUNCHY PIG

digs oil, spit, grease, snot, Levi/leather, piss, U/C, toe jam, suckin' face/butt/crotch, pits, scat, scumbags, toilet scenes, enemas. Let's J/O on phone one-to-one, exchange turn-ons/pics. Am versatile—more mutual or bottom and servant than top. Scott, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. (305) 863-9333. Also possible relationship/relocate wanted.

ALABAMA

SIR!

Masochistic Brutus-type slave seeks to be made worthy by sadistic and sane Brutus-style Master. If you have ever heard The Compound Tapes you know what I am and need. I am naked and awaiting your orders, Sir. Please, Sir, don't write when you can call me now. (205) 442-8429. Call anytime. Please, sir, I need it BAD. Also would like to be trained to work over other slaves. Thank you, Sir! (LF4460)

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W, blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange. Phone J/O. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209.

ALASKA

LOOKING FOR W/M UNUNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60, short, little body hair. I'm AL K. 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to: Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

ARIZONA

OUCH!

Are you being a bad boy in Phoenix and getting away with it? Daddy will turn you over his knee and give you the bare-bottom spanking you need. Get off your behind, Son, admit that you need to be taught a lesson and send details of your problems to Daddy. Box 4522LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR S/R

VERY HAIRY JOCK/FUCK BOY
wanted by masculine white top, 28, 6'2", 185, solid. 8", big nuts, medium body hair. Must be 21-35, masculine, firm body, obedient jock who begs for his furry ass to be opened up. Long asswork sessions. Explore other scenes. Extremely hairy ass and legs a must. No blacks, fems, fats. David (602) 275-8426.

BONDAGE

White male, 37, good-looking, muscular, 6'2", 190 lbs., into bondage scenes, some leather. Letter with interests, accurate description and phone to Tom Nelson, Box 30986, Phoenix, AZ 85046.

MOVING TO PHOENIX

If you're interested in a five foot eleven, blue-eyed, 155 lb., light SM, bondage, versatile fuckbuddy or permanent relationship with no bullshit, write, photo? G.A.R. c/o 2899 Collins, Miami Beach, FL 33140. Masters/slaves?

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE
for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Tel. (408) 227-3774

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION
Full leather, chains, erect nipples, hard pecs, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT, T/T, V/A, piss, enemas, beer, sweat, spit, grease, oil & lubricants, S&M, getting stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all—in a SAFE, hot environment! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs. with a very tight gym body, defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecs & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic, 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play it hard in leather!! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416.

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health-conscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking torture slave. Into 501s, military boots, Fr, Gr, BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU: Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT. ME: Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

HOT BB BOTTOM

Muscles searching for BB Master. Make me work, teach me, own me. Computer professional, 30s, well-trimmed beard, 6 years BB, Bay Area. Box 5019

HEY BOY

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are affectionate and want a caring, communicative relationship, call (916) 391-9755.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection, and exploration on the edge, the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pigging, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an art-form is the objective; an objective I intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their personal uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, tall, handsome, trim, masculine, intelligent, creative, successful, lustful, controlled, and coldly calculating. Box 4472LF

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, mustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7½ inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

SEEKS FRIEND

Young-looking, healthy white male, 28 years, 5'4", 125 lbs., seeks friends same age or younger for intimate times. Shy teens and novices okay. Photo/phone and write to Box 5039.

TWO GERMAN BODYBUILDERS

S, 30, 6'3", 170 and M, 40, 5'11", 160, into BD, SM, TT and more, visiting California fall 1986. Want to meet you. Also welcome in Germany. Send letter about you, your scene and photo to PLK 084532A, 5000 Kolin 1, West Germany OR Drummer Box 5018.

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

MAN SEEKS SON

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy, wants son for leather service. Should be masculine, aged 25-35, and healthy. Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand limits. Standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term father-son relationship. Send photo and resume. Box 4944LF

SUPERMAN SEEKS HIS SUPERFOE

Here's the fantasy. Superman's arch nemesis challenges him to combat. Knowing he will win, he agrees. But unknown to our hero, his foe is wearing Kryptonite-lined leather gloves. Quickly, the challenger moves, clamping fingers like steel vises on those supernipples. Superfag moans, paralyzed as the destruction of his tits begins. Through endless hours he suffers the twisting, ripping, warping as this villain threatens to tear 'em right off his goddamn body! He can't believe what's happening! He grows weaker as his mortal enemy grows stronger, all his super powers being drained through betraying, weakling nipples... and into his dread foe!!! His enemy's biceps swell massively with his former strength only to unleash this destructive force vengefully upon vulnerable nipples. The fag whimpers as his now super powered Nemesis continues the torture just for the hell of it! Hours pass. Finally, Supervillain strains his muscles, forcing all his evil energy down exploding biceps, veined forearms, into steel fingers unleashing holy terror on the hapless tits. He twists the fag's tits, rips them up in the air jerking him to his feet. Eyes lock. As the tit death grip sucks out his life, Super Eyes suck out his soul! Through years of slavery he worships his master's muscles; serves him. Superfoe returns Superman's powers now and then only the beat them out of ball, ass, muscles, or mouth, and those stretched tits. Villain must have rock hard Kryptonite body, be highly imaginative, brutal, verbally abusive, and enjoy the power of destroying a man with his nipples so much that you lose all control and tear 'em to shreds!! Gotta hard-on? Got that churning feeling in your stomach that says you gotta do this to a man? Damn! you're gonna do it?! If so, send letter, photo, phone. If you're powerful (and loving) enough to really do this to me, just maybe you can keep me! Box 4943LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train husky young man to serve older men to perfection. Hard worker, good body for hard workouts. Drive, cook and serve. Northern California, Russian River and San Francisco. No Phone-ies. (707) 869-0945. Call Me Sir!

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), initiate him into light bondage, dictate how he is to pleasure you, and win his trust so he will give up all of himself to your power? Objective: monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, caring, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, non-smoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

NEED MATURE HAIRY
bearded FIST-MASTER for steady mutual SAFE exploration by sincere 38 y.o. (415) 863-9756

BOOTS, BELTS, JOCKSTRAPS
I've spent 36 years becoming a man—now I need to be a boy. Bind my hands, push me to my knees and guide my head down to your black boot, make me lick your sweat-filled jockstrap, use your hand or belt to make my ass all red and warm to your touch. Beginner's fantasies from a 5'10", well-built, good-looking, healthy, quiet and sincere WM who is seeking a dominant, sane, hot San Francisco Dad to help me realize and expand these fantasies. Box 4963.

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

WANTED

GWM experienced in VA, B&D, and is interested in taking over my fantasies. Any age over 35, hirsute (the more the better), size unimportant. Must be clean, safe sex only. I feel "bald" is "beautiful." No: FF, SCAT, TT, RAUNCH, or money. Sincere replies please. I am 50, 140 lbs., 5'8". No fems or druggies. Your weight also unimportant but a clean, sane person is. Box 4530LF.

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8 1/2", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY

wanted full-time for two men East Bay. Letter, photo to Box 640453, San Francisco, CA 94164-0453.

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leathermaster in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

UNCUT SLAVE WANTED

for foreskin torture—worship. Will be shaved, pierced, displayed. Master 6'4", cut, attractive Italian. Box 4990

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip... your way. I am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words; if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar, over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

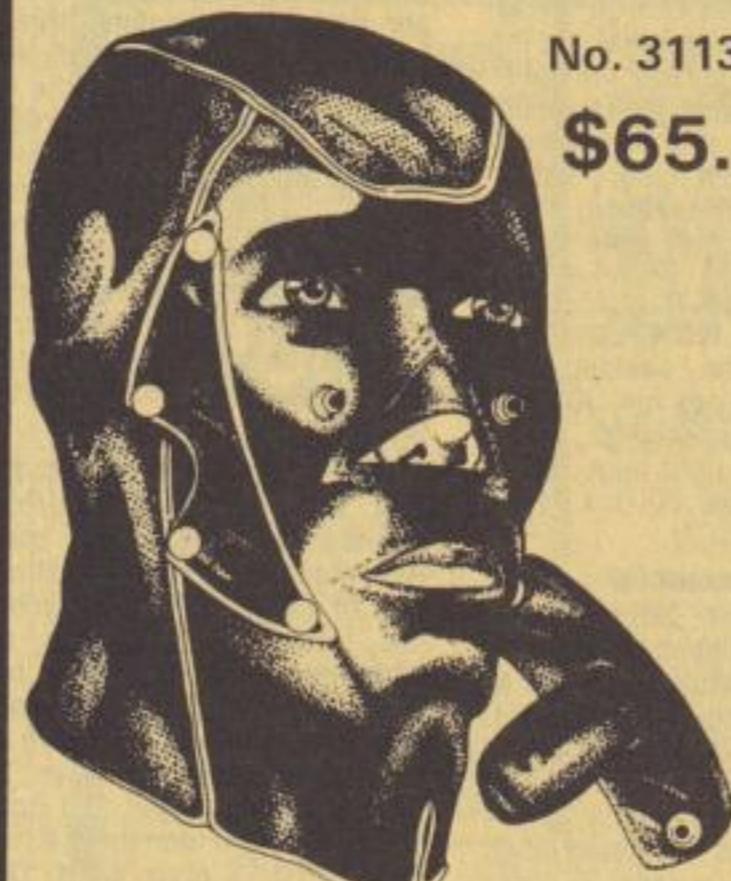
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CALL SCOTT

(415) 441-SUCK
HOT ACTION ANYTIME!
MUST BE OVER 18

WAREHOUSEMAN

WM, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs., athletic build, in excellent physical condition, seeks legitimate employment in shipping/receiving or clerical field. Fork truck experience. Serious replies to Box 5100

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BIG BLOND STUD TIED UP

and gagged at your feet? *Forget it!* Think you're an aggressive (30-50-year-old) arrogant topman (LF5007) with a mean streak that knows how to take verbal, physical, and mental charge over this cocky jock? I'm 6'4", 26, 185 pounds of solid muscle. Think you wear the belt that will teach me a lesson and make me show respect? I've got the kind of attitude that makes you itch to get out your rope, then just try to show me who's boss, "sir." Photo get mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116.

HOT, BUTCH TOP

37 seeks young passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box 4578LF

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MASCULINE HORNY TOP STUD

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into *really heavy SM, B&D or CBT!* Put feet... anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF.

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES

Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting to be used, trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced, respected and sadistic Leather Master (W/M, 43, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has room in his pens for a few hot, untested, raw muscular animals who are ready to be stripped, chained and motivated. Permanent positions in residence are preferred; but will consider non-live-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship then contact: Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. (Pacific time). (LF4729)

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

TORTURE MASOCHIST

Interested in expanding limits on S/M, CB/TT, whipping, piercing, bondage, weights, mummification, etc. Not into FF or scat. 37 yrs. old, 6'1", 250 lbs. Box 4704

TORTURE MASTER NEEDED

Dungeon bottom, 32, GWM, 6', 160 lbs., blond/blue, slim, hairless, needs torture sessions in your dungeon, Sir. Train as needed to expand pain limits—**SAFE SEX, PLEASE.** Your imagination! J/O letters, calls OK. Limits: no drugs, scat, FF. Travel. All answered, Sir. More than one OK, too. Box 4699

ROUGH S/M

Manhandle my big uncut cock and balls. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tattooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mummification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

HOT FF BOTTOM

Health conscious WM, 5'11", 165 lbs. will service, leather, booted, uniformed tops—I have sling, toys, harness, etc. (213) 660-2600

TOILET-TRAINED DOG

Masculine, 30, servicing CLEAN-SHAVEN tops—30+, (213) 665-7167.

WANTED: DADDY

Son needs guiding hand, mutual understanding, cuddling and lots of sex. I'm a very horny son. Please call (213) 432-0208. Love to worship bodies, uncut cocks and have my body worshipped. Need to have a trainer/coach to get my body in the shape of my Daddy's.

BIG BROTHER NEEDED

By 28-year-old colt into FF, BD, TT. Need a well-built, take-charge, hung stallion big bro, who can break me in, work me over, train and tame me right. ME: 5'8", 150 lbs., good looks, good body. YOU: Hot, hung stud who knows how to handle this fist-hungry kid in bed. Lots of action/no abuse. Your photo/phone and fantasy gets mine. Box 5032

JO PARTNER WANTED

WM, 30, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeking WM partner 25-40 for safe-sex fun. JO, fantasy trips, bare-ass spankings. I like getting down for the right man. Write with photo if possible. PO Box 1147, Fullerton, CA 92632.

BUTTBBOY WANTED

by topman, 32, 135 lbs., 5'8" into bondage, medium SM, enemas, dildos (yours), hot wax, paddling, etc. in a safe playroom setting. Dig hot, safe buttplay with sterile equipment. Mad doctor scenes possible. Not into FFA, fucking, sucking, piss, rimming or other unsafe activities. You must have a sick mind, hot buns, be under 35, trim, muscular, healthy. Tan-line a plus. Reply with photo to PO Box 5893, Santa Monica, CA 90405.

MASTER WANTED

Are there any real Masters in Orange County, Sir? R.L., 450 E. First St., Suite B 113, Tustin, CA 92680.

HOT RAUNCH

Boyish WM, 23, 5'11", 161 lbs., blond, blue, good-looking, seeks top men into all scenes—SM, BD, WS, VA, pits, rimming, feet, etc. I want the real thing! No fats, fems or blacks. Photo/phone please. Will answer all. Box 89246, San Diego, CA 92138-9246.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 185 lbs., 45, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildos, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967. Safe sex.

BIG FAT BLOND

Smart and sexy, seeks men under 40. Write 256 S. Robertson #4498, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

SADISTS AND COPS

Uniformed, cigar-smoking Nazi sadists and cops sought by white male. (213) 650-3093.

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical, demanding, arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig boots—polished or rough, feet—clean or dirty, mental and physical workouts, SM, VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52, 6', 180 lbs., Travel USA. Box 4411LF

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for training and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you, by phone, of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine, trim, any race and eager, even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39, 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be, and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I'm seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then you good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH

WM, 31, 6'1", 170, blond/blue with moustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not one-nighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write: Occupant, 33-2nd Place, Apt. 5, Long Beach, CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls! 4577LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You're equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

BODY SHAVING

Bondage, cock and ball torture. You want it and you need it. Only a select few accepted. Send full frontal nude photo to: Sir, Suite 540, 3610 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, CA 90020

THE JOY OF BONDAGE

Hot to be helpless? At your happiest when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard, defined body? If so, this lean, handsome, muscular top can promise you a little piece of heaven. I'm 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown/blue, sane, sense of humor. Safe sex (J/O only), your place, weekdays before 5 P.M. Photo or complete description to Doug, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109—Box 318, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

TOPMAN/TRAINER FOR BODYBUILDER

If you are a hot TOPMAN interested in a permanent challenge, bondage, blond bodybuilder, stable, financially successful, needs directed training, mentor, and Dad to develop, shape, and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and leather experience, have much potential—and the time is NOW! #245, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., B.H., CA 90211

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Wild, hairy fuck-tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture/work ass. Deprived fucker turns onto leather, S/M, all scenes especially ass-work. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the hands of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white, healthy, 155, hot bod, black hair on chest/belly/ass. Best ass in So. Calif., 40, 7 1/2" cut, looking for regular torture, action workouts with uninhibited men who turn onto using/working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position. Age, looks, not important: experience/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough...fucker. Box 4827LF

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISION

Are you interested in my mutilated penis? Do you have one? Write: Gene, PO Box 1002, Los Angeles, CA 90078. Call (213) 416-9053.

DC—METRO

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

ASS MASTER DAD WANTED

WM bottom seeks heavy asswork by experienced Dad in dildoes, heavy Greek, spanking and patient in FF. Light SM and uniform scenes, no heavy pain and no JO calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017

ENEMA

I need it bad. Into experiments with the tube and ready to be filled. PO Box 1839, Washington, DC 20013.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," "9½ Weeks," *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6', 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and black leather. You: submissive, under 35, into C&BT, TT, restraints & boot licking. Must have receptive mouth and ass. Send application & photo for reply. Box 4883LF

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Anapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF.

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

FLORIDA

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin' leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF

SHAVING INTEREST

Passive WM seeks social contact. Interests include shaving, C&B work. I'm uncut, early 30s. Age, looks unimportant. Gordon, PO Box 5624, Miami, FL 33101.

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

FLORIDA

Ft. Lauderdale, beginning Feb. 1, 1986, seeks SM, leather/Levi partner into healthy sex for give-and-take action. I've been to Hellfire and know what it's about. Enjoy weight lifting and a workout buddy is a plus. Contact me at Cleveland address: PO Box 18163, Cleveland, OH 44118. Mail will be forwarded. Your photo gets mine. Will travel.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir, make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33114-0283 (LF4940)

ORLANDO HOUSEBOY WANTED

Experienced bearded Master, 35, seeks slave/houseboy, 21-30 for safe and enjoyable training into piercing, TT, shaving, C&BT. Must be submissive and obedient. Submit photo, qualifications. Box 4055

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age), smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION
Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24751, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

FT. LAUDERDALE

Blond, 50, 5'8", 170, recently moved to Ft. Lauderdale interested in meeting others into leather, light S&M, etc. Write Box 5014

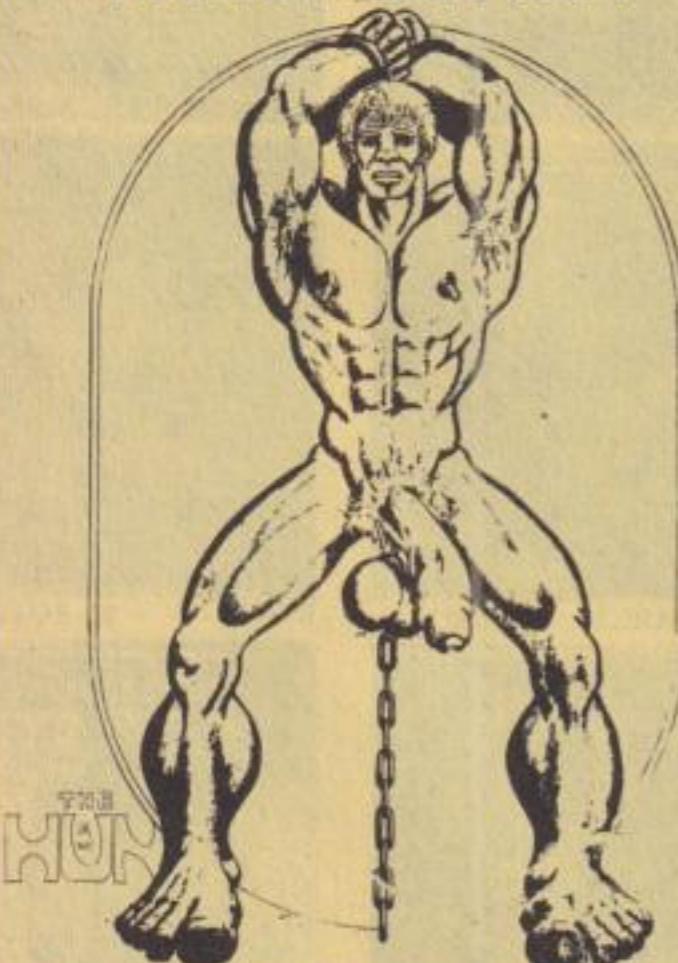
KEY WEST SAFE SEX

L/L, raunch, rough lovin'. Dads welcome. Ben, (305) 296-6403.

FANTASIES

Jockstraps, foot scenes, uniforms and Daddies. (305) 940-6262.

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Christopher Rage's RAUNCH is our water sports masterpiece. Drummer Magazine said: "it's one of the 10 Best of the Year." Stallion Magazine says: "A real pig-out!" Rage captures animal lust like no one ever has!" This tape is available only through this offer. Beware of rip-off versions!

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CHRISTOPHER RAGE'S

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Our most popular tape ever! And with good reason. You've never seen anything this depraved. Water sports, toys, down and dirty real man action. Rage says this is his best ever! We say it's his hottest! Complete and uncensored.

ARCH BROWN'S

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ROUGH IDEA

is his first tape in years and it's a steaming masterpiece from an amazing director. You'll see a very humpy cast in a gorgeous tape with tons of action. Water sports, fisting, toys and plenty of all-male love and lust! Uncensored!

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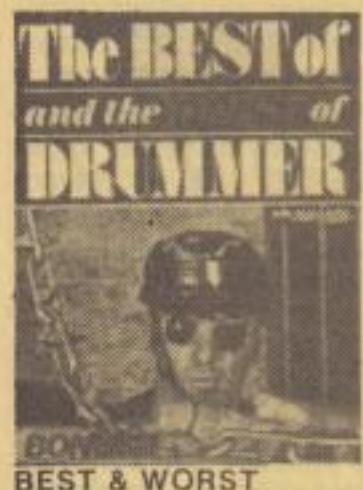
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ISSUE 27



ISSUE 28



ISSUE 29



ISSUE 30



ISSUE 31



ISSUE 32



ISSUE 33



ISSUE 34



ISSUE 35



ISSUE 36



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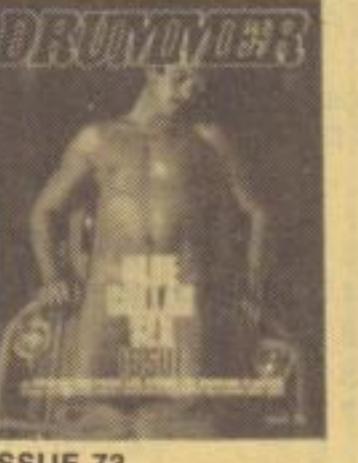
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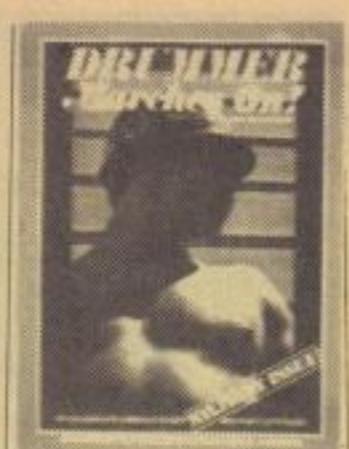
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ISSUE 77



DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN



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CLASS OF '82



MR. DRUMMER '83



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MACH 2



MACH 3



MACH 4



MACH 5



MACH 6



MACH 7



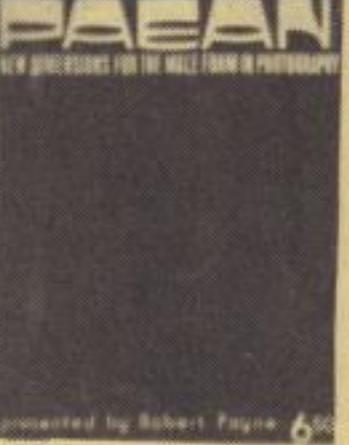
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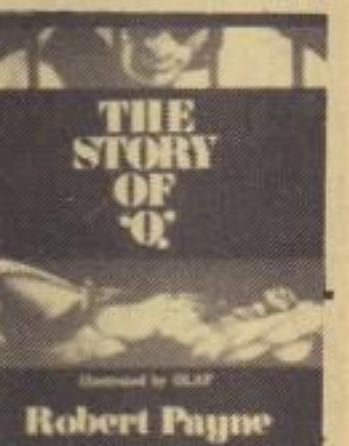
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GEORGIA

HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA

Hot, masculine, muscular, 44 yr. old, white, motorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man into leather, uniforms, boots, Speedo swim briefs and big bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs. and willing to become my workout partner, motorcycle buddy, companion, friend and lover. Into light to moderate, health-conscious S&M. Prefer the top role but enjoy switching with man I respect. No fems, freaks, alies, druggies or weirdos. Send photo please. Box 4728LF

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. Will train, no experience OK. Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

SIR!

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training, please Sir. Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave, Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots, Sir! Sir This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write, Sir, or call (404)881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders, Sir! Box 4483LF

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", cleanshaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

SLAVE-MODEL, NO. GEORGIA

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand, model, lover. This position is not for the half-hearted or insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

Tall, 41, WM slave into 501 button fly levis, whips, black leather boots, boot-licking, SM, CBT, Fr, Gr, etc. Not into FF, scat, rear Fr, uncuts, drugs, WS, piercing, damage, unsafe. Send phone to Box 4968.

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857

WASP INTELLECTUAL

44, both SM (40%/60%), 6'2", 180, whipping, boot licking, heavy TT, much more, fantasies, scenes, no heavy drugs, some travel, pix. Boxholder, PO Box 27528, Atlanta, GA 30327.

ILLINOIS

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, Factive, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master: 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM, exhibitionism, etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to: PO Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

SLAVE SEEKS SAFE SM

6 ft., 200 lbs., slave seeks Masters into bondage, whipping, tit torture, dildoes, verbal abuse. Hot for black leather. Age 30 and up. Box 4910

BLACK BOTTOM

5'7", 170 lbs., bearded, 44-years-old, handsome, nice body, extremely masculine in appearance, F/A, G/P, seeks masculine-appearing white top. Into poppers, tit play, mirrors, cuddling, safe sex. No fats, fems, alcoholics, drug addicts. Write with photo to: Boxholder, PO Box 408748, Chicago, IL 60640.

INDIANA

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10 1/2" tall, with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

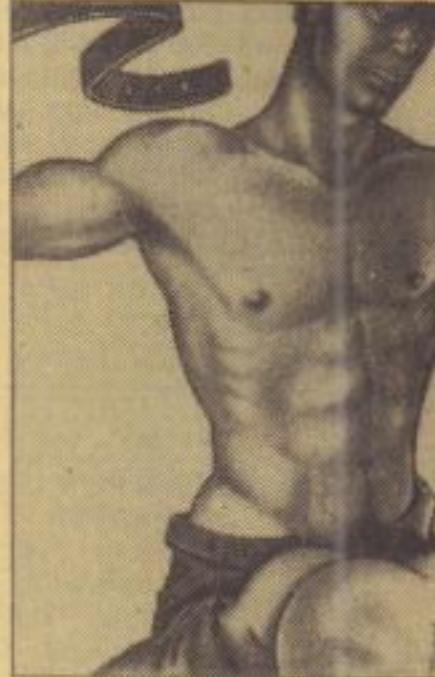
FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

FT. WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

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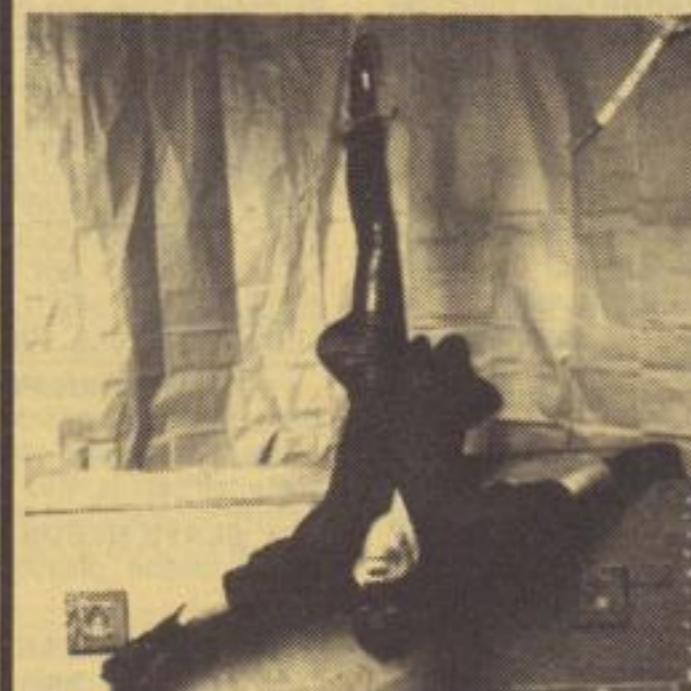
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BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., cut, brn/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger top/Master to service. Teach me—train me to serve you. Hot mouth, hungry ass eager to please! Box 4911

IOWA**DES MOINES**

Married hot top, 38, looking for married bottoms for regular meetings. Safe, don't travel, discrete, respect limits. Box 5041

KANSAS**CUM TO YOUR MASTER**

Dominant Master/Daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave to surrender his body up for his Master's pleasure. You will give yourself totally to this Master and receive proper care and training in return. Prefer 18-30, short, good build, but will consider other hot, sexy stallions ready to call me Master. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

LOUISIANA**MOTORCYCLE COP**

New Orleans, WM, 30, 6', 165, LF4458, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone J0 ok. Call (504)282-0729, PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

MAINE**TIE ME UP AND ?**

Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106. All answered. (LF4459)

MARYLAND**EXHIBITIONIST**

will serve you and/or your next party. Bobby, Box 4861.

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fist, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!**BEARDED MASTER**

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE
WM, 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

GWM

35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure-trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs, and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

LEATHER-BONDAGE-UNIFORMS

Good-looking guy, 6'2", 185, seeks to service dominant 25-55 y.o. into leather, black boots, uniform, on regular basis. Safe sex with heavy bondage. Box 4913

SPANK MY BUTT

till it's cherry-red. Take me over your knees, start on the seat of my jeans, then pull them down and finish the job on my bare ass. Use hand, paddle or strap, as you see fit, to discipline my round, muscular buns. Show me who's boss. Seek masculine, good-looking Master. I am 33, 5'7", health conscious, 145 lbs., Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish. Photo and letter. Nick, Box 5-130, One High Street, Medford, MA 02155.

HOT EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

30s, well-built, trains young, muscular bottoms in bondage SM. Letter/photo. Box 534, Boston, MA 02120.

BIG NIPPLE DAD

Looking for son who can handle my hot tits and able to endure intense workouts. I'm bearded, hairy body, uncut, 40, 170 lbs., 5'9". Your hot reply gets us together. Box 4950

WET HOT BUDDIES

32, 6'1", 185 lbs., needs buddy for mutually satisfying C&BT, TT, and recycled beer swap. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood or damage; just wet, hot raunch. Boston and South Shore. PO Box 8305, Boston, MA 02114.

MICHIGAN**JACKSON AREA TOP**

36, 6'0", 170 lbs., well-built, long, thick uncut 10½", topman into man-to-man leather SM sex. GR, FR, FF, CB, BD, TT, WS, toys—you name it! You: Masculine, 20-45 with hot eager hole, submissive and willing. Write with photo, specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box 4539LF

MASTER OF DISCIPLINE

Handsome, athletic Ann Arbor slave trainer is accepting applications from discreet slaves/masochists wishing to fulfill their torture fantasies in well-equipped mirrored dungeon (stretch rack, whipping post, cross, etc.). Am white, 35, hot, hunky, hung, great body, imaginative, experienced, sane. Safe sex only; limits respected. Reply with photo, phone and desires; I will contact you and set up an appointment. Box 4977

HOT LATIN BOTTOM

Relocating to Grand Rapids in Spring. Seeking friends, job leads, etc. Am 28, 5'7", 125 lbs., moustache. Rob, PO Box 961, San Carlos, CA 94070.

EXECUTIVE SPANKINGS

Bearded WM, 34, enjoys giving over-the knee spankings to hot, bare-assed, white businessmen, 25-45. Come to me in your 3-piece suits—I'll turn you over my knee, take down your pants, spank you on your executive boxer shorts or corporate jockies, then spank your bare ass till you beg me to stop. Send descriptive letter. Marrieds welcome. Discretion and a red-hot ass assured. Southfield area. Box 5036

MINNESOTA**FETID FORESKIN**

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome. (4571LF) Grant, PO Box 6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Photo, phone please. Write to Box #109DS.

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master: 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

MINNEAPOLIS

Slim male would like to meet hard drivin', hard fuckin' truckers. Please no phonies, queens, or bullshit. Box 4804

SLAVE/FUCK BOY

Wanted by experienced top for hot sessions including dildo work. To age 32, any race. Send letter and phone number to Sir, PO Box 3872, Loring Station, Minneapolis, MN 55404

BIKERS, REDNECKS

Slim dude would like to meet aggressive, bearded, buddies to fill my mouth and ass with your cock. Any good fuckers? No bar queens. Box 5031

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

TOILET MUSCLE SERVICE

Complete toilet, muscle worship. (612) 332-4486.

MISSISSIPPI**LOW HANGING BALLS?**

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

BLACK MEN

Young black men, 18-29. For hot cum J0 call (601) 842-3637, Dennis.

MISSOURI**SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER**

heavily into bondage, enemas, rubber, shaving, etc. Slave is white, 26 yrs., 170 lbs., medium build, novice—needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon, Sir. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

MANSERVICE

WM, 45, slim, tattooed, into WS, FF, slapping, verbal abuse, rimming, body worship, wants to service a slim to well-built, healthy stud who is foul-mouthed and funky. Box 4926

PASSION AND PAIN

Happy Birthday, Erie John. Here's to many more years of ecstasy, passion and pain. Yours in love, bondage and safe sex, Leo.

TWO EXTRA-WELL-HUNG TOPS
with well-equipped dungeon room. Good looks/bodies. Want young stud bottoms. Any scene (gentle to rough) no scat. One will bottom out for right stud(s). Hot for military especially USMC/USN. Detailed letter with photo answered with same. Weekend guests and travelers welcome. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP
WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Box 5017LF

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

SADIST SEEKS OLDER MASOCHIST SLAVE

38-year-old Master seeks older slave 40-50-60. Send letter of submission, photo and phone no. to PO Box 54, Delair, NJ 08110

NOVICE WM BI

I am 38, 5'8", 175 lbs. Want to be introduced to Fr/Gr/Br activities. Also into light-to-moderate B/D and S/M. Looking for mature, dominant WM. You must be 45-60 with a lot of body hair, beer belly and large tits. Discretion is a must. Blue collar or married is a+. Send letter with phone, photo to: PO Box 7142, New York, NY 10001

I WANT A SUBMISSIVE DADDY

Hairy, hunky and mean son wants mature, hung daddy to use and abuse. Let me strip you, spank you and manhandle your hefty equipment. Occasionally like Daddy to take charge. Write with your fantasy, I will make them happen. Do it! Box 4994

NEW YORK

SCAT

WM, 6', 175 lbs., into top, bottom and especially mutual scat scenes and other raunch. One on one or group scat parties. (718) 271-6142. Box 5004

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027 (LF4255).

DAD'S HOT VACUUM SUCKPIG

Health-aware, crisis-frustrated, lean, masculine, handsome, professional, young 40s, 8½" shaved, 1½" nipples, penis/semen worshipper seeks masculine, 8"+ Dad/doc, sane, settled, really into getting total, constant, perfect head while massively pump-enlarging my genitals/tits. Please hook me up, deform me, throat-fuck me, Sir. Maybe long-term? Only photo/phone gets same. Drummer Box 5027

SEEKING MASTER/DADDY

Heavy, clean-cut, GWM, 23, 6'3". Seeks good-looking mentor to slim me down. Be explicit in what you like. Include phone. PO Box 1939 Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025.

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. **MYSELF:** GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. **NOT INTO:** Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pecs, dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Stn, New York, NY 11372. (LF4020)

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 lbs., blond/green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertise in Drummer if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting. WM, 6', 185 lbs., 29, extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion, LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all—looser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply; only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try...if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City; visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to: M.S., P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, tit-work, Greek? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cut seeks licenced surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang" belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, protological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe circumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)285-5181, 9 PM—7 AM, Mon—Fri, and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor—your slut needs this.

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027. (LF4255)

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/ humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092)

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, leather, Harleys, oil, sweat, exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W/ 29, 5'10", 170 lbs. of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged good-looks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pump-up, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF

BODYBUILDER TOP

Hot Italian BB top, 197 lbs., 5'8", 50" chest, 18" arms, dark moustache, 38, wants to exchange photos and meet hot guys into visual, verbal safe scenes—hairy and moustache a plus. Box 4902

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

SAFE RAUNCH

Seeking close ongoing relationship with guy who is also very health conscious and who wants to combine affection and intimacy with raunchy but safe sex. Let's get off on each other's sweaty bodies, the smells from our filthy asses, heavily shit and piss-stained Jockey shorts, etc. I'm a young 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., moustache, moderately hairy. Let's see what we can work out to satisfy raunch desires while remaining healthy. Box 4886

RAZOR STRAP

Tall WM, thirties, interested in giving/receiving woodshed discipline. Have belt, paddle and strap for firm, no-nonsense use. Photo. Box 4931

UNDISCIPLINED

32, 6'2", 225, Irish, handsome, former high school jock, looking for tops with imagination and control for scenes involving bondage, balls, blindfolds, toys... Tell me your scene, we'll make it happen. Photo gets same. J.M. c/o 400 W. 43rd, #14P, New York, NY 10036.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

HOT BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Hot bottom muscle man wants to meet his Master. You should be erotic top into bondage scenes, training, leather, C&BT, tit work, shaving. Expand my limits, Sir. I'm looking for someone to serve for good. You will be my Master. Fill my ass and my mouth. I'm 30, brown hair, eyes, moustache, good-looking, muscles, hairy and hot. Looking to serve one Master for the rest of my life. Box 4992

BODYBUILDER BOTTOM

46" chest, 31" waist, 18" arms, 32 years old. Experienced bottom wants to serve in slavery. Box 4993

YOU DO IT!! WE TAPE IT!

TV STUDIO 608 will give you FREE of charge a VHS or Beta video of you (and your(s)) taped at our STUDIO: studio fee \$50 per hour. Bring your own records, Dolby tapes, instruments, etc. Use our sound system, piano, etc. Call (212) 982-8688 and we'll help get your act together.

GASTROENTEROLOGIST/ UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy. I seek only the legitimate experience. Also seek cystoscopy. Will travel. Serious ad for serious responses only! I am GWM, 34, 5'10", 160. Call (212) 874-1325

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

SLAVE

WM, 5'9", 135 lbs., brwn/grn, smooth, clean-shaven, 7" uncut, 24 years old wants to be trained as a slave by older master who is masculine and experienced. (718) 479-9118 after 5 PM EST.

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM, 42 (looks younger), masculine, intelligent, obedient, true-spirited, goodlooking, slim, clean-shaven, rusted hair, blue-gray eyes, yields trim (145), 5'10" all to masculine, trim, intelligent, goodlooking, healthy, sincere, well-hung, experienced, sane white commander to around 45. Quest: intense mind-body fusion through control, abuse and deep-plowing. No scat, FF, heavy pain. Ready for long-term commitment to serious, focused, caring master. Exchange photos/phones/letters. Box 4725LF

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

HOT, BUTCH N.Y.C. BOTTOM

WM, 43 (looks mid-thirties), 6', 190 lbs., thick brown hair and moustache, thick and cut 8" cock, nice nuts. Construction worker look. Hooked on hot sex and hot, big dicked tops who know how to manhandle and take control from this butch and masculine and handsome 190 lbs. strong hunk. I want to explore hot, wild and creative SAFE SEX including: wrestling, bondage, toys, verbal abuse, fantasies, sucking, getting fucked, etc., etc., etc... In addition to the above, I enjoy loving, being loved, downhill skiing, theatre, scrabble, sailing, beaching, the arts, family and friends. I am warm, loving, bright, honest, fun, and always horny for hot mansex. Send letter, phone number and hot photo to Box 4776.

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for, however, is an intelligent, affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated, but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or life-threatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibilities. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/ DADDY

WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master seeks slaves for training, possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

RUBBER/LEATHER—MUD WRESTLING

WM, 45, 160, wants to meet buddies into mud/oil wrestling and WS in full rubber or leather gear. Any farmers out there with a mud hole? Can travel East Coast and help with animals. Photo/letter to PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202

SUBMISSIVE WRESTLER/KID BRO
Wanted by big bro, 32, 6'3", WM, 195, top. UR ?-30, jock, BB, Levi, punk, who needs to be fucked over by his big brother. Box 4920

BIG BOTTOM SMALL EQUIPMENT

Sought in genuine bottomman by Top. You enjoy the shame of your super-small or missing genitals. Life partnership possible. Box 4981

PUSSY TRAINEE

White male, married, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., seeks to safely serve real man or men as humiliated bitch. Enjoys VA, light B&D, TT, WS. Gr/p. Hot men to 40. Write Box 172, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

SADIST DAD SEEKS SADIST SON

6'1", 210 lb., bear-dad with a mean streak, into ropes, cuffs, bondage, verbal humiliation, tit restraint, leather, Levis, black ripped T-shirts, mirrored sunglasses, fantasy mind expanding trips. I'm in late 40s, bearded, good-looking—solid but no BB. Looking for strictly safe/sane/health-conscious, absolutely NO BODY FLUID EXCHANGE, 'man' who 'needs' domination and safe non-harming torture-bondage-control with absolute trust and no drugs, no fucking, no scat, no FF, no dildoes, JUST submission/control, mutual JO sex. I am seeking monogamous guy who has been abstaining from everything since the AIDS crisis began as I have. Son or peer must be in top shape—slim or BB or swimmer type (25-38). Highly intelligent and motivated and either employed or solid financially. No hustlers or trash or guys who rule their lives by cock size or who will chance their health for the sake of an orgasm. Prefer to establish a one-on-one permanent relationship—and when the fantasies take a break, honest, trusting friendship and sharing take over! I look hot with cop's gear and am 90% top/dom but want 'son' to fight back and get off on punishing his Dad for past and future abuse. Son will have to accept losing and giving in to all Dad's demands. Son will retain self-worth but devote himself to satisfying his Dad's needs above all. Prefer highly-educated, super-intelligent, masculine guy. Lots of hugging and caring. Tenderness will be your reward. Send full details of what you want and need and photo for immediate reply. Box 4718LF

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

HOT, HUNG DADDY

Has real fun toys. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs., hot 8 inches. Seeks sons for hot bondage games. Box 4918

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male, 50 years, 5'7", moustache, 7" uncut, 135 lbs. Suck my cock, balls, armpits, feet. Eat out my asshole and drink my piss. You have pad, I have polaroid for hot photos! Enemas, dildoes, smoke, aroma, FF great. The real, raunchy thing. Box 4996

THE WORLD'S BEST FACESITTER

Handsome, hairy, young Latino wants a bearded or moustached, good-looking father ass-eating slave. Box 1917, New York, NY 10009

PISSY DICK

Needs hot mouth or other hole to fill up. Real cock slaves only. These balls and hose need frequent cleaning. They're attached to 6'2", 190 lb., healthy, bearded body. Send photo, phone and expectations. Your place. My pleasure. Box 5020

SLAVE NEEDS MEAN FUCKER

WM, 33, 6'2", 160, handsome, needs domination by demanding S&M ass-master. Crave asswork, titwork, face-fucking, C&B torture, humiliation. Italian, hairy a plus. Health conscious. Box 4984.

**TOTALLY BALD BOTTOM
WANTED**

by haired Top. Bottom ready to be shaved or otherwise depilated eagerly welcomed. Permanent relationship possible. Box 4981

POLICE BOOTLICKER

WM, 32, 5'9", 195, muscular-built, rugged-looking stud wishes to meet cops, especially mounted, motorcycle NYC highway patrol and troopers. Dig servicing boots and sucking cop dick in a hot rubber. Dig 3-way, JO and safe sex practices. If you are a uniformed officer or man who understands cop attitude and wants service from another man write to T.S., Box E-9, 496 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR**SCAT BUDDY**

Nobody would guess this nice guy, 33, really loves to get dirty. Need similar type buddy under 45 to do it with on exclusive basis for health reasons. Other interests: fucking A/P, dildoes, crotch shaving, smoking pot and just plain old affection. P.O. Box 987, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

NORTH CAROLINA**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy: (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!**SLAVE FOR MASTER**

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir.

SLAVE WANTED

Master seeks permanent slave to do household duties. Slave must be 18-45 years old. Into all scenes but scat and injury. Must be able to relocate. Send information with phone number and a naked recent photo. Will answer all. Mr. Tom, 3849 Joel St., Fayetteville, NC 28304.

OHIO**DISCIPLINE**

Effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Inspections, physical workouts, PWS liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall, big WM, 50, new to Wayne County, looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

FISTING BUDDY

GWM, hairy, 33, needs experienced hands. Playroom a plus. FFA & TAIL members welcome. Action at P.O. Box 14292, Cleveland, OH 44114.

TEACH ME TO FIST FIGHT

Box 21822, Cleveland, OH 44121

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida; and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

MASTER

Bodybuilder, 46" chest, 31" waist, 18" arms, 32 years old, willing to train young pussy for slavery. Being worshipped in my leather, inflicting prolonged and sophisticated pain, and satisfying my 9" cock in a tight hole are what I'm after. Travel frequently. Box 4993

HUNGRY HOT BUTT HOLE

Butch leather stud looking for you to discover and conquer his hot fuck hole. Only real men need apply. Do you fit that? My fuck hole is so hot that most real men are wiped out after round one. So if you think you can handle me, write, Sir, to Occupant, P.O. Box 93204, Cleveland, OH 44101. Me: 35, 5'11", 170 lbs., br/gr, moustache, round ass. Your picture would be nice, Sir, but not necessary. SIR, are you up to the challenge of a real man's fuck hole?

SUBMISSIVE MASOCHIST

5'8" blond, slim, 28, submissive masochist seeking sadists in Ohio. Turned on by chains, rape, torture, possible gang rape if the gang is healthy. Box 5035

WHITE SLAVE

30s, seeks hung, muscular black Master for B&D, TT, WS and training. Uncut, hairy and no heavy SM. Box 4989

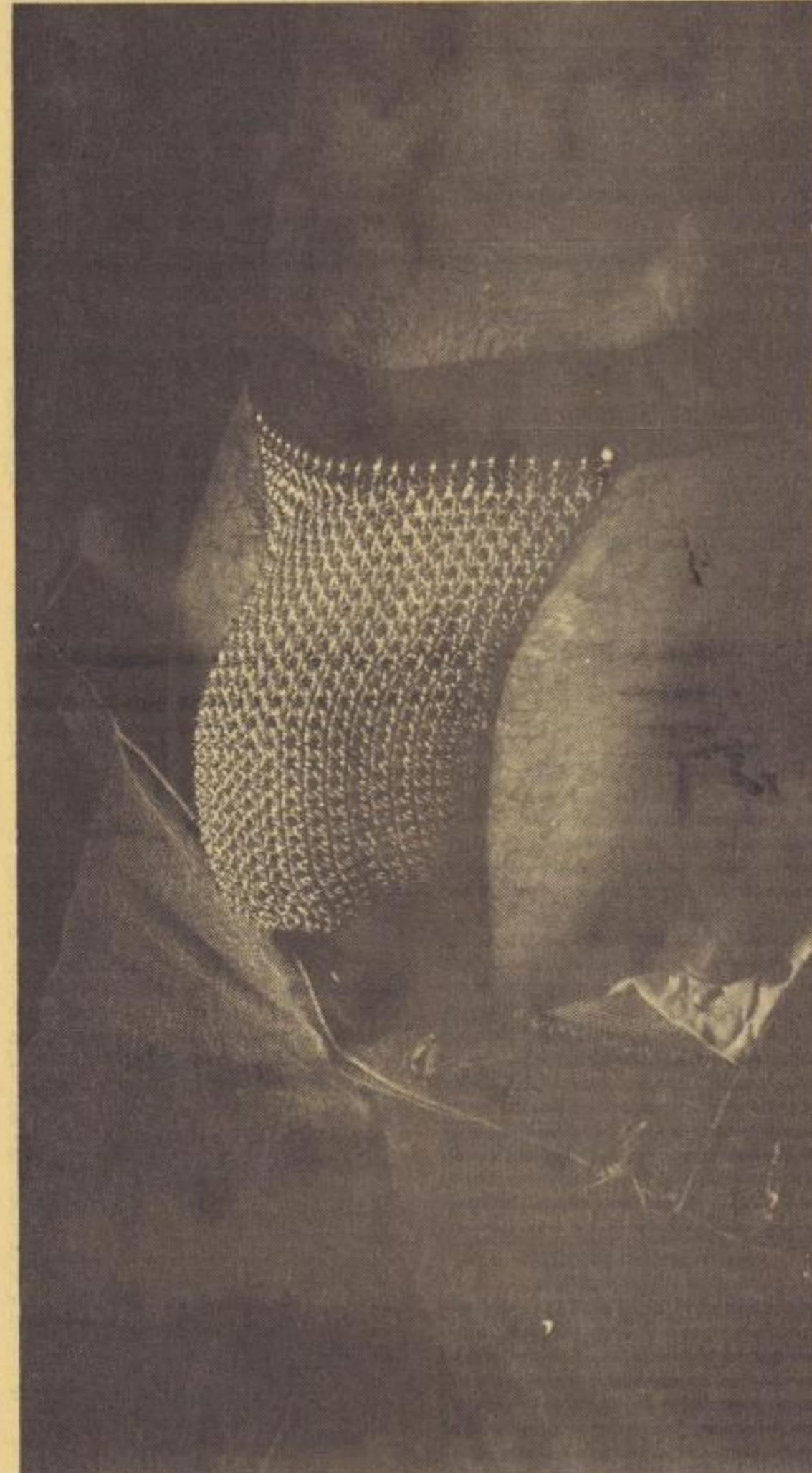
EAGER SLAVE

Handsome, 33, 6'1", 185 lbs., with hot ass. Into CBT, TT, SM, BD, WS, FF and more. Needs stern discipline from leather Master. Your photo gets mine. Reply to Box 129, Ironton, OH 45638.

OKLAHOMA**MASTER SEEKS 2ND****SLAVE-HOUSEBOY**

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-

CHAINMALE JOCK



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal.

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence, R.I. 02903

JOCK, Waist Size \$85

Color Brochure \$2

Name _____

Address _____

City/ State/ Zip _____

30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected, but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To: SIR, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534)

OREGON

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland, Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

PENNSYLVANIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected. Into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40, 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF.

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM, 5'9", 185 lbs, looking for Master-/Topman who is into prolonged bondage, with masks, hood, straight-jackets, etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W. VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (4484LF)

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domain. (LF4674)

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr. old Harley riding Leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important. TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however, all considered. Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. Men only need apply. Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF.

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

SEARCHING FOR SERVICE

Philadelphia area. Handsome, red-headed, moustached WM, 29, needs booted/gloved/leathered uniformed top interested in training a boot-lickin', cock-suckin' son. Looking for meeting with cops, bikers, leathermen, USMC DIs, construction workers and Drummer Daddies with proper attitude. A dominant streak and knowledge of TT, CBT, heavy VA, etc. are plusses. This boy needs cigar smokin' cops and leathermen to show me my proper place, and keep me there, on their terms. Will correspond. Photo and phone accepted. PO Box 931, Brookhaven, PA 19015.

SOUTH CAROLINA

COLUMBIA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 145 lbs., slim, hairy, 8" uncut seeks healthy masculine partner for mutual SM exploration & satisfaction. B&D, CBT, tit/assplay, dildos, piercing, shaving. Very versatile. Answer all. Can travel. Box 4744

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

SLAVE/BOTTOM

White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

BEAR HUNTER

WM, 43, 5'9", seeking bear truckers and travelers passing through. Box 40404, Memphis, TN 38104.

FORMER MASTER

Burly (6', 215 lbs.), bearded WM, 45, needs weekend use/abuse from mean, aggressive roughride into domination and degradation of beer-bellied Yankee S.O.B. Serious only. Any age, race, size. Box 4939

MAN-SEX

Mostly bottom yearns for mostly top masculine partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. ME: 32, 5'9", 170 lbs., white, hairy, AIDS-aware, rough and ready. YOU: trim, preferably tall, any race, imaginative, intelligent. Box 5010

TEXAS

LEATHER/UNIFORMS/BOOTS

WM, 31, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks others who turn on to uniforms, leather, and high black boots. Also into SM, B&D, TT, WS & condoms. Photo/phone gets first response. Houston area preferred—some travel possible. Box 4528LF

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE!

6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tattooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Dallas area.

COPS

White, 32, 6'2", hunky, desires dominant cops (legit). Turn-ons: touch, sound and smell of hot leather, beer bellies, hot hairy men. Safe, sane and healthy. Box 4995

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ashtray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term. B/D, leather, Levi. No fats, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs. only). PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

PRISON RAPE

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—everwatch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE
42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex Box 4949LF

BLACK LEATHER/VERSATILE!
desired by GWM, 25 yrs., educated, drug-free. Middle Eastern or Spanish and over 6' preferred. Also must be career and relationship oriented, educated, financially successful. Relocation possible, so not limited to Texas. Send letter and photo to: Boxholder, PO Box 66973, Suite 120, Houston, TX 77006.

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dallas 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pleasures of leathersex. So far, I've only tried tit torture, spanking and bondage. I am uncut, 6', 210 lbs., hairy body. Anxiously awaiting your reply, Sir! Box 4987LF

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

WASHINGTON

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs., 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation; seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir. Box 4529LF

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WHIDBEY ISLAND—NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slender build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

MASOCHIST

28, well-built man needs total SM experience. SWH, Box 1274, Longview, WA 98632.

MAN TO MAN, FIST—FIST

Mutual butthole exploration and stuffing sought by energetic Seattle man. Safe and sane (surgical gloves available), and very greasy! Mid-30s, hunky build, Italian good looks, and furry. "Open up" and write: include a recent photo and phone no. Box 4538LF

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern, 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write!) Box 5023

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty

underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

CANADA

READY TO COMMIT

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs. 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

GERMAN PIG-SLAVE

Submissive slave, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs., blond, blue eyes, moustache, hairy, interested in meeting mature American Masters into leather, Levi's, boots, having some hot German slave-meat. Slave is into rimming dirty and clean asses, WS, shaving, spanking, FF, dildoes, meetings in USA or Germany. Slave has 8" uncut. See picture under Tough Customers. Letters with pictures to Klaus Moosbreiter, P-Lagernd 212, Teroval-strasse 25, 8000 Munchen 70, West Germany.

SCOTLAND

SCOTTISH EQUIPMENT

SCOTTISH GAMES

What do Scotsmen have under their kilts? EVERYTHING! American Scot seeks to exchange letters and particularly hot photos with other beefy or raunchy Scotsmen. So lads, put on your kilts and start writing and don't forget to include photos of whatever Scottish equipment you have. Scottish regiments welcome. Write B.J., Box 4973.

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I will tease you, taunt you, torment you, torture you, take you to a place you've never been able to reach. BD, SM, WS, FF, scatology, body worship, verbal abuse and much more by GQ BB, 6', 200 lbs., fully equipped. Photos and video available. Ask Brett (415) 863-6116.

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MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT, HUNG, UNCUT STUD

wanted by ADAM & COMPANY to star in video features. Fun and money for good men. Maturity a plus!! Big, hard dick a plus!! Send photo and phone no. to: ADAM & COMPANY, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/209, W. Hollywood, CA 90046 or call: (213) 659-1145.

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20 studs available. We hire and travel. (813) 823-5629.

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bi's, and young men threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions everywhere, benefit from the Penpal Program of Joint Venture, which also protects its members in society from rip-offs by unscrupulous prisoners. For information, and a sample page of J-V's monthly listings, send a SASE to Joint Venture, PO Box 26-8484, Chicago, IL 60625.

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LATE SUBMISSIONS

MASTER SOUGHT

Bearded WM, 32, seeks macho, hairy Master 30-45. Into BD, leather, tits, armpits. Nationwide correspondence welcomed. Photo, phone to Boxholder, Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422.

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

8" OR BIGGER?

Safe, expert head/ass by exceptional guy, 42. Regular, no-committment service, including great massage. You will be treated like a king. Send nude photo, letter to Butch Bottom, Box 5046.

GOOD-LOOKING TOP

30, 6', 175 lbs, seeks trim bottoms for long sessions. Dark, hairy body and big cock. Need enthusiastic, uninhibited attention. Write graphic letter with telephone no., photo(s) and facts to PO Box 11652, Atlanta, GA 30355.

WANTS MUSCLE-DADDY

Unguided boy/slave wants very dominant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance, spankings and TLC. Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate, who will push hard for maximum results. The boy is 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown (balding), blue, has a bushy beard, handlebar moustache and tattoos. Strongly desires to relocate and become Daddy's total slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable), phone no., desires and expectations. Sir, to PO Box 5894, Kansas City, MO 64111. Serious offer: serious replies.

VERY ATTRACTIVE/ATHLETIC

Professional WM, 29, straight-appearing, masculine good looks, with good, solid build, nice chest, 5'10" 150 lbs. Enjoy most sports, i.e. Nautilus, BB, running, skiing, etc. Not into bar scene, drugs, fems. Seek as above very good-looking, good build, masculine, intelligent, 22-32. No disappointments. Presently live in NW suburb Chicago. If above, I dare you to respond. Must have photo/letter, discreet to: D.H., Suite 491, 2421 W. Pratt Blvd., Chicago, IL 60645.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbing foam ball, as newer and weightier tit clamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Eternity passes as buttocks reddened from paddles swatting them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one toy after another! Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 40-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and says, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a turn-on if you never serve another Master. Depending on distance traveled, dungeon rentals, etc., I may waive fees. Most scenes, but medically-aware trips only, however heavy you ask for. Masters: describe your playrooms. May use your facilities in clients' cities. Send age, height, weight and past disappointments—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4" dominant, at Box 5034LF.

HAIRY SICILIAN HUNK

6'2", 205, built man needs eager virgin hunk hole to stud regularly. Prefer dark hair, big thighs, tight, bushy pussy in need of serious anal attentions. Application with pictures to Box 5044.

MIXED BLOOD AND GORE

Machismo sure took a holiday at Christmas. With Robert Redford playing a sensitive, poetic type in *Out of Africa*, the toughest guy on screen was Michael Douglas in *A Chorus Line* and *The Jewel of the Nile*, and he's six miles east of Wimp City.

The moratorium took over, fists and bullets started flying in entertaining fashion before we had time to break all our new year's resolutions. Tommy Lee Jones drove hard in *Black Moon Rising* and took a beating that would have killed the average man twice. Louis Gossett, Jr., fresh from giving birth in *Enemy Mine*, made a man of Jason Gedrick (now if someone could make an actor of him) in *Iron Eagle*.

In the latter film Tim Thomerson was praised by his evil Middle Eastern captor: "I must say, Colonel, I admire the way you handle pain."

DELTA FIERCE

Another mideast rescue, **The Delta Force**, is the latest "Don't fuck with Chuck" adventure from Mr. Norris. Since he's taking on the entire United Arab Republic this time, he needs a few guys to help him. Okay, he doesn't need them, but it's his highest budget movie yet so they blew some of the money on actors.

Among the 144 hijacked passengers Chuck and company have to liberate from Lebanon are Shelley Winters and Lainie Kazan, either of whom is big enough to play the plane. They do a lot of screaming at the beginning because they know they've been written out of the second half of the picture. Likewise, terrorists Robert Forster and David Menahem do everything but froth at the mouth for half an hour, then relax and wait to be blown away.

The rescue comes off without suspense, surprise or credibility. Chuck, Lee Marvin and

the rest of their airport Rambos—including a cute blond (William Wallace) Chuck calls "Butch"—attack at sunup (*Delta Dawn?*) and say macho things like "Sleep tight, sucker" and "It's showtime—let's rock and roll" as they wipe out every Lebanese east of Danny Thomas.

It's so badly done it would have been easy to exaggerate a tad more and call it *The Delta Farce*.

NIGHTMARE II

"(The Coach) gets his rocks off this way," darkly beautiful Grady (Robert Rusler) tells his blond, blue-eyed friend Jesse (Mark Patton) while they do push-ups as punishment for fighting in baseball practice. "He hangs out in those queer S&M joints downtown."

The movie is **A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge**, and the question is whether Grady is speculating or has some inside knowledge of the leather-vested coach in a bar that's more punk than queer, but we learn that Grady sleeps in black shorts under what looks like a black leather comforter.

That's all incidental to, but more interesting than the plot, which has knife-fingered Fred Kruger (Robert Englund) returning from whatever slowed him down at the end of part one to resume his murderous ways. He enters Jesse through his dreams, and the body count begins.

The coach is the first to go, and you'll love how that happens. After being pelted with athletic equipment in his office, he's dragged down the hall, tied up in the shower and has his butt whipped with towels, all by an invisible presence, until the coup de grace is administered.

David Chaskin's script runs out of imagination after that, but the special effects keep going. To show that Freddy is inside Jesse—and you can read whatever homoerotic



NIGHTMARE II: Watch those nails! Fred Kruger, played by Robert Englund, resumes his murderous ways.



IRON EAGLE: Louis Gossett, Jr., stars as a former Air Force Colonel who undertakes a daring air rescue mission to bring back his Air Force buddy.



WEST SIDE GANG: Three young Latins are involved in gang wars in the movie *Mixed Blood*.



SLEEPING BEAUTY: Richard Ulacia plays Thiago in *Mixed Blood* a Sara Films/Cinevista release.

76 DRUMMER

symbolism you like into that—he opens Jesse's chest and steps out to dispatch the second victim.

A few more nubile bodies pile up before Jesse's girlfriend Lisa (Kim Myers, a Meryl Streep lookalike) forces a showdown with Fred—they both want Jesse's body, after all. In an earlier scene Fred told Jesse, "You've got the body, I've got the brain," removing his scalp and exposing same.

Jesse's body is exposed too, at least from the rear, on two occasions. I know nothing about director Jack Sholder, but so few films have more male nudity than female that he may well be one of us. Patton, incidentally, played the gay boy—the preop Karen Black—in *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*.

The fun of the original *Nightmare* was in how it mixed dreams with reality until we didn't know which was which, as the plot gradually unfolded. Part two assumes we already know everything and just lays on the gross visuals. Still, it's not as bad as the average formula slasher movie, and it's got two attractive young men and the quasi-gay elements we've mentioned to hold your interest.

RE: "MIXED"

Rita La Punta (Marilia Pera), in Paul Morrissey's *Mixed Blood*, is the strangest fag-hag/den mother you've ever seen. She rules a gang of under-fifteen-year-olds ("They can kill and not go to jail—too young") in New York's "Alphabet City." Her Maceteros are Brazilian, while their chief rivals in the drug trade, the Master Dancers, are Puerto Rican; and if you learned anything from *West Side Story* it's that gangs of different races don't get along—it doesn't matter that they're both Latin.

Both gangs have their rituals. The Dancers beat men who are joining or leaving them; and in the Maceteros, Thiago (Richard Ulacia) puts out cigarettes on the chest of a new member, Comanche (Pedro Sanchez), in a surprisingly sensual scene.

Morrissey, who directed the

best of Andy Warhol's films, is too delicate to show us whether Rita sleeps with Thago, who is her son, or just shares a bed with him, but she sure gets jealous when blonde gringa Linda Kerridge moves in.

Shooting and shooting up occupy most of the screen time, as they do the characters' lives. Some of it is graphic and horrible, while some is graphic and funny—Morrissey has learned to manipulate a mood. Additional dialogue is by Alan Bowne, author of Morrissey's last film, *Forty Deuce*. This time the dialogue is more comprehensible, but it's mostly variations on the word "fuck."

Pera, who played the whore in *Pixote*, is a hoot as the would-be successor to Carmen Miranda. She's saddened by having so many funerals to attend, but never thinks of stopping the activities that cause them. There are dozens of beautiful men in the cast, including Matt Dillon-ish Rodney Harvey as Jose. Most of them are not professional actors, but you can bet that some of them are professionals.

For all its comedy, *Mixed Blood* makes a stronger statement about social conditions in one segment of society than any number of "serious" films on the subject, and helps you to understand why there are more IV drug users among New York's AIDS cases than any other city's.

RUNAWAYS STRAIN

If your mother was a woman, you may be offended by the attitude taken toward the female gender in Andrei Konchalovsky's **Runaway Train**. Otherwise you can enjoy a mostly male action flick with some exceptional performances.

In an Alaskan prison Manny (Jon Voight) survives three years in solitary confinement ("Whatever doesn't kill me makes me stronger," he says) and gets out of the hole on a court order. This intensifies the hatred sadistic warden John P. Ryan feels toward him, but makes Manny a hero to the other cons—especially Buck (Eric Roberts), a boxer who apparently didn't have many brains before they were

scrambled.

When Manny breaks out, Buck goes with him. They cross the tundra or whatever until they come to a railroad station, where they hop on a departing train just as the driver has a heart attack and falls off, leaving it locked at full throttle.

The only other person aboard is railroad worker Rebecca DeMornay, who explains what's happening. Meanwhile at mission control, dispatcher Kyle T. Heffner is playing with his new computer toys to avert the tragedy that seems more and more inevitable, since no one seems to think about merely uncoupling the other cars from the lead engine.

The prison scenes are rough and real, and when the train starts moving you'll feel like you're trapped on it, too. The movie only slows down enough to let Voight and Roberts do some serious acting, in scenes which throb with a virile intensity.

It's rare for a film to score as both action-adventure and serious drama, but *Runaway Train* is a rare film.

FUN WITH WHIP AND "JANE"

Lady Jane, a tragic teenage romance in a historical setting, explains the origin of the term "whipping boy." After his fifteen-year-old cousin, Jane Grey (Helena Bonham Carter), is spanked for rebelling against her parents, like-aged King Edward VI (Warren Saire) tells her, "I wasn't whipped. They had a boy. If I was bad they'd whip him in my place."

"I wish I'd had one," Carter told *Drummer* when we asked her about whipping boys. "I did have a pillow strapped to my bum, but Sara (Kestelman, who played her mother) ... kept missing it. I'd be convulsed with pain and they'd come back from the daily rushes and say, 'You had a big grin across your face.'"

About to be put on the English throne by political connivers, Lady Jane is beaten for refusing her mother's order to marry Guilford Dudley (Cary Elwes, Rupert Everett's infatuation in *Another Country*). Once they're forced to marry they fall in love and, after Jane's nine-day reign (which

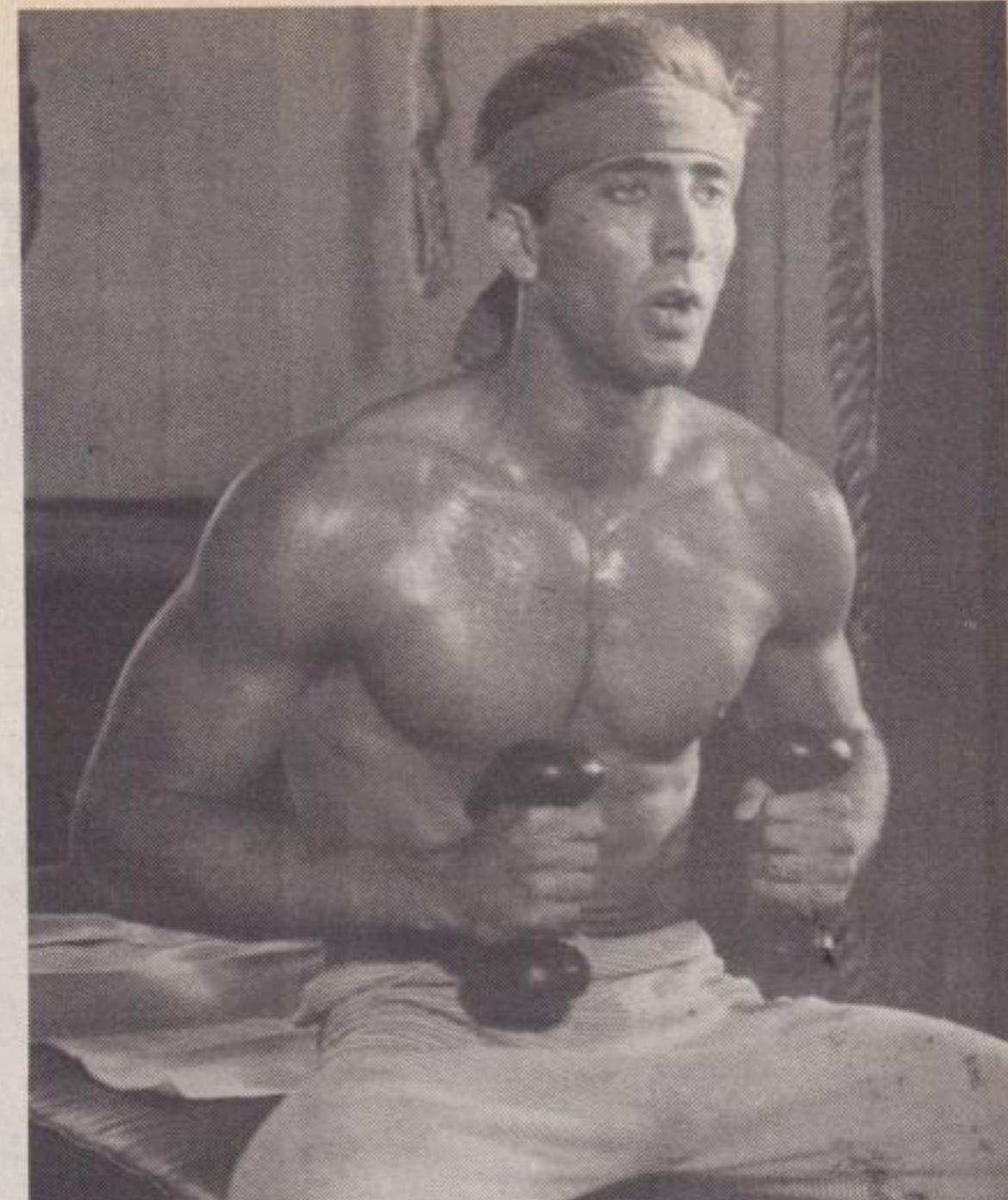


PHOTO OPPORTUNITY: The Boy in Blue isn't worth reviewing, but we'll mention it as an excuse to show you Nicolas Cage, who gained twenty pounds—mostly muscle, from the look of him—after *Birdy* to play nineteenth-century Canadian sculling champion Ned Hanlan. He can row, row, row our boat anytime, but in this inept formula movie the cast looks as out of place as if they had found their costumes in a trunk in the attic.

shows up as a footnote at best in most histories), they choose death over conversion to Catholicism when Mary becomes queen.

Designed to appeal both to fans of teenage romances and historical epics, the film will probably please neither—which is too bad because it's very well done. At the suggestion that they might have cast Sylvester Stallone as Dudley for commercial insurance, Carter merely moans, "Oh, God."

LOWE BLOW

The hockey rink violence is too realistic for my taste in **Youngblood**, a movie primarily of interest for the chance it affords to ogle Rob Lowe, arguably the sexiest actor of his generation.

Leaving the family farm for his father (Eric Nesterenko) and older brother (Jim Youngs) to run, Dean Youngblood (Lowe) crosses the border to Canada to join the minor league Hamilton Mustangs.

After being trapped wearing a jockstrap in a hallway with coach's daughter Cynthia Gibb, Youngblood undergoes a two-part initiation: his teammates shave his crotch (sorry—no close-ups) and he's seduced by his landlady (Fionnula Flanagan) at the rooming house where the guys stay.

Dean finds a surrogate daddy in coach Ed Lauter and a new big brother in fellow player Patrick Swayze. We know from the start that he'll eventually have to "prove his manhood" against Racki (George Finn), a murderous neanderthal on the Thunder Bay Bombers. It's incredible that this monster can stay out of jail, let alone the penalty box, but even harder to believe that Youngblood could be so naive about the brutality of the game after watching and playing it all of his seventeen years.

But the thought of licking the sweat off Rob Lowe's nipples is my number one JO fantasy of the year, so far.

—Steve Warren
DRUMMER 77

IN THE HEART OF THE DARK



GRAND FINALE: Bosch Wagner gets it on the rump in Chris Rage's video *Manholes*.

Why should we honor those that die upon the field of battle; a man may show as reckless a courage in entering into the abyss of himself.

W. B. Yeats

MANHOLES

*Is it too, too gay of me to say that I simply adored Christopher Rage's newest video, *Manholes*?* If it was a stage show, it would be strictly standing-room-only. As a video, it is emphatically lie-back-and-wallow-in-it. I suspect that this brimming array of fucking, fisting and dildo action is close to the home desires of many Drummer readers, and for them, its cleanly photographed and intensely felt ass-workouts will make *Manholes* the video of the year.

You may not be able to tell what you're seeing as *Man-*

holes begins. Some parts of a body, but what? The angles are alien; you can't tell what's going on. As you figure out this tangle of anatomy, you become aware of Rage's fresh stamp—this is a man's own fist stuck up his ass. He withdraws it slowly and unfolds the piece of paper he has clenched in his fingers. On it are written the credits.

In his previous video anthologies of forbidden action, *Toilets*, *Outrage*, *Rough Idea* and othersuch, Rage went beyond most commercial porn by getting directly to the action, eliminating story lines and almost entirely plot device hooks. He just turns that camera on and lets the action flow. The results, as sharply edited as in his recent videos, produce a sexual dream state with

repeated climaxes and none of the dull holes of filler and padding which clog plotted porn and make viewers reach for the fast forward.

The languid flow of *Manholes* is aided by a slender linking device. Jack Stevens, a platinum-blond beauty with mesmerizing ice-blue eyes, is having sex with the darkly handsome Benton Crane. While tranquilly feeding a dildo (so clearly photographed that the ripples caused by its ridges can be seen as it passes under Stevens' skin, like wavecrests on water) or slowly working a chain of three-inch-wide balls up Stevens' ass, Crane frequently asks, "What are you thinking of?" The subsequent scenes, intercut with the ongoing lovemaking of Stevens and Crane, are Crane's

fantasies. What a good imagination he's got, and with what palpable effect the camera records them as the expert cast plays them to satiety.

Chief perpetrators of these dreams include Bosch Wagner, whose reputation for sexual excess has so surely proceeded this review that his drooling, lascivious manner of cocksucking needn't be described. *Manholes* is an homage to his anal expertise. His most frequent partner is the dark-bearded, thick-cocked and hairy Johnny Jules, whose name in print belies his manhood. He matches Wagner for every cubic inch of anal capacity, whether it be for width and depth of dildo insertion, fucking, turnabout fisting or, best of all, a fisting 69.

These two are joined by Jason Daniels, a sex star whose

credits go back to *Seven in a Barn*, and whose raven hair, high cheekbones, lean body and hungry sexuality should carry him equally far into the future. Or my arms.

Daniels provides the video's most forceful action, pounding a huge dildo into Jule's ass before adding a second, more average-sized one as well. But this is an exception to the general mood, for unlike the fisting movies of the early seventies, which were grungy, sordid affairs based in aggression, Rage's base is depth of intimacy. This he depicts with a calm tempo and strong but nonaggressive sex. Unlike porn casts of old, drugged-out and reeling, Rage's cast is more likely to break into laughter or beam with boyishly adorable smiles at the fulsome sensations of their deep loving. It's a new approach, and fisting tops and bottoms alike should appreciate finally seeing the nuances of the act caught on film.

While the efforts of the cast must be applauded and envied, it is Christopher Rage who is responsible for the success of *Manholes*. He's not only directed, but appeared in and produced it. Even Babs Streisand had to hire script and song writers for her triple-coup as producer/director/star of *Yentl*. But Rage has gone this one step better by both writing and singing the gracefully seductive dance tune which sets the mood for the Stevens/Crane affair that frames *Manholes*. The song would be a certain hit as a 12-inch single—each copy coming complete with a 12-inch dildo, of course.

Elsewhere in *Manholes*, excellent electronic efforts underscore, echo and enlarge upon the action to both soothing or seething effect. One effect that needs no amplification is Wagner's control of his asshole, which yawns open at his will, loosing much that normally remains inside our bodies. The raw, red color and jagged contours of his innards are at first shocking, then become strangely beautiful, a pulsating anemone. Wagner stuffs his cock and balls into this sunflower, then double fists and giggles in satisfaction.

It must be said, though, that none of this is very healthy. Dildoes should be covered with rubbers for easy cleanliness, and not shared with partners, and fisting is strictly unsafe sex, as contact with blood from the easily bruised blood vessels of the asshole is likely. So don't practice what these boys pitch—you're better off watching someone else doing it than doing it yourself. And if that's your wise choice, *Manholes* is the best way to go. As ads for the video say, for once without a touch of hype, *Manholes* is "the ultimate fucking fisting video."

SGT. SWANN'S FANTASIES

Well, I brought up safe sex and I'm not sorry. If you're not into it, you may be out of it altogether before long. While SM and external watersports are safe, dealing basically with the mind and the exterior of bodies, it is fuck-hungry men who have the most to worry about, for the highest incidence of AIDS cases involves busy bottoms.

After ignoring the situation entirely for several years, a few people within the porn industry are finally starting to pay attention to the health of both the casts and audiences. Last month, HIS Video released the generally entertaining *Lifeguard*, the first safe-sex video. For my money—and the needs of my glands—it didn't really fill the bill. In the company's desire to receive the San Francisco AIDS Foundation stamp of approval, they deleted a fucking-with-rubbers scene. Due to possible breakage, the AIDS Foundation still classifies the use of rubbers as "possibly" safe. This stance has some validity, but is unrealistic. Look—there's no way to get horny guys to stop fucking altogether. Better to lead them to using rubbers than not provide any leadership at all, and the AIDS Foundation should have lead us to that information instead of withholding it from the *Lifeguard* video. *Lifeguard* was somewhat eviscerated without that scene, despite its interesting dildo sequence, the creative JO and body play of its attrac-

tive cast and the low price which encouraged acquisition.

I applaud then the realistic approach of this month's Seabag Productions release, *Sgt. Swann's Fantasies*. Unhampered by other people's rules, this video brings us the full panoply of safe-sex action, including fucking and (somewhat precariously, for sure) sucking. And the video stars Drummer favorite Glenn Swann, who not only repeats his elaborate JO act four times but delivers two short lectures on safe sex, and then, putting his pecker where his mouth is (so to speak), demonstrates the basics.

Don't be scared off by the "lectures"—they're brief, the information varies in each, and Swann delivers them in the nude after his JO act, fondling his still half-hard cock and thus providing a worthy visual. The complete inclusion of his act four times may seem overkill, but you don't have to watch all of this generous two-hour video at once. Two of the routines, those not taped in front of an audience, are better. Perhaps in the privacy of his own home, freed of the concerns of live-show pacing, Swann can get more into it. He seems freer, his cock harder. He certainly is beautiful, his body hair grown back in and his muscles newly pumped up to massive proportions at the Club Body Center in Miami, for which the video is largely an advertisement. It's okay—owner Jack Campbell and Sgt. Swann are bringing a new way of life and a healthy sexuality to many, so more power to them.

It must have been easy to film Swann's stage shows—point the camera at him and turn it on. No muss, no fuss, very little editing. These solos are seen in what is very nearly real time: the time it took to perform them.

But the video's scenes with partners were more of a challenge and show it. Although all three begin interestingly, with good camera work catching arousing foreplay, they end somewhat abruptly, becoming footnotes to the JO solos when they should have carried equal weight—

especially since Swann's partners are so attractive.

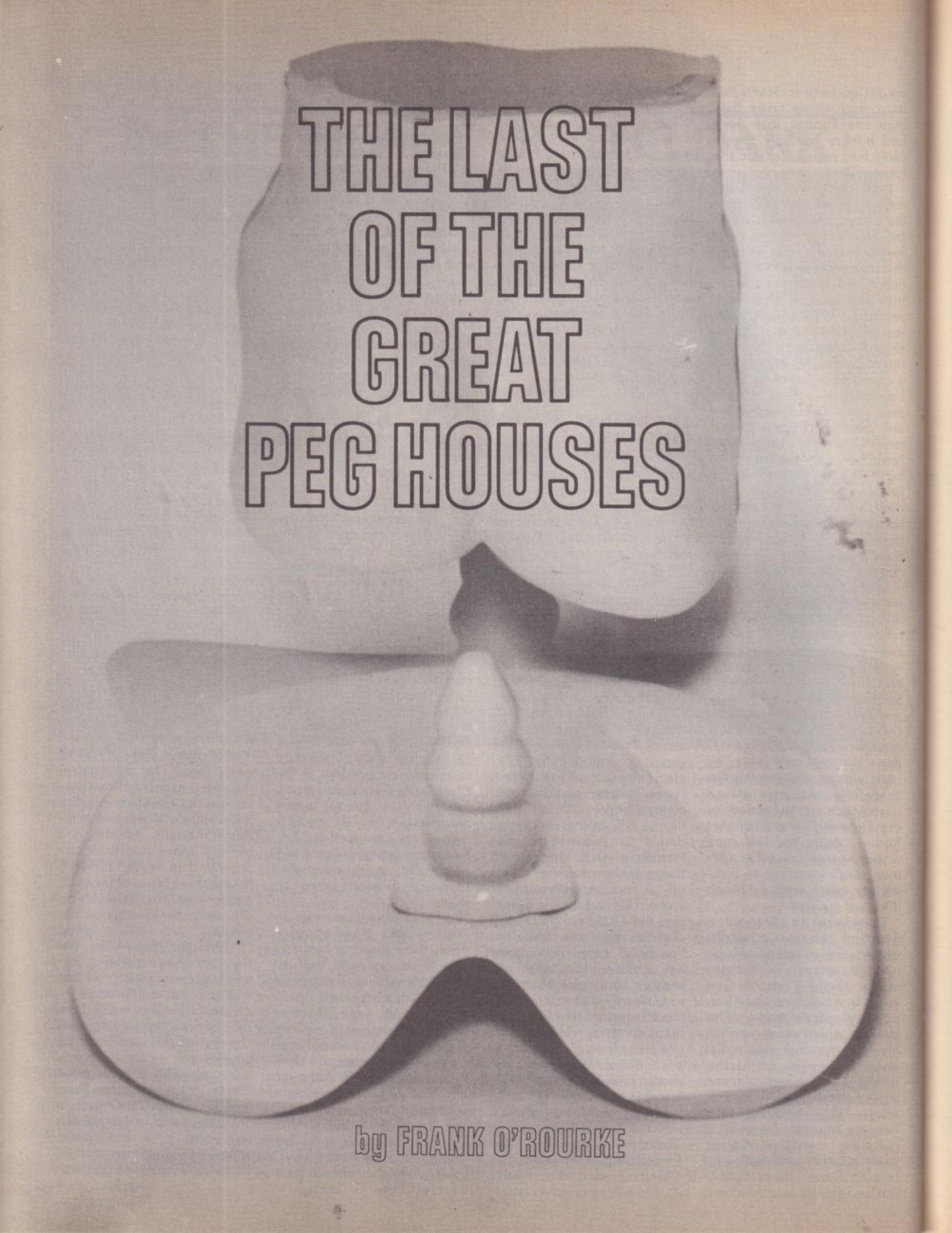
One is a blond body builder whose hefty cock, circled by a tight chrome cock ring, appears to have benefited from its own Nautilus program. When he rubs it up and down Swann's asscrack in some horny foreplay, you'll be screaming "Stick it in!" But they pause to apply a rubber. Pace, commercial porn makers; it does not obscure the visual, and Swann sits on the rubber-covered, chunky cock to fine, if momentary, effect.

In another scene, Swann makes it with two Caribbean youths, one of whose dusky roseate anus is invitingly exposed and filled. Later, Swann has arousing foreplay with a husky American (although his ass-licking gets dangerously close to rimming) before an end as unsatisfyingly abrupt as the earlier scene with the blond. For a boy who likes to get plowed a lot, and for a video that wants to demonstrate the use of rubbers, *Sgt. Swann's Fantasies* sure doesn't take full advantage of its own setup or star.

The video does leave much to the viewer's discretion—these men suck cock, although Swann does advise a prejerk to check for the deadly precum, the presence of which would preclude the act. And of course, you can't take a guy's load. The self-control the video expects of its viewers has its problems—desire and a stiff cock overpower rational thought. But this is a better, more realistic approach than trying to deny having these forms of sex at all, and for that I thank the video's producers for treating us like adults.

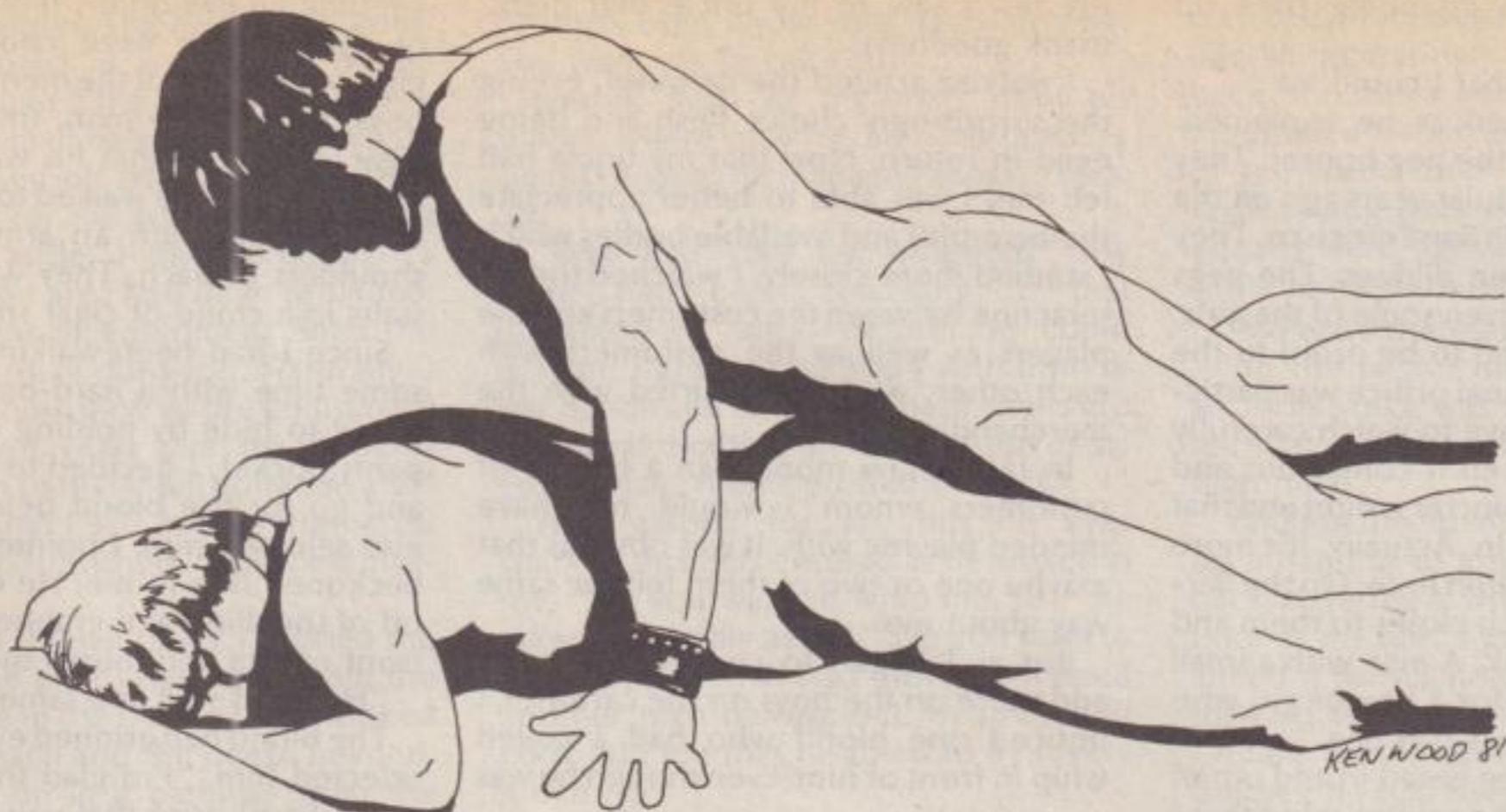
Although the video has some excessive padding between scenes and isn't all that well constructed, Swann's individual JO solos are hot (how he adores spreading his cheeks for the camera as he pounds his meat above his honeyed hole) and his brief flings with the other men have their moments. One doesn't tire of Sgt. Swann. Now, would someone pass out those rubbers to a regiment and let his fantasies really be fulfilled?

—John F. Karr



THE LAST OF THE GREAT PEG HOUSES

by FRANK O'ROURKE



Long before television's *Miami Vice*, Miami, Florida had its own notable center of vice, The Carousel.

The Carousel was located in Miami Beach and was considered the most spectacular bordello in the United States. It catered to the "carriage trade" of this city of sin. The establishment did business from dusk to dawn. It was an operation that was strictly controlled by a crime syndicate and allegedly had police and political protection.

From the outside it certainly looked unprepossessing. The bottom floor of the building consisted of an honest-to-God carousel while the upper stories had the bedrooms. Outside of the building, one would find Rolls Royces, Daimlers, Packards and other expensive cars parked. The building was surrounded by palm trees and well-tended lawns. Many of the customers did not arrive until late in the evening after they had been to parties, the casinos, or whatever pleasures they pursued to while away their time.

When you entered the building, you found yourself in a large, plushly carpeted room. The walls were covered with red and black silk interspersed with large mirrors. The lights were sparkling and they came from Venetian glass chandeliers which hung at strategic points around the room. Skimpily dressed boys and girls passed trays among the guests with a variety of drinks.

The dominant feature of the room was a large tiered carousel which slowly rotated. On the different levels of the wheel one could see some of the most beautiful and desirable males and females. Their ages ranged from their teens to their mid-twenties. Most of them sat or lounged in total nudity. In front of each one of them was a number. It was the number to their room upstairs.

That number was also on a lighted board which hung above a stand-up desk near the staircase which lead to the rooms above, the desk being controlled

by a huge black woman in a red silk dress. My uncle told me that her name was Tante Louise. The woman's skin was the color of ebony while her pure white teeth gleamed through a slash of bright red lipstick. When a customer had chosen his or her partner, they would go to Tante Louise, who would accept payment and make the arrangements.

I was all of eighteen years old when my favorite uncle took me to The Carousel. My uncle had made his money by manufacturing machinery and he used to come to the south of Florida each winter with his wife and two daughters. The second world war was in progress so many of the beachside hotels had been requisitioned by the armed services. The town was flooded with military personnel. The Carousel was off-limits to other than officers. The first night that I went there, high-ranking Army and Navy officers could be seen mixing with men in tuxedos and women in very fashionable evening gowns and loaded with jewelry.

To this day, I remember when we entered the place I couldn't believe my eyes. My Uncle Jack watched me, closely, for my reaction. I guess he was concerned that I would be shocked and insist that we leave. When he saw me standing there, licking my lips, oblivious to the people strolling around, and the erection that I had developed and was trying to conceal, he must have felt that it was going to be a memorable night for both of us.

"Frank, you take your time and look around and pick whoever you want. I'll talk to Tante Louise and tell her that I'll cover the bill." He smiled, encouragingly.

"Anyone?" I asked, not sure that he really quite meant it.

He must have sensed my uncertainty from my youthful querulous tone. "I mean anyone. I've had a lot of them, both girls and boys, and they really know how to pleasure a man."

I was even more surprised when my

uncle included boys in his litany of pleasure. But he was a worldly man. Perhaps that was why he was my favorite.

Grabbing me by the arm, he pointed out the girls (and boys) who wore silk panties and silk stockings. These were for those who were into that kind of fetish. Some of the women wore men's clothing and a few of the men were in slinky gowns, the kind which clung so closely to the boys' bodies that they might as well have been nude.

As we strolled around the room, my uncle sipped a drink, greeting a friend or two and stopping for a few words with one or another of them. I noticed that in front of some of the people on the wheel, there would be a whip which lay in different positions. I couldn't figure that one out, so I asked my uncle.

"Well, if the handle is facing you, it means that the person in front of whom the whip lies likes to be beaten. On the other hand, if the whip handle lies facing the boy or girl, then they play the dominant role and they inflict the pain. Understand?"

I had read a smattering of the Marquis de Sade and *Psychopathia Sexualis*, so I knew something about the pain/pleasure principle. One thing bothered me, though, and I asked him, "I notice that some of them have coiled whips in front of them. What does that mean?"

My uncle chuckled, "This really interests you, doesn't it? Well, the coiled whip means that they are proficient at playing both ways. It's up to the customer."

I nodded my head, trying to understand what he was telling me.

My uncle interrupted my thoughts by pointing to a young boy whom I hadn't noticed before. "Watch this," he said as he flicked his fingers and pointed at the boy. The boy eased himself up and revealed that he had been sitting on a rubber dildo. I just stood there gaping, not knowing what to say. After the fellow had stood erect for a moment, my uncle nodded at him and he squatted and I

watched the dildo disappear back up him.

"Why?" was all that I could ask.

My uncle grinned as he explained. "This is the last of the peg houses. They used to be very popular years ago on the Barbary Coast out in San Francisco. They used to use wooden dildoes. The pegs that the boys, and even some of the girls, sat on was supposed to be proof to the customer that the anal orifice was particularly tight. You have to watch carefully to be sure that when it comes out and goes in that the sphincter is tight and that they just don't fall in. Actually, it's more the erotic presentation here. On the Barbary you were much closer to them and you got a good look. A man with a small prong would look for a boy or girl who sat on a particularly small peg."

Watching that peg eased in and out of the boy's ass was the sexiest thing that I had ever seen. As we walked around, the wheel went slower than our pacing. I saw males and females leave the carousel as others took their place with new numbers.

A group of people had stopped to watch a particularly well-endowed young man put on a show. He had black curly hair and was very well built. To the particular enjoyment of the crowd, he was sucking half of his own cock. He did it lovingly and expertly. People oohed and aahed as they watched him.

An old dowager who stood by my side was telling a friend that she had had him before. I couldn't believe it. She must have been close to eighty years of age. "When you've had all of that in you, my dear, you are in heaven." Her friend asked her if she was going to get him again. She said that she would, if she couldn't find something she liked better.

"See anything that you like?" my uncle asked, as he placed a firm hand on my shoulder. "Now, don't you be shy, Frank. I don't think there's anything that I haven't tried, sexually. It's the best way of finding out what you enjoy. I've got to admit that I've done some things that I would never do again, but at least I tried them and I'll never have to worry about missing them."

"Did you say that you have had some of the boys here?"

My uncle looked at me with concern. "Now, you don't tell your aunt anything about that. Sure, I've had some of the boys. There's something special about them, an exciting something that makes you feel more like a man." His eyes burned into me. "It doesn't mean that I'm queer or anything like that."

"How long can I stay?" I asked, wanting to change the subject, because I knew that it was becoming a difficult subject.

"All night, if you want. Look, I'm going to leave you alone. I've got a young filly and she keeps looking at me, so I'll pay your tab. You take a cab home." That was

the last I saw of my uncle that night, thank goodness.

I walked around the carousel, eyeing the surprisingly choice flesh and being eyed in return. Now that my uncle had left me, I was able to better appreciate the beautiful and available bodies which I studied more closely. I watched the interaction between the customers and the players as well as the customers with each other, while they flirted with the merchandise.

In fact, I saw more than a couple of customers whom I would not have minded playing with. It was obvious that maybe one or two of them felt the same way about me.

But as I began to concentrate more and more on the boys on the carousel, I noticed one blond who had a coiled whip in front of him. Even though he was

I snapped my fingers and pointed at him. His smile became a broad grin as he eased himself off of a relatively small dildo and then eased himself back on it.

an out-and-out prostitute, there was freshness about him, an almost naivete' which, even to my very young years, was charmingly attractive. Some of the women and other men had a commercial hardness in their eyes which I found less than appealing.

The coiled whip in front of the fellow bothered me for two reasons. First, I did not feel that he had the experience to safely play a Master role; also, his fresh, young appearance somewhat negated the advertised fact that he was into SM play. My own experience with sadomasochism was slight at this point in my protected young life.

He knew that I was watching him and he smiled very openly at me. I remembered what my uncle had done earlier, so I snapped my fingers and pointed at him. His smile became a broad grin as he eased himself off of a relatively small dildo and then eased himself back on it.

There was a very masculine quality about his movements, none of the pseudo-feminine mannerisms which were so prevalent with some of the girl-boys which repelled me. I always figured that if I wanted something feminine, it would be a woman, not a parody of one.

I also noticed as I walked around,

keeping an eye on my blond, that some of the women were choosing young girls, while a few of the men were picking boys. One obese man, smoking a long cigar, indicated that he wanted both a girl and a boy. He walked toward the end of the room with an arm around the shoulders of each. They walked up the stairs in a cloud of cigar smoke.

Since I had been walking around for some time with a hard-on which I was trying to hide by holding myself by my pants pocket, I decided to take the leap and go for the blond before someone else selected him. I pointed at him and beckoned him to me. He eased himself off of the dildo and grabbed the whip in front of him and joined me.

"Hello," I said as a lame opener.

The blond had grinned ever since I had selected him. "I'm glad that you chose me. I wasn't sure that you would."

As I got a close look at him, I could see that his skin was flawless and his teeth were in excellent condition. He walked next to me in a confident manner. There was no embarrassment on his part over being naked in front of all of these men and women. He ignored them all and kept his eyes only on me. Either this was a professional ploy to make me feel that I was really the center of his interest or he was really happy to have ended up with me. Considering some of the people I saw walking around the carousel, I could understand his wish to be with another young man.

When we reached the desk, Tante Louise, the black mistress, smiled at me. "You are Mr. O'Rourke." Her teeth shone brightly against her rouged mouth. "Your uncle has paid for everything, Sir. Enjoy yourself," and she laughed a hearty, deep-throated, but certainly not unfriendly, laugh.

We walked up the staircase and the plush carpeting muffled our footsteps. An elderly man ahead of us was whispering in the ear of the young black girl with him, probably promising all sorts of things to her and she giggled her response. Tentatively, I reached over and felt the boy's naked, hairless buttock. He smiled at me, reaching for my crotch, but I pushed his hand away. He gave me a hurt look, which then turned into a smile. My middle finger sought the crack of his ass and its jewel. As we reached the top of the stairs, I released him.

The corridor was broad and it was easy to tell that a lot of money had gone into its furnishing. This was no sleazy establishment. We passed a couple of open doors as customers emerged. The interiors of the rooms showed expensive furnishings, wide, comfortable-looking beds and a number of mirrors.

"Here we are," my companion said as he opened the door to his room and stood aside to let me enter.

I walked into a large room with a broad bed that had fresh black satin sheets and

a leather coverlet. The ceiling was completely mirrored as were most of the walls. As I crossed the room, I could see there was a small bath off the bedroom and a curtained-off area. Again they had used leather for the curtaining. Pushing the curtain aside, I discovered that a small dungeon area had been provided. An assortment of equipment lined the walls to the small dungeon. Naturally, I had no idea how most of the equipment was to be used. Years later, my thoughts would return to that small dungeon and I would wish that I had its accoutrements. Whoever had furnished it knew his business.

Moving to the windows, I pushed the curtains aside after I had turned out the light because of the blackout and looked out at the beach and the ocean beyond. A bright moon lit a pathway from the horizon to the beach. As I watched the waves break on the sands, the boy knelt in front of me and removed my shoes and socks. As he began to loosen the belt to my pants, my eyes were caught by a couple who ran from a car to the water's edge, neither wearing a bathing suit. The boy at my feet eased my pants and shorts down, tossing my clothing on a nearby seat. I watched the couple tentatively test the water and draw back at what must have been chill water as the boy took my hard cock into his mouth, eliciting a groan from my lips while my hand grasped the back of his head and urged him on.

Removing my tie and jacket, I shrugged out of my shirt and tossed it along with my other clothing. My hand pulled the man off of my cock and directed his hot mouth to my hotter balls. The young man on the beach ran into the surf and took a flying dive into an oncoming wave. I thought I heard the girl scream through the open window as she ran into the surging sea.

I pulled the boy to his feet and found that he had a hard-on which more than matched my own nine inches, but that wasn't what I was interested in. We kissed and my tongue demanded entrance to his warm oral orifice. Our tongues dueled in his mouth as our crotches ground into each other.

Pushing him away from me, I motioned toward the large bed, indicating that I wanted him to open it for us. I sprawled in the middle of it with my legs spread wide, affording his mouth better access to my cock and balls which he began to deal with in an efficient manner.

How many times have you been in a whorehouse, or dealt with a prostitute? Everyone wants to know the whys and wherefores that has made a person decide to sell his or her body. I sure as hell was no different.

"You know," I looked down at the bobbing head which had all of my cock buried to the hilt in his mouth and throat,

"I don't even know your name or what you want me to call you."

Letting most of my shaft from his mouth where only my bulbous head lay on his tongue, he managed to say, "Tom, Sir."

"Ever had your ass whipped?" My mind had been returning to that curtained-off area. Before he could answer, I grasped his head with both of my hands and drove my hard shaft into his throat, holding his impaled lips in my crotch hair, then I pushed him off.

Tom gasped for air, but his eyes sparked through the tears as he looked at me. "Do you want to whip me, Sir?" he asked. I stupidly asked, "Do you want to be whipped?" I had never whipped another man before, but my brain and cock told me that I wanted to try it very much.

Yanking the lid off the jar, I scooped up a handful of grease and grasped my cock, covering it. Dropping the jar on the floor at my feet, I grasped the head and aimed it for his hole.

"Whatever you want, Sir." His reply wasn't quite what I wanted. I didn't want to work him over because it was his job. It wouldn't feel right for me. I got up from the bed and he stood next to me. Grabbing his blond hair in my fist, I made him look at me as I repeated my question in a different way. "Look, I was told that the coiled whip at your feet on the carousel meant that you played both ways in the SM scene. Was that correct?"

"Yes, Sir," he said. "Look, I usually play abuser, but I am just as happy..." He paused and looked directly at me. "In fact, I would be happier playing the bottom role to you, Sir."

I moved the curtain back and found what I wanted, shackles implanted in the wall. Moving young Tom into position whereby he faced the wall, I fastened his wrists and ankles in a spread-eagle position. I ran my hands over his hairless body, feeling the sheen of sweat which covered him, relishing the firm, soft flesh under my hand. Glancing over the wall, I selected a paddle and began to apply it to his ass. Within moments he was groaning more and more as each blow fell on his buttocks. Even the dim lighting showed each blow clearly by the fresh red marks. Changing to a cat-o'-nine tails, I felt my

own breathing begin to shorten as I applied an increasingly strong lashing to his back, shoulders and buttocks. I had established a tempo which left a crisscross of red marks over his white flesh. My cock swung back and forth, my sac of gonads were tight and they demanded some immediate release.

"Where's the grease," I demanded.

"In the jar on the shelf to your left, Sir." His voice was labored and I could tell that his own anxiety had reached a high pitch.

Yanking the lid off of the jar, I scooped up a handful of grease and grasped my cock, covering it. Dropping the jar on the floor at my feet, I grasped the head and aimed it for his hole. Thrusting my hips forward, I drove the full length and width brutally up his tight hole, far exceeding the peg he had been sitting on earlier. I stroked and came within two or three drives. I heard him whimper at the speed of my orgasm, but I had no intention of letting it go at that.

Releasing him from the wall, I took him to bed, where I proceeded to slowly, but thoroughly, fuck his brains out, to use a latter-day term. Between bouts of sexual play, we lay back on the bed and recouped our strength. I planned to spend the night with him, so I knew there would be plenty of time to talk, to play and to just plain fuck.

He explained to me that The Carousel was owned by the syndicate boss who controlled southern Florida. It was protected from police harassment both because of the pay-offs, plus the clout of the clientele. Tom had been to bed with the wives of senators, congressmen and police officials, as well as their husbands.

He had come to Miami from New York and become a beach bum. He thought that since he was eighteen that he would be pressed into the draft. He heard that he might get a deferment if he went to work at The Carousel, so he applied. Sure enough, he was classified as being needed for promotion of the war effort. It was while he worked here that he discovered that he was really turned on to the SM scene. He cleared about \$1,000 a week which was unheard of pay since the country was just coming out of the depression.

Dawn came and I fucked Tom one more time. We took a shower together in his little bathroom where he bathed me and sucked me off. After I got dressed, I reached for my wallet and gave him a tip. He accompanied me to the front door of the establishment and I kissed him goodbye. I returned to The Carousel a number of times afterwards, before I returned to New England, and a couple of the times I played again just as wildly with Tom. He was such a popular piece of merchandise that he was not always available. It was there that I met a Marine Corps Captain who became very important to me—Captain Morgan. □

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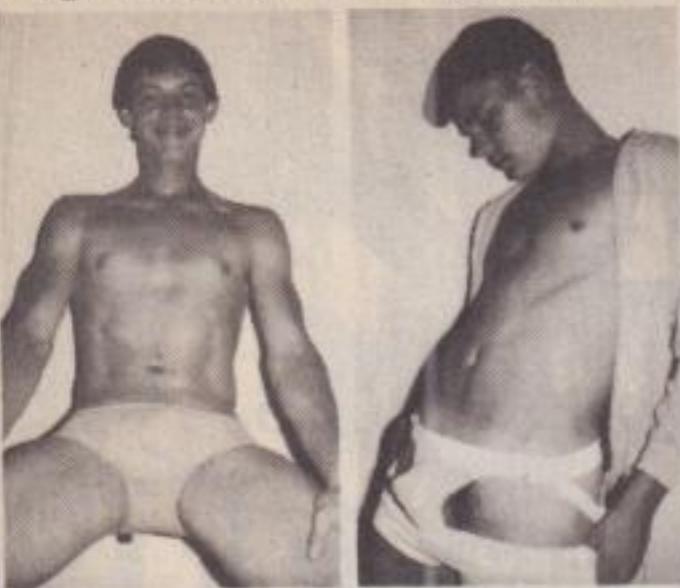
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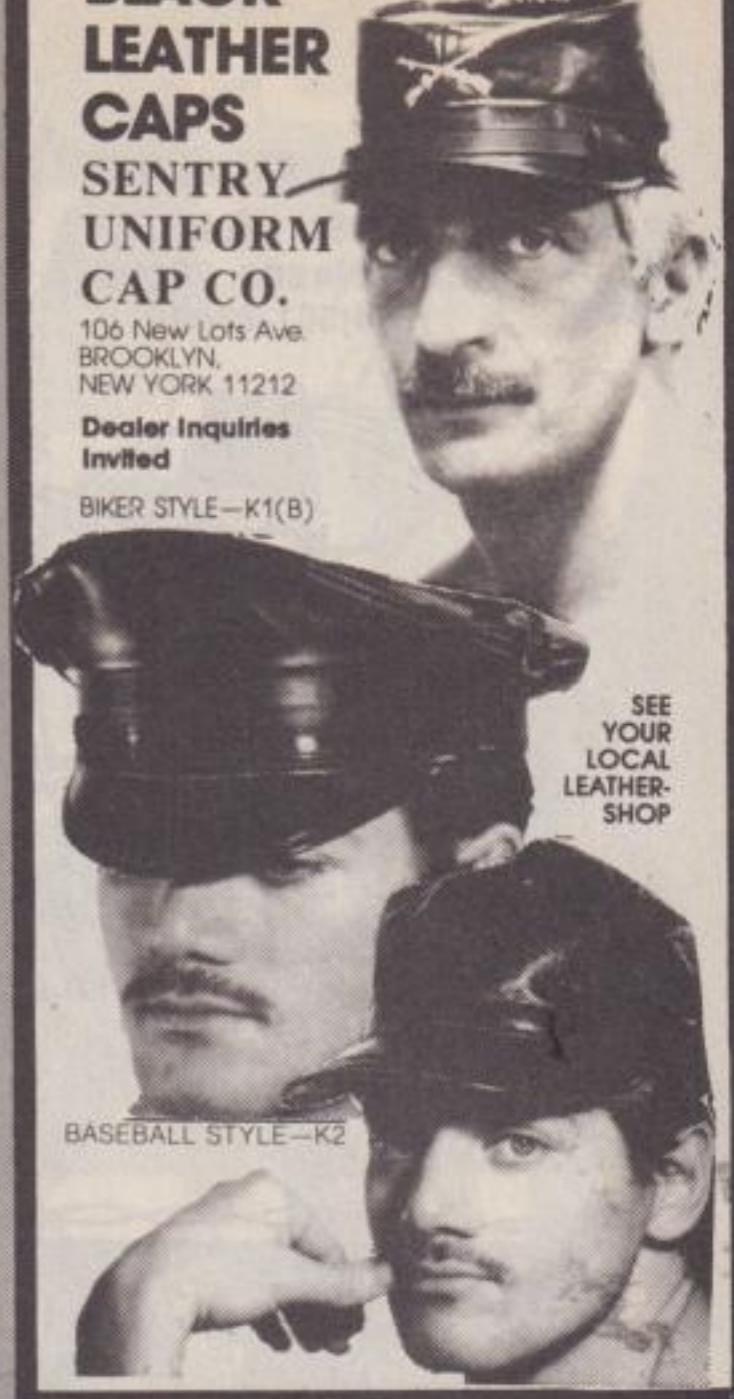
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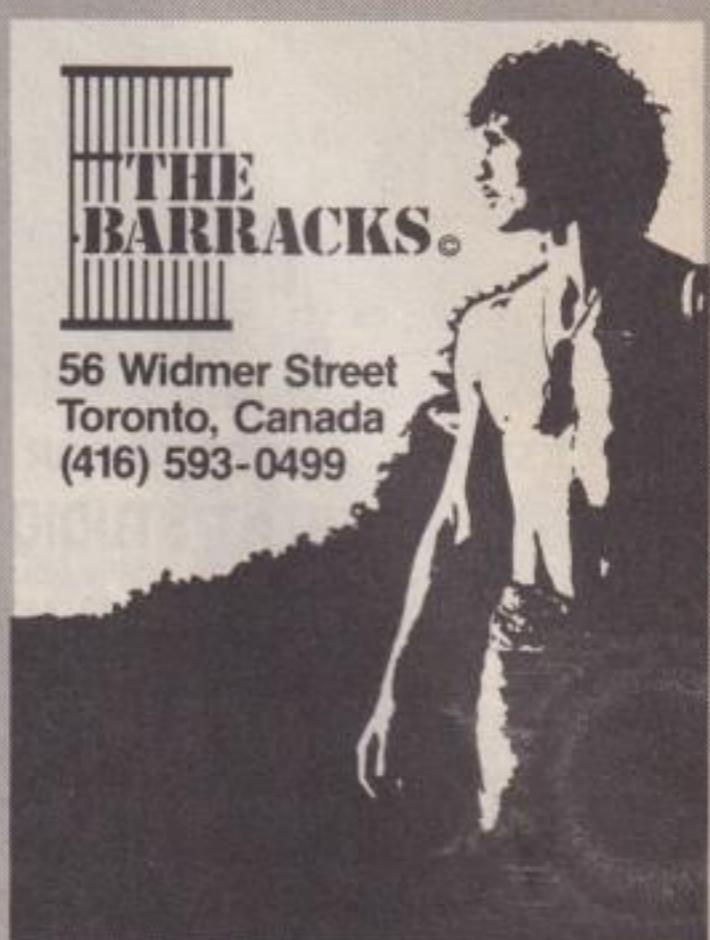
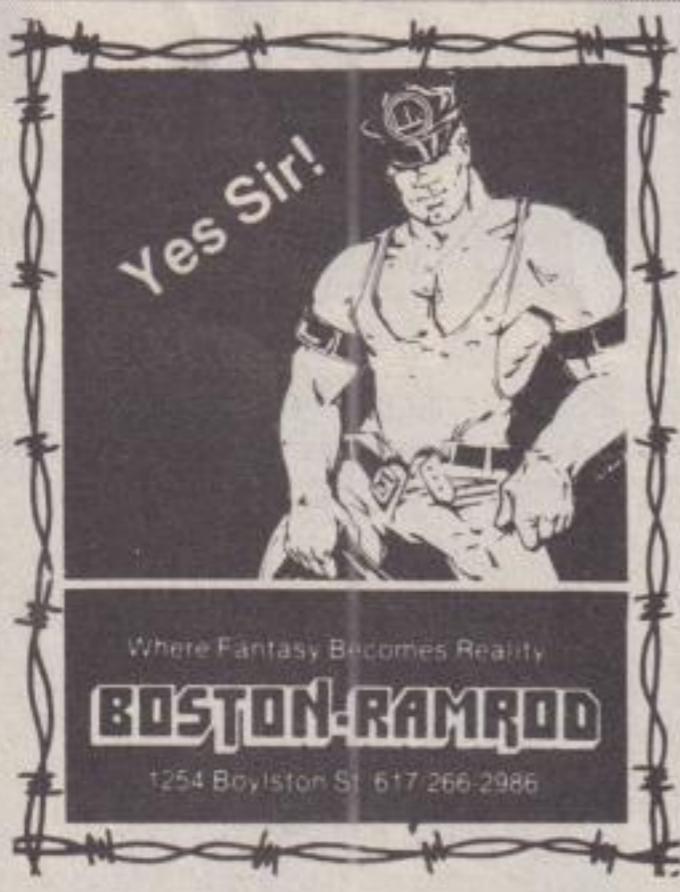
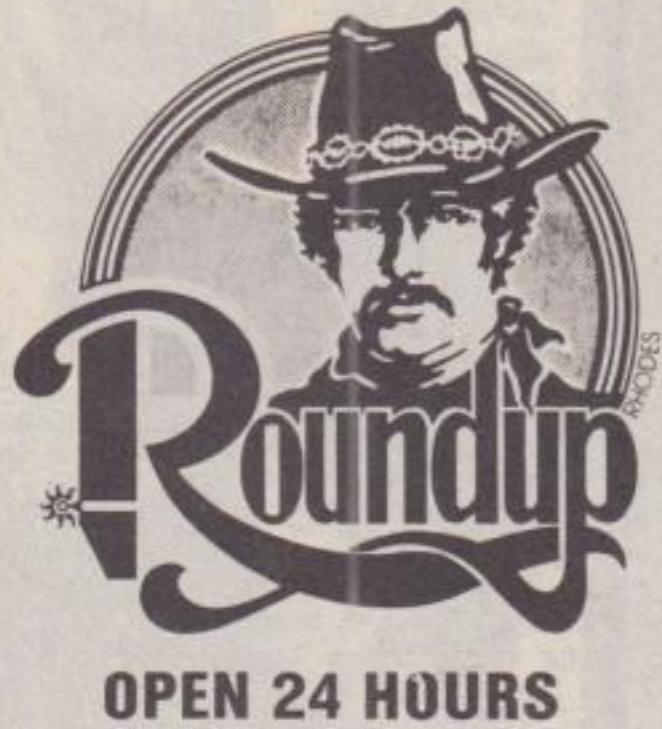
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LEATHER CONFESSIONS

by MARK I. CHESTER
with LEATHER TAILOR CHUCK MARTIN and MODEL MARCO

It all started with Rick. He wanted to have photographs of his fantasies. Photographs of his leather dreams created by a leather tailor who transforms sexual confessions into leather realities, Chuck Martin. In tailored leather breeches, stylized mid-forearm leather gloves, leather shirt and form-fitting leather mask with removable alienlike pointed eye covers, Rick wanted to become his fantasies. So in a tightly sensual leather skin we hung him upside down by one foot; the Tarot's Hanged Man in black leather.

And then there was Marco. Italian. Muscular. Very hairy. Solid pectorals and a chain running over his jeans between his legs and outlining the crack between his cheeks. He took off his shirt, and we wrapped Cleos python around him. His beautiful, uncut cock stuck out hard from his pants. Hard cocks and pythons, the ultimate merging of sexual energies.

So we brought Chuck Martin and Marco together and voyeuristically sat on the side, capturing the energy for *Drummer* readers. Chuck and Marco talked about leather and Marco's fantasies; his obsessions. With snakes tattooed on his upper left arm, Chuck designed a pair of black leather chaps, with a removable codpiece that looked like a snake and swirled around his body, up his arm and into a form-fitting leather hood. A leather snake. Marco's innermost fantasies turned into a physical reality in leather.

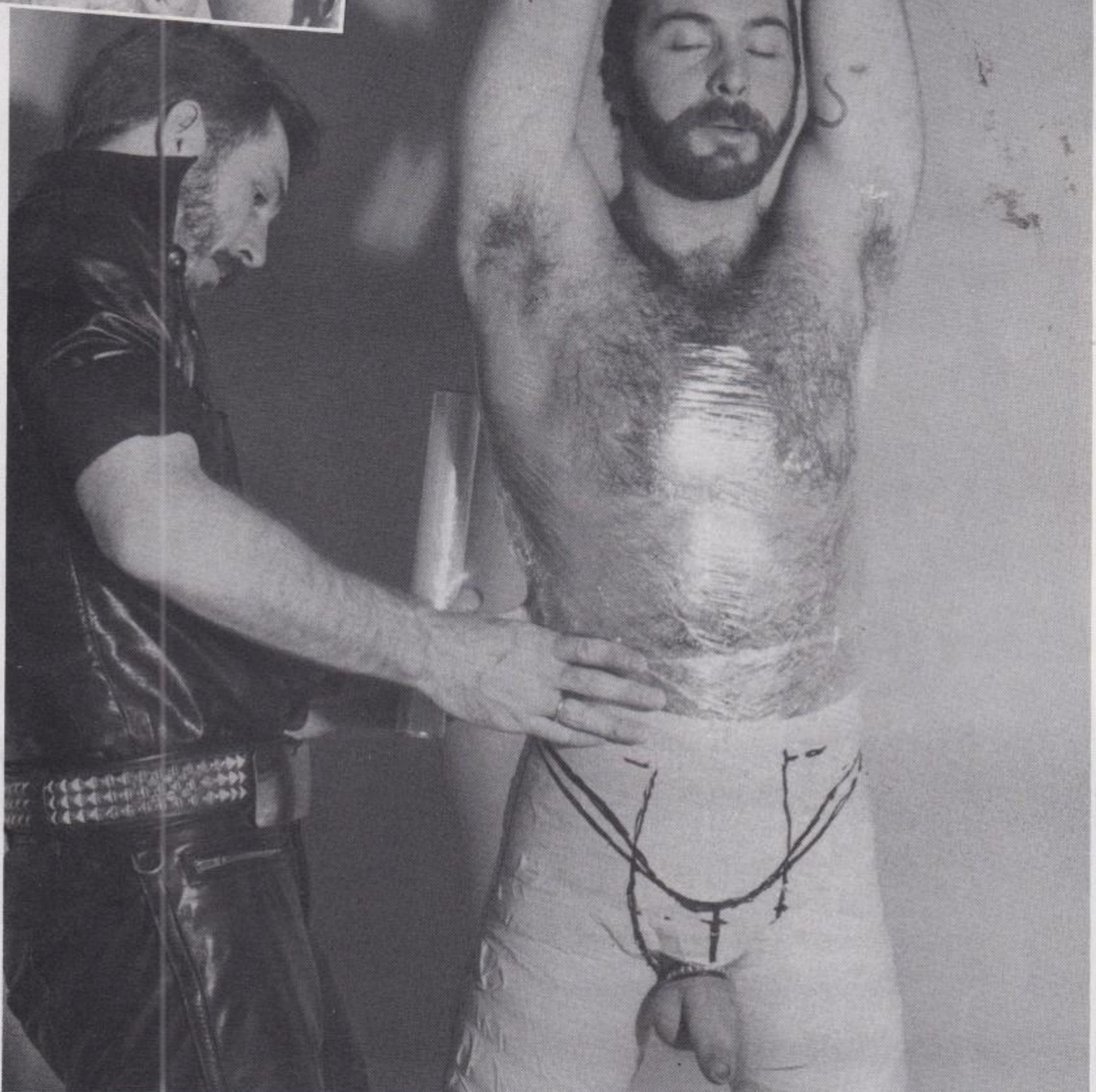
Chuck works from patterns he creates using what he calls his "cellowrap technique." With Marco stripped, except for tall, shiny leather boots, Chuck began to wrap his body with a thin plastic wrap, like Saran Wrap. First his thighs, his round, firm ass and then hirsute chest and arm. The feelings of being snugly wrapped and covered, by a man in head-to-toe leather had its effect on Marco. And then masking tape. Creating a kind of body bondage, but also a custom form. Chuck adapts flat pattern-making techniques so that the leathers that he makes for his clients fit like a second skin.

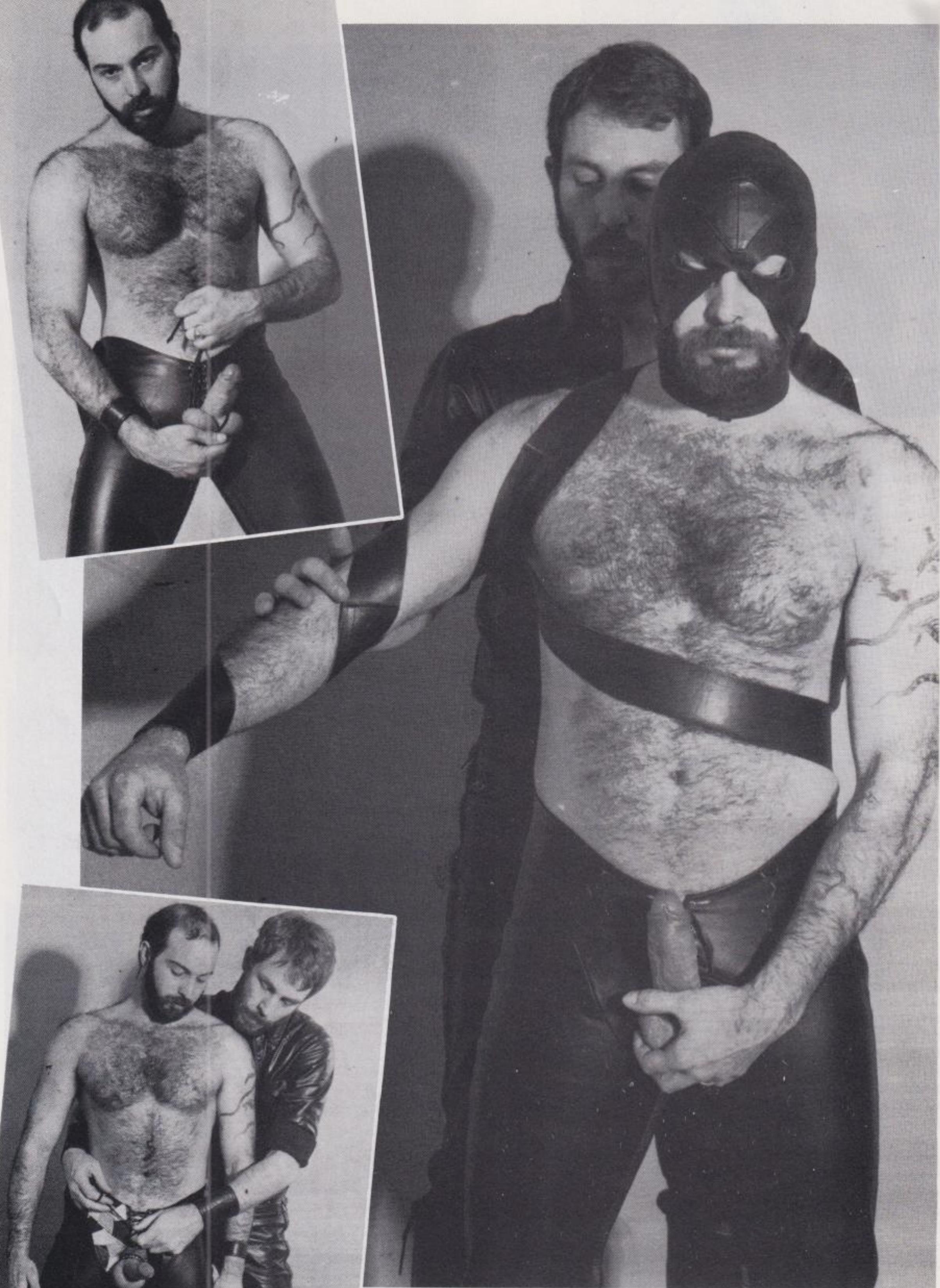
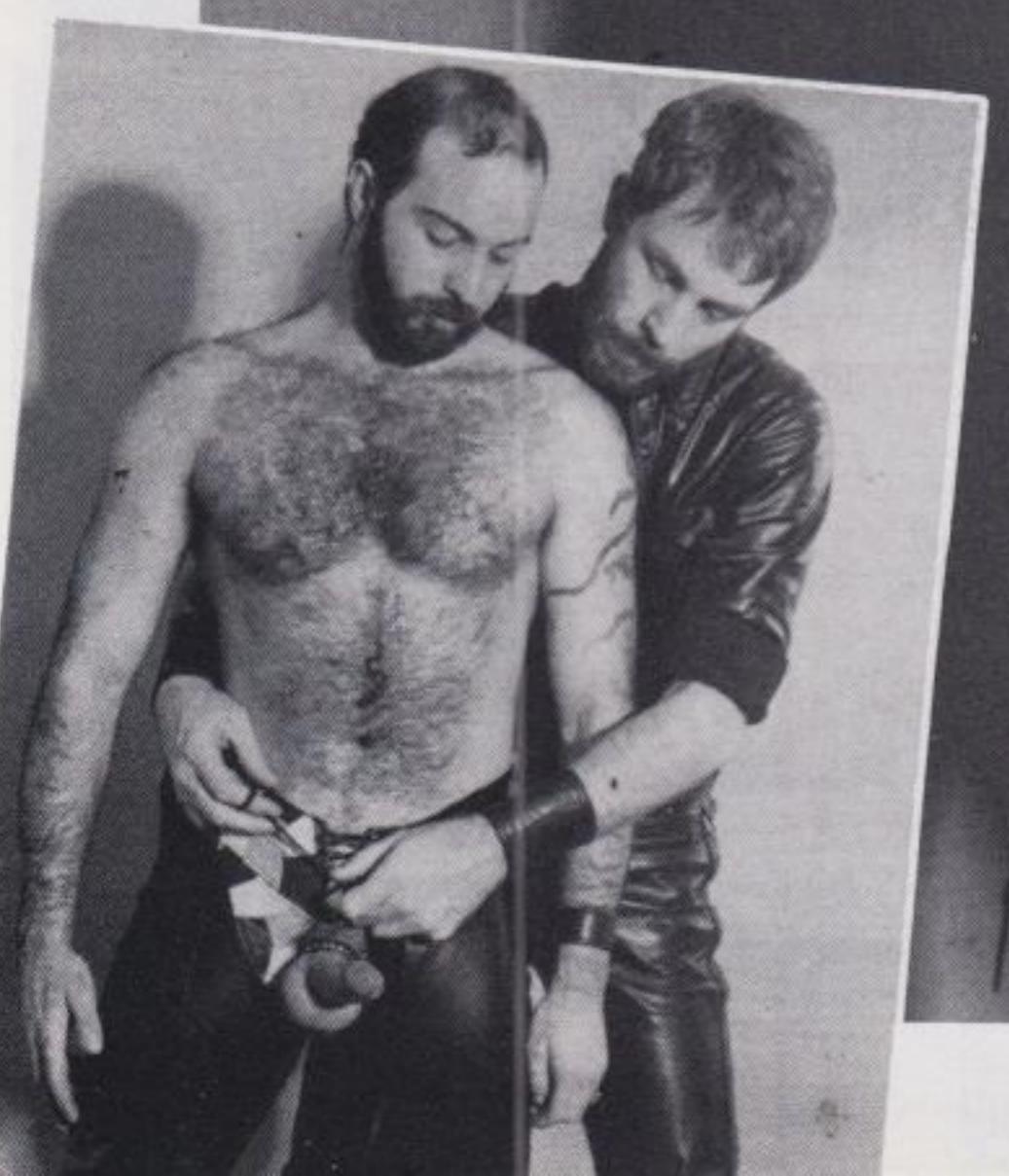
After carefully making design lines on the tape, Chuck carefully cut it from Marco's body. And then he wrapped Marco's head. Cotton over his eyes, his head repeatedly encircled, wrapped in plastic wrap and then masking tape, created a strange but wonderful image with Marco's solid chest, tattoos, foreskin and tall, black leather boots. Marco had never had his head wrapped before. Did he enjoy it? All I can tell you is that not everything I photographed is printed in *Drummer* and not everything that I witnessed (well, we are talking leather confessions) got put down on film.

A leather fitting soon followed, but now a step was taken. Now it was leather against leather. Minor adjustments being made by Chuck so that Marco's leather fantasies would be sensual, with a perfect contoured fit. He explained that linear measurements cannot create the same sense of contour as his wrap. And then a final day with Marco's fantasy, a leather reality. Marco, under the lights, boots, form-fitting leather chaps and codpiece that swirled up his arm and across his chest into a partial hood. Marco under the lights stroking his uncut hose. A fantastical vision. A wet dream reality. Chuck behind me enjoying the transformation. A communion. A baptism.

Chuck says his cellowrap technique can be used by anyone, anywhere in order to create their sexual fantasies. Do you have dark fantasies? Then have a friend wrap you tightly in thin plastic wrap and then mold it with masking tape. Send it to Chuck Martin and tell him about your dark secrets. He will make them into leather reality. For more information write him: Leather Confessions, Chuck Martin, 3252 Monika Lane, Hayward, California 94541, or call (415) 538-4038.











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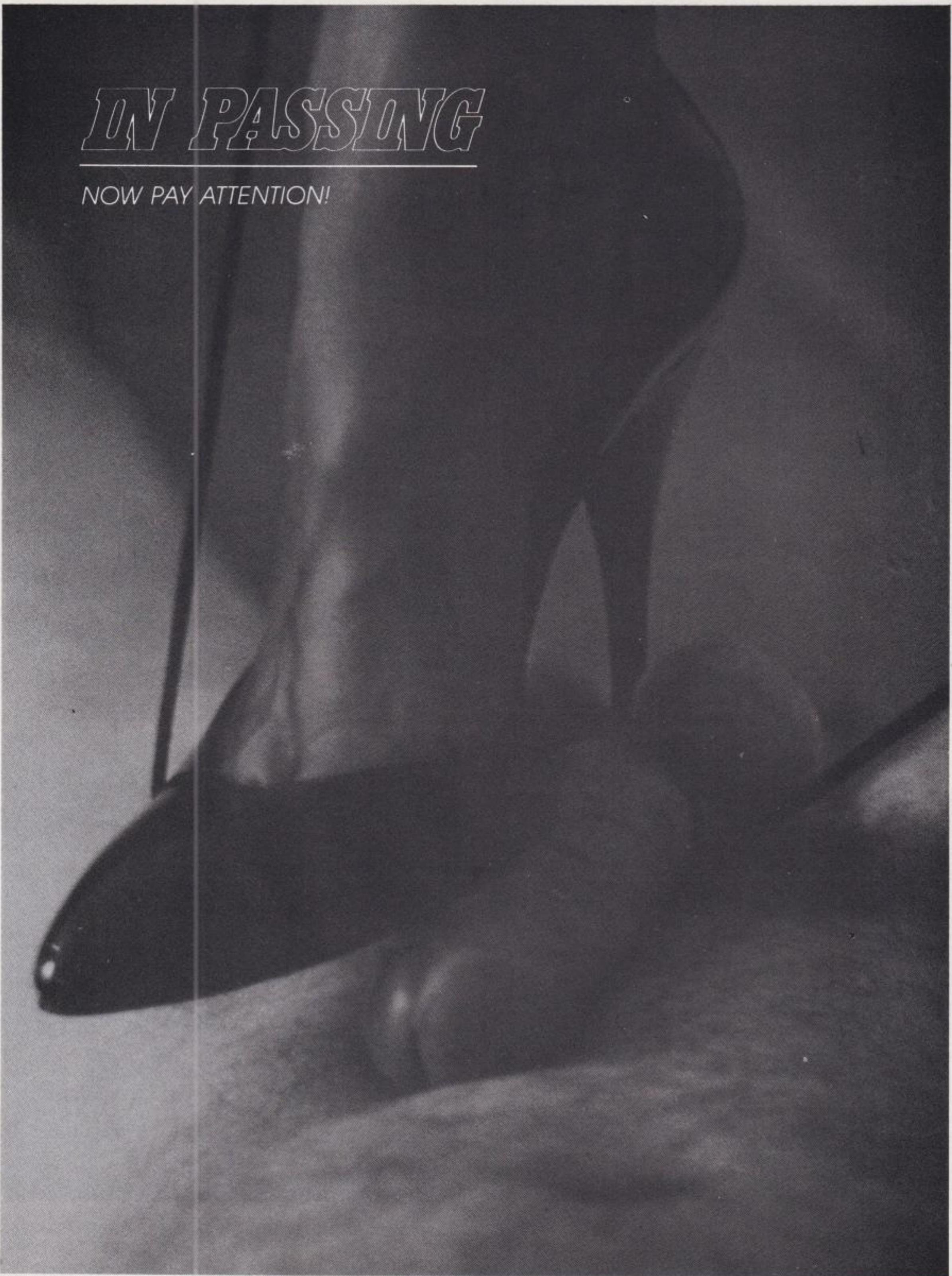
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Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg	***

***No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients

pass through the system in a few hours. Take two of ours, three times a day with meals. Every pill is self-contained.

The formula is designed for men on the move. To make up for an occasional missed meal, fast food on the run, overindulgence, smoking, tension and—most important of all—for your IMMUNE SYSTEM.

Go ahead, compare our formula. VITA-MEN costs a little more but it is worth a whole lot more to the only body you've got. We guarantee it!

